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THE  
MAID OF ORLEANS,  
OR  
LA PUCELLE  
OF  
**Voltaire.**

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE;

WITH  
NOTES,  
EXPLANATORY, CRITICAL, HISTORICAL, AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

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BY  
W. H. IRELAND,  
MEMBER OF THE ATHENEUM OF SCIENCES AND ARTS AT PARIS.

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*Lugete Veneres Cupidinesque.*

CATULLUS.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL II.

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ADVERTISEMENT  
OF  
THE EDITORS OF KEHL,  
TO  
THE EDITION OF THE PUCELLE D'ORLEANS,  
OF  
MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE.

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THIS poem is one of the productions of Monsieur de Voltaire, which has at the same time excited the greatest degree of enthusiasm, and also given rise to the most virulent declamations on the part of its opponents. Upon the coronation of Monsieur de Voltaire at the French Theatre, the spectators who accompanied him in multitudes to his hotel, sent forth with an equal degree of enthusiasm, the following exclamations.—“ Long live the *Henriade*.—Long live *Mahomet*.—Long

live *La Pucelle* ;” we therefore conceive that it may not be deemed irrelevant to enter upon some historical details respecting this production. /1

*La Pucelle* was commenced about the year 1730,\* and until the period when Monsieur de Voltaire took up his residence in the environs of Geneva, was only known to the intimate friends of the author, (who were in possession of manuscript copies of some of the cantos,) and to those societies in which *Thiriot* was in the habit of reciting detached pieces.

Towards the end of the year 1755, an edition appeared in print, which Monsieur de Voltaire immediately hastened to disavow, and he was in every respect authorized so to do ; as this impression was not only produced from a manuscript purloined from the author or his friends, but contained a great number of verses which were not of his own production ; and others he could not

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\* Voltaire was born at Paris in 1694, consequently he began the present poem when thirty-six years of age.

suffer to remain, because they bore an allusion to circumstances completely reversed, of which several instances are adduced in the notes subjoined to the poem.\* Morality sanctions a writer in the public disavowal of the rough draft of a work surreptitiously obtained, and obviously published with the intention of ruining the author's credit.

This edition was attributed to *La Beaumelle*,† and the Capucin *Maubert*, who had sought refuge in Holland, an enterprize which must have been very productive to those individuals in a pecuniary point of view, while it greatly exposed the reputation of Monsieur de Voltaire: these literary pirates, however, found—

*Leur bien premierement et puis le mal d'autrui.*

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\* The latter sentence refers to the French editions of the *Pucelle*, having no reference whatsoever to the present translation.

† See Note 19, to Canto the VIth, and Note 22, to Canto the XVIIIth, Vol. 2.

A bookseller named *Grasset* even had the effrontery to propose, to Monsieur de Voltaire, that he should purchase one of the purloined copies of his own production, at the same time holding forth menaces respecting the danger to which he would subject himself, in case of a refusal to become the possessor upon such terms; and it is singular that the celebrated anatomical poet *Haller*,\* a most zealous protestant, should have stood forth his patron against Monsieur de Voltaire.

It will be seen by the letter of our author, ad-

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\* *Albert Haller*, a celebrated physician, was born at Berne, and at a very early period evinced considerable genius, but more particularly for poetry. His high reputation in process of time procured him a medical professorship at Gottingen, where he afterwards became president of the Academy, being likewise a member of most of the Learned Societies of Europe, but he refused the title of a Baron of the Empire which was tendered to him. He died at Berne, at an advanced age, in 1775. The poems of Haller are descriptive and elegant, in addition to which, he published several valuable works on physic and surgery.

ressed to the French Academy, inserted in the first volume of the present translation, that the edition in question was published at Frankfort, although purporting to be from Louvaine, and a short time afterwards appeared two editions precisely the same, printed in Holland.

The first editors, irritated at the disavowal of Monsieur de Voltaire, which appeared in the public papers, reprinted *La Pucelle* in 1756, to which they subjoined his renunciation, coupled with other satirical pieces, in order to turn him into ridicule; however, by thus openly avowing themselves, they in a great measure obliterated the injury which had been intended towards the author.

In 1757 appeared a London edition of this poem, conformable *with the foregoing* and ornamented by engravings, executed after the wretched taste of the versification introduced by the editors: new impressions then rapidly succeeded each other, and *La Pucelle* was printed at Paris for the first time in 1759.

It was not until 1762 that Monsieur de Voltaire published an edition of his work differing most essentially from all those before enumerated, and which was reprinted in 1774 in quarto, with considerable alterations and additions, after which latter impressions, still revised and corrected from various manuscripts, we now issue *La Pucelle* to the public.

Several other booksellers in printing this poem, having carefully collected the numerous variations, we have felt ourselves called upon to adopt a similar line of conduct in regard to the present impressions;\* nevertheless as in the course of these emendations there are some which it is impossible to regret, as not being from the pen of Monsieur de Voltaire, but subjoined by the editors to fill up chasms in the work which were not completed by the author; we have conse-

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\* Alluding to the French editions, containing what are denominated *Les Variantes*, and which are not inserted in the present translation.

quently thought ourselves justified in omitting them, at least to a certain extent.

The utter impossibility of destroying what has been so very frequently issued from the press,\* and the necessity of demonstrating to our readers the interpolations of the first editors, being the sole motives which engaged us to preserve a certain number of these variations.

It now becomes our task to defend *La Pucelle* against the attacks of those grave men who pardon Monsieur de Voltaire much less for having laughed at the expence of Joan of Arc, than they reprobate *Peter Cauchon*,† *Bishop of Beau-*

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\* It seems that *Rabelais'* advice could not be taken in respect to the annihilation of our *Pucelle*, who says "That all wicked books should be bought up in order to stop new editions." See vol. 1. p. 190. Paris Ed. 1694. I wonder if the writer was thinking of his own *Pentagruel* at the time.

† *Peter Cauchon*, Bishop of Beauvais, devoted to the English party, proved one of the most implacable enemies of Joan of Arc, and officiated as principal judge upon that memorable trial.

*vais*, for having been chiefly instrumental in causing her to be burned alive at the stake.

It appears to us that there are but two species of productions which can be prejudicial to pub-

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It was this ecclesiastic, together with the *Bishops of Constance*, and *Lisieux*, the Chapter of Notre Dame, six Licentiates in Theology, and eleven Advocates of Rouen, who affixed their signatures to the infamous death warrant, which consigned to a cruel and untimely end, one of the most valiant heroines that ever graced the page of history.

As a farther elucidation of this infamous transaction, taken from undoubted records, may not prove uninteresting, I shall here subjoin them.

*Peter Cauchon* and the Vice Inquisitor, without consulting the judges, declared that the Pope was at too great a distance; and insisting upon an avowal, as well as the silence of Joan, they pronounced her condemnation, having the effrontery to state that she refused submission to the Pope, which she had just before *expressly notified*.

Joan interrupted the passing of sentence, to reiterate her *full submission to the church*, and equally as it is stated, to all her judges. Upon this a retraction or abjuration was drawn

lic morals; first, those wherein it is endeavoured to be proved that men may without scruple or shame commit crimes detrimental to morality, *such* as rape, adultery, and seduction, or similar

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out, which she was made to pronounce; when taking advantage of her ignorance in not being able to read, another retraction was annexed to this act, whereto they caused her to affix HER MARK, thus ratifying a confession of deeds to which she had uniformly pleaded not guilty; and upon this infamous treachery, the sentence of excommunication was withdrawn, being commuted to perpetual imprisonment with bread and water.

*Laverdy* 114 to 118, *Lenglet* vol. 1, pages 193 to 195, vol. 3, page 153, and *Dartigny* VII. 66.

Being re-conducted to prison uniformly loaded with irons, the Vice Inquisitor caused her to assume the female attire, leaving her former male habiliments in the dungeon.—Three days afterwards, (the 27th of May,) according to her own statement, the guards took away the woman's costume, consequently obliging her to re-assume the latter dress. This atrocity is not precisely proved; but that which appears incontestible is, the frequent attempts committed upon her person from the 23rd of May, compelling her to adopt a dress in which she was the better able to defend her chastity.

*Laverdy*, 118, &c, 434, &c.—*Lenglet*, vol. 1. p. 196, 385.

disgusting actions, which, without coming under the denomination of crimes, dishonour those who commit them; and secondly, productions that enter into the detail of refinements in debauchery and certain scenes that can only arise in the most libertinous imaginations.

Works of this nature may certainly be pernicious, since it is to be feared, that they may ren-

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On the 28th of May, the judges hastened to the prison in order to have a conviction of the CRIME Joan had thus committed, concerning which they interrogated her; and upon the 29th, having assembled part of their accomplices, they condemned Joan to the fire without interrogatory, oath, admonition, &c. Therefore, according to the just remark by *Laverdy*, (page 123) "*A few minutes conversation sufficed without any other form or process to condemn her to the most excruciating of tortures.*"

But in referenoo to *Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais*, the prime instrument in this barbarous proceeding, as *Jeanne D'Arc* did not belong to his Diocese, nor was captured upon his Domains, she could not have *legally been subjected to his jurisdiction*.

See *Voltaire's Dic. Philosoph.* under the word *Arc*: *Villaret*, XV. 42: *Laverdy* 514; and *Lenglet*, vol. 1 page 129.

der young persons who peruse them with avidity insensible to virtuous gratifications, and that tender and refined passion, which has its unpoluted source in nature.

The *Pucelle*, therefore, does not deserve any of these reproaches ; the highly wrought pictures of the passions of Agnes and Dorothy may amuse the imagination, but never can corrupt the heart, while the freer pleasantries scattered throughout the work, are by no means apologetic of the scenes which they depict, nor a representation of such actions as may conduce to mislead the imagination.

The present poem ought to be regarded in the light of a work destined to inculcate lessons of wisdom and common sense, under the mask of folly and voluptuousness. The author may in some instances have wounded the taste, but has never injured the cause of morality.

We do not pretend to offer this production as a catechism ; it ranks under the same class with

those epicurean songs, those ebullitions composed for the table, which celebrate a laxity of conduct, the gratifications of the voluptuary, and the delights of free society, animated by the gaiety of an entertainment. Have the authors of such compositions ever been arraigned for seeking to establish as an axiom, the necessity of neglecting every duty; the passing life in the fond embraces of a female; or in sharing the refinements of the festive board? Most undoubtedly not. They only endeavour to inculcate, that there is much more reason and happiness derived, in devoting existence to scenes of soft voluptuousness, than in being eternally occupied with the thoughts of cupidity, ambition, intrigue and hypocrisy.

This species of exaggeration, which has its source in enthusiasm, is essentially requisite to poetry. Will that epoch ever arrive when nothing shall be heard but the rigid language and severity of Reason? Why then should it not be permitted us to borrow other modes of expression, in order to address those who do not comprehend such a style of writing?

Besides this amalgama of devotion, libertinism and warlike ferocity, depicted in *La Pucelle*, is the precise image of the manners of those times.\*

According to our opinion, such is the light in which severe judges ought to regard the *Maid of Orleans*, and we trust they will therefore prove less eager to raise the voice in its condemnation.

In short, had this poem only been instrumental in preventing a single libertine from becoming superstitious and intolerant in his old age, it would have done more real good than all its railleries will ever produce of evil. When we behold, upon throwing an attentive glance at human nature, that the rights of man, and the sacred duties of humanity, are violated and attacked with impu-

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\* In the annals of a Canon of Paris, who was a most zealous Burgundian, we are told in direct terms, that several compilers of the history of France have had the kindness to copy; that under the reign of Charles the Sixth, God afflicted the city of Paris with a general cough, as a punishment for some little boys having sang in the streets "*Votre \* \* \* a la Toux: commere; votre \* \* \* a la Toux! !*"

nity; that human wisdom is brutalized by error; that the rage of fanaticism, conquest or plunder, secretly actuates so many potentates; that a thirst for ambition and avarice exerts its ravages with impunity in every direction; while a preacher gravely thunders his anathemas against the error of voluptuousness; it would be just like a physician, when called upon to administer to a man attacked with the plague, who should very gravely begin, by occupying himself with the cure of a corn.

Perhaps it may not here be unnecessary to examine why so much importance is attached to an austerity of morals. First:—in a country where men are ferocious and bad laws exist, the love or taste for pleasure produces great disorders; and it has uniformly been found a much easier task to compose fine declamatory harangues than to frame wholesome edicts: secondly, old men, in whom is naturally vested all authority, and who direct the opinions, require nothing better than to declaim against those faults which appertain to different stages of life: thirdly, a freedom of morals destroys the ascendancy of women by preventing

them from extending it beyond the duration of their personal attractions; and fourthly, men in general are not assassins, robbers nor calumniators. It is consequently very natural that priests should prove desirous of exaggerating the errors in morality: from this there are few men exempt; nay, the majority feel a pride in committing them, or at least wish it to be supposed that they are desirous so to do. In consequence, every man whose mind has imbibed scruples upon this subject, becomes the slave of priestly power.

Churchmen may leave the consciences of the great in repose as to their crimes; and while inspiring them with remorse as to their pleasures, become their masters and govern them, thus converting a voluptuary into a determined and barbarous persecutor.

Such is the only means they possess of maintaining the predominance over women, who, for the most part have only to reproach themselves with crimes of this description. By such conduct they cannot fail to ensure the power of governing with despotic sway, those who have either

feeble minds, or ardent imaginations; and above all the aged, who, by way of expiating such past faults, which they are no longer able to commit, desire no better, than to disinherit their survivors, in order to enrich the priesthood.

We must also observe, that these very faults are precisely the same for which we may become rigid in performing the most trivial of sacrifices. There is no virtue so easy to practise, or which we may pretend to possess, as chastity; nor is there one, which is more compatible with the absence of all real virtue and the re-union of every vice: wherefore, the very moment it is agreed upon that a great importance shall be attached thereto, every scoundrel will be sure to obtain at little or no cost the esteem of the public.

In every country upon the surface of the globe, where purity, the offspring of simple nature, is held in less repute than austerity of morals, you will there be sure to find all the vices and crimes, nay, even those which are committed by unrestrained debauchery.

**PREFACE,**

**&c.**



## P R E F A C E

OF

DON APULEIUS RISORIUS, THE BENEDICTIN.

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LET us return thanks to that beneficent heart, to which we are at length indebted for a *Maid* : this heroic and moral poem was composed about the year 1790, as is well known to the learned, and appears obvious from several traits in the production. We are given to understand by a letter of 1740, printed in the small treatise of a great prince under the title of *Le Philosophe sans Souci*,\* that a German Princess to whom the manuscript had

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\* Alluding to a favourite palace called *Sans Souci*, built by the King of Prussia for the purpose of enjoying the society of our *Voltaire*, the *Marquis D'Argens*, *Maupertuis*, and other philosophical friends.

been lent merely for perusal, was so much edified by the circumspection that reigns throughout a subject so difficult, that she passed a whole day and a night in causing it to be copied, and in transcribing, herself, all the most moral parts. It is this identical copy which has at length come to our hands: detached pieces of the *Pucelle* have been frequently published, and the real amateurs of sterling literature, have been much scandalized on beholding it so dreadfully disfigured. Some editors have given it in fifteen cantos, others in sixteen and eighteen, while it has even been extended to twenty-four, sometimes by dividing one canto into two, or in making good deficiencies, by the insertion of verses, which a drunken coachman quitting the public-house would have disavowed.

Wherefore, beholding Joan in all her purity, we are fearful of hazarding a bold judgment in giving the name of the author to whom this epic flight is attributed. It is sufficient that the reader may be able to elicit some instruction concerning the morality concealed under the allegories of the poem; of what avail is it to ascertain the author?

There are many works which the wise and the learned peruse with delight, without knowing by whom they were written: instance the *Pervigilium Veneris*, the satire under the name of *Petronius*, together with so many others.

What gives us infinite consolation is, that there will be found in our *Pucelle*, fewer passages of a bold or free nature, than are to be met with in all the great Italian writers who have adopted a similar style.

*Verum enim vero*, to commence with *Pulci*, we should be truly sorry had our discreet author adopted those little liberties which were taken by this Florentine Doctor in his *Morgante*. Our *Luigi Pulci*,\* who was a venerable Canon, com-

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\* *Luigi*, or *Lewis Pulci*, was an Italian poet of a noble family, and born at Florence in 1432. The epic production above alluded to, and entitled *Morgante Maggiore*, comprises a strange and disgusting medley of sacred and obscene subjects: he was also the author of a poem, written upon a tournament held at Florence in 1468, which was called *Giostra di Lorenzo de Medici*. He died about 1487.

*See Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici.*

posed his poem about the middle of the fifteenth century, for *Signora Lucrezia Tornabuoni*, mother of *Laurentius de Medici*, surnamed *The Magnificent* ; and we are given to understand that the *Morgante* was sung at the table of that Lady. It is the second epic poem which Italy has produced, and there have been great disputes among the learned, whether the composition is really serious or comic. Those who have conceived it to be of the former nature, ground their opinion upon the exordium accompanying each Canto, which commences with couplets from holy writ. For example, the argument of the first chapter runs as follows :

*In principio era il verbo appresso a Dio ;*

*Ed era Iddio il verbo, e 'l verbo lui.*

*Questo era il principio, al parer mio, &c.*

If the opening canto commences with the Evangelist, the conclusive one terminates with the *Salve Regina* ;\* which may justify the opinion of

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\* *Salve Regina* are the first words of a prayer offered to the Virgin by Catholics, which is generally sung at the moment when criminals are to be executed.

those who have conceived that the author had written in a very melancholy mood; because at that period the theatrical pieces performed in Italy were selected from *The Passion* and the *Acts of the Saints*.\*

Those, on the other hand, who have treated the *Morgante* as a ludicrous effort, have merely considered some passages rather too bold, being a strain to which the poet sometimes abandoned himself.

Thus when *Morgante* enquires of *Margutte* if he be a Christian or a Mahometan;

*E se egli crede in Cristo o in Maometto.*

*Rispose allor Margutte, per dir tel' tosto:*

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\* These pious mysteries were usually represented on festivals, or to honour the reception of illustrious personages, and were performed by ecclesiastics or students in Theology, continuing frequently for a certain number of hours, during several successive days: one mystery in particular, as appears from the records handed down in ancient chronicles, lasted no less than thirty-one days, being entitled, *The History of the Old and New Testament*.

*Io non credo più al nero che al azzurro ;*

*Ma nel cappone, o lessa o voglia arrosto,*

•   •   •   •   •   •

*Ma sopra tutto nel buon vino ho fede.*

•   •   •   •   •   •

*Or queste son trè virtù cardinale,*

*La gola, il dado, e'l culo come io t'ho detto.*

You will be pleased to remark that *Crescembini*, who finds no difficulty in placing *Le Pulci* among the number of real Epic Poets, says to excuse him, that he was the most modest and well regulated writer of his time ; *il più modesto e moderato scrittore*. The fact is, he was the precursor of *Boyardo*\* and *Ariosto* ; it is through him that a *Roland*, a *Rinaldo*, an *Oliver*, a *Dudon* became celebrated in Italy, and he is almost equal to *Ariosto* for the purity of his style.

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\* *Mattheo Maria Boyardo*, Count of Scandiano, and Governor of Reggio, has given celebrity to his name, by the composition of some Latin and Italian poems ; the principal of which is entitled *Orlando Inamorato*, written in imitation of the *Iliad*. This poem was completed by *Ariosto*, whose *Orlando Furioso*, is only a continuation of the above Epic flight.

There has since been a very elegant edition *conliceuza de superiori*; whereof, I certainly was not the composer, and if the editor of our *Pucelle* spoke as impudently as *Margutte*, the son of a Turkish priest and a Greek nun, I should have taken especial care how I committed it to the press.

Neither will there be found in Joan of Arc, the same rash flights as are conspicuous in *Ariosto*; you will not there meet with a *Saint John* who is an inhabitant of the moon, and who is made to say—

*Gli scrittori amo; e fo il debito mio  
Che al vostro mondo, fue scrittore anchio;  
E ben convenne al mio lodato Cristo  
Rendermi guiderdon d'un sì gran sorte, &c.*

This is jocose, and Saint John takes a liberty, which no Saint of *La Pucelle* would ever think of hazarding. It should appear that the Saviour was only indebted for his divinity to the first chapter of Saint John, and that he was flattered by the Evangelist: this discourse savours somewhat of *Soci-*

nianism,\* whereas our discreet author on the contrary takes very good care not to fall into a similar excess.

It is equally a source of great edification for us, that our modest poet has not imitated any of our ancient romances, of which the learned *Huet*,†

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\* The Socinians were a sect so called from *Selius Socinus*, their Author, who was afterwards promoted by *Faustus Socinus* at Sienna in 1555. He asserted that Christ was merely a man, having never had an existence before Mary; he denied the personality of the Holy Ghost, Original Sin, Grace, Predestination, the Sacraments and the immensity of God.

† *Peter Daniel Huet* was born at Caen in Normandy, in 1630, and studied mathematics under *Mambrun*, a Jesuit, and the Greek and Hebrew under *Bochart*, whom he accompanied in 1652 to the court of *Christina Queen of Sweden*, who sought to engage him in her service, but he declined that honour. In 1661 he published an excellent work entitled *De Interpretatione*, and in 1679, appeared his *Demonstratio Evangelica* which was greatly admired. His reputation then augmented to such a degree that he was appointed sub-preceptor to the Dauphin, having for his colleague the illustrious *Bossuet*. Huet then formed the plan of publishing editions of the Classics, *In Usus Delphini*, superintending their execution himself. In 1661 appeared his

*Bishop of Avranches*, and *Abbe Lenglet*\* the compiler, have produced an history. Let any one satisfy himself with reading *Lancelot du Lac*,†

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valuable edition of the works of *Origen*, and in 1698, he was presented to the Abbey of Aunay in Normandy, and afterwards nominated to the See of Soissons, which he exchanged for that of Avranches. He then printed his censures on the Cartesian Philosophy, the fallacy of which he exposed; and in 1699 resigned his Bishopric, and was presented to the Abbey of Fontenoy near Caen, and died at Paris in 1721. Considering the number and excellence of his works, *Huet* may be ranked as one of the most learned men that any age has produced, the following labours from his pen having been translated into English:—On the Origin of Romances; On the Situation of the Terrestrial Paradise; History of the Commerce and Navigation of the Ancients; and, Upon the Weakness of the Human Understanding.

\* *Nicholas de Fresnoy Lenglet*, was born at Beauvais in 1674, and became Secretary to the French Ambassador at Cologne, and librarian to *Prince Eugene*; and in 1755, he was burnt to death by falling into the fire at the age of eighty-one. His works are voluminous but incorrect, the best of his productions being, *A Method for Studying History*, which has been translated into English.

† One of the ancient romances, containing very *facetious matter*, which was translated into English, forming one of the earliest specimens of British Typography.

selecting the chapter entitled—" *How Lancelot slept with the Queen, and how Sir Lagant took her back again ;*" and then will appear the purity of our author, when compared with those of antiquity.

*Quid dicam of the marvellous history of Gargantua,\* dedicated to Cardinal Tournon.* It is well

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\* *Francis Rabelais*, the author of *Pentagruel*, was the son of an apothecary at Chinon in Touraine, and entered into the Order of Cordeliers, but on account of an intrigue, was imprisoned in a monastery, from whence having effected his escape, he obtained permission of *Pope Clement* the Seventh, to quit his fraternity. He then studied medicine at Montpellier, became professor in 1531, and was appointed physician to *Cardinal de Bellay*, in whose suite he went to Rome, and upon his return to France, was rewarded with an Abbey, and the benefice of Meudon. About this period, he published his *Pentagruel*, wherein figures the giant *Gargantua*, being a comic satire extremely licentious and obscene. *Rabelais* died in 1553, at the age of seventy; he was also the author of some medical works, and numerous letters printed together in 5 vols octavo.

It is utterly impossible for us, from motives of delicacy, to give an English translation of the above words, and yet every reader must allow that as the quotation of the head line of a chapter contained in the work adverted to, it was impossible to alter the French term, without completely obliterating the force of the writer's allusion.

known that the chapter of *Torche-culs* is one of the most modest contained in the whole work.

We do not here speak of the moderns ; we shall only remark, that all the ancient tales imagined in Italy and rendered into verse by *La Fontaine*,\* are still less moral than our *Pucelle*. Be this however, as it may, we most sincerely wish all our grave critics the delicate sentiments of the lovely Monrose ; to our prudes, if any such there be, the *naïveté* of Agnes and the tenderness of Dorothy ; to our warriors the arm of the robust Joan ; to the

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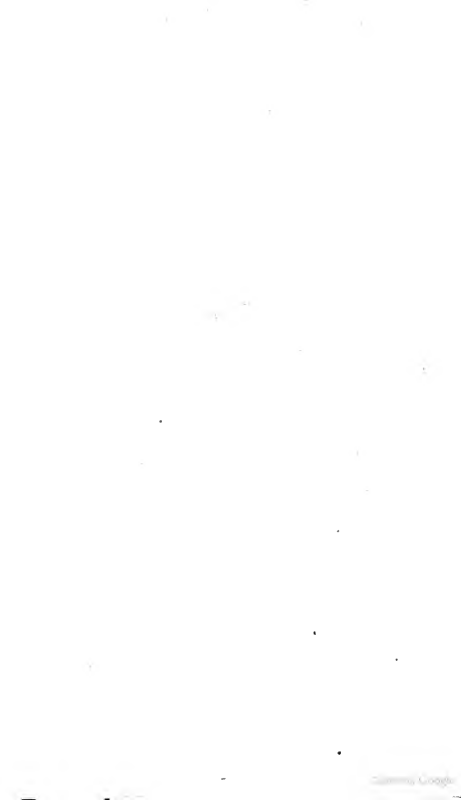
\* *John de la Fontaine* was born at Chateau Thierry in 1621, having been first educated at Rheims, and afterwards received instruction under the fathers of the Oratory. He was a man of singular simplicity of manners, credulous, fearful, and uncommonly absent. For some time he resided with the Intendant *Fouquet*, from whom he received a pension, and was afterwards in the service of *Princess Henrietta of England*, after which he lived with *Madame de la Sabliere*, and died in 1695. *La Fontaine's* tales are very licentious, but his fables are placed in the hands of youth, being extremely natural, poetic and entertaining ; he also wrote a romance called *Les Amours de Psyche*, some Comedies, Letters, &c. which are printed in his Miscellanies.

Jesuits, a character similar to that of the good Confessor Bonifoux; and to all such as keep an open house, the attentions and *savoir faire* of Bonneau.

We moreover believe that this little book is an excellent specific against those vapours, which at the present time afflict several ladies and Abbés; and if we should only have rendered such service to the public, we conceive that our time will not have been mis-spent.

HISTORICAL PROBLEM,

§c. §c.



# HISTORICAL PROBLEM

RESPECTING

THE EXECUTION OF LA PUCELLE D'ORLEANS.

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As it is impossible that any Englishman of common feeling, or who advocates the cause of justice and humanity, can recur to the untimely fate of Joan of Arc, as recorded in our Chronicles, without being impressed by horror and disgust : inspired by those sentiments which should lead every true patriot to endeavour to wipe off an indelible stain that is attached to the honour of his country, I have thought it but just to introduce the following statements, upon which the reader is left to draw his own conclusions.

In the year 1683, appeared in the French *Mercuré Gallant* for the month of November, a

letter addressed to *Monsieur de Grammont*, which created a considerable sensation; as the author therein asserted that *Joan of Arc*, better known under the title of *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, did not suffer death at the stake in the city of Rouen, upon the the 30th of May,\* 1431; but that having escaped the power of the English, she was married in 1436, to a gentleman of Lorraine, by whom she had children; and in proof of this assertion he published the extract of a manuscript, which *Pere Vignier* of the *Oratory*, discovered at *Metz*, during a journey he performed in Lorraine with *Monsieur de Ricey*, who repaired thither in the character of Intendant. This manuscript was subsequently printed under the title of *The Chronicle of Metz*, composed by the *Curate of Saint Thiebaut* of the same city, coming down to the year 1445. *Father Calmet* has inserted it

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\* *President Henault* dates this execution as having taken place on the *fourteenth of June*, while *Deserres*, the historian, ascribes it to the sixth of July; they are, however, both proved to be in error from the text of the process of *Joan of Arc*, which consigns her to the fire on the *last day of May*.

among the documents in his History of *Lorraine*, and from thence it is extracted verbatim, taken from columns CXXI, and CXXII, of the second volume.

“ L’An 1436, fut Sire Phelepin Marcoulz,  
“ Maistre Eschevin de Metz, Icelle année le 20  
“ jour de May, vint La Pucelle Jehanne, que  
“ avoit esté en France à la Grange aux Hormes,  
“ près Saint Privéy, et y fut amoinée pour parler  
“ à aucuns de Seigneurs de Metz, et se faisoit  
“ appelé Claude, et le propre jour y vinrent ces  
“ deux freres, dont l’un estoit Chevalier, et  
“ s’appelloit Messire Pierre, et l’autre Petit Jehan  
“ Escuyer, et cuidoient, qu’elle fut ars; et tan-  
“ tost qu’ils la virent, ils la congneurent, et aussy  
“ fist elle eulx. Et le Lundy 21 jour dondit  
“ mois, ils l’amoinnont lor suer avecq eulx à  
“ Bacquillon, et ly donnaist le Sire Nichole Lowe  
“ Chevalier, un groussin du prix de 30 francs,  
“ et une paire de houzelz, et Seignour Aubert  
“ Boulay, ung chapperon, et Sire Nicole Groig-  
“ nart une espée, et ladite Pucelle saillit sur  
“ led, cheval tres habillement; et dict plusiours

“ choisies au Sire Nicole Lowe, dont il entendit  
“ bien que c'estoit celle qui avoit esté en France,  
“ et fut recogneu par plusieurs Enseignes pour  
“ la Pucelle Jehanne de France, que amoinnast  
“ sacrer le Roy Charles à Rheims; et volurent dire  
“ plusieurs qu'elle avoit esté ars a Rouen en Nor-  
“ mandie.....Et quant elle volt partir, plusieurs  
“ de Metz l'allont veoir à la dicte Marieulle, et  
“ l'y donnent plusieurs juelz, et la recogneurent  
“ ilz que c'estoit proprement Jehanne la Pucelle  
“ de France, et doncq ly donnoit Jeoffrey Dex  
“ ung cheval. Item, quand elle fut à Arelont,  
“ elle estoit tousjours de coste Madame de  
“ Lucembourg, et y fut grant pièce jusques à  
“ tant le fils le Comte de Warnembourg l'en-  
“ moinnast à Coullougne.....Et puis s'en vint à  
“ l'adite Arelont, et la fut faict le mariage de  
“ Messire Robert des Hermoises Chevalier, et de  
“ ladite Jehanne la Pucelle, et puis apres s'en  
“ vint led, sieur des Hermoises avec sa femme la  
“ Pucelle, demourer en Metz en la maison le dit  
“ Sire Robert des Hermoises, qu'il avoit devant  
“ Sainte Segoleine, et se tinrent la jusques tant  
“ qu'il lors plaisir.”

*Thus Anglicised :*

“ In the year, 1436, *Sire Phelepin Marcoulz*,  
“ was Prefect of Police of *Metz*, that same year  
“ on the 20th day of May arrived *Joan, the*  
“ *Pucelle of France* at *la Grange aux Hormes*,  
“ near *Saint Privey*, being led there to speak  
“ to some of the noblemen of *Metz*, where she  
“ assumed the name of *Claude*, and on the same  
“ day came her two brothers, one of whom, a  
“ *chevalier*, bore the name of *Messire Peter*, and  
“ the other, *Little John* the *Esquire*, who be-  
“ lieved that she had been burned : but as soon  
“ as they saw her, *they recognized her, as she*  
“ *did them*. And upon Monday, the 21st of the  
“ said month, they conducted their sister to  
“ *Bacquillon*, where *Sir Nicholas Lowe, Knight*,  
“ presented her with a mule of the value of  
“ thirty francs, together with its housings, and  
“ the *Lord Aubert Boulay*, gave her a cap, and  
“ *Sir Nicholas Groignart* a sword, and the said  
“ *Pucelle* went forth very dexterously upon the  
“ said beast, and communicated many things to  
“ the said *Sir Nicholas Lowe*, by which he knew  
“ that she had been in France, being further

“ recognized from many other circumstances, to  
“ be *Joan the Maid of France*, who had led  
“ *King Charles* to be crowned at *Rheims*, and  
“ whom many had stated to have been burned  
“ at *Rouen* in *Normandy*. And upon her de-  
“ parture several persons of *Metz* repaired to  
“ see her at the said *Marieulle*, and presented  
“ her with many jewels, and ascertained that she  
“ was truly, *Joan the Maid of France* : and there  
“ was given her by *Geoffrey Dex*, a horse :  
“ *Item*, when she was at *Arelont*, she was always  
“ at the side of *Madame de Luxembourg*, and  
“ great ceremonials took place until the son of  
“ the *Count de Warnembourg* accompanied her  
“ to *Coullougne*.....And upon her return to *Are-*  
“ *lont*, the marriage was performed between *Sir*  
“ *Robert des Hermoises*, *Knight*, and *Joan la*  
“ *Pucelle* ; after which this said *Sieur des Her-*  
“ *moises*, with his wife *La Pucelle* resided in  
“ *Metz*, in the house of *Sir Robert des Her-*  
“ *moises*, situated before *Saint Segoleine*, where  
“ they continued during their pleasure.”

This recital is corroborated by the contract of marriage of *Robert des Hermoises* with *La*

*Pucelle*, which *Father Vignier* declares to have seen among the title deeds of the family of *Des Hermoises*, and also in a contract of sale, made by *Robert des Hermoises, Lord of Trichiemont and Jeanne du Lis, la Pucelle de France*, wife of the aforsaid *Trichiemont*, of certain possessions which he had at *Harancourt*, which contract was dated the 7th of November, 1436. In short, these circumstances are further strengthened by the descendants of *des Hermoises* boasting themselves in a legitimate line from *La Pucelle*.

Subsequent to this period, fresh proofs have been discovered, according to *Monsieur Palluche*,\* in support of the opinion of *Father Vignier*; for having had occasion to consult the ancient Registers of the *Mansion House of Orleans*, that gentleman fell by chance upon that of *Jacques L'Argentier* for the years 1435 and 1436, wherein he found under the article of the expenditure of the latter, as follows :

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\* *Monsieur de Palluche* was a member of the Literary Society of Orleans in 1740.

“ To *Renaud Brune*, the 25th day of July ;  
“ for giving drink to the messenger who brought  
“ letters from *Jehanne La Pucelle*, who was on  
“ his way to *Guillaume Bellier* ; *Bailly de Troyes* :  
“ —11f. 8d. par.”

“ To *Jehan du Lils*, brother of *Jehanne La*  
“ *Pucelle*, on Tuesday the 21st day of August,  
“ 1436 ;\* for a gift to him made, the sum of 12  
“ liv. ; forasmuch as the brother of the said  
“ *Pucelle*, came into the Chamber of the said city,  
“ requiring of the Procurators that they would  
“ assist him with some money to return to his  
“ sister ; stating that he came from the King,  
“ and that his Majesty had ordered that he  
“ should receive an hundred francs, and com-  
“ manded that they should be counted, whereof  
“ nothing was done, and twenty only were given,  
“ of which he had expended twelve livres,  
“ wherefore only eight remained, which was no  
“ great things for him to return, considering  
“ that he was five days on horseback ; and this

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\* Joan of Arc is stated to have perished the 30th of May, 1431.

“ was commanded in the chamber of the city  
“ by the procurators, from which he received,  
“ 12 liv. pour ce 9 liv. : 12 S. par.”

I pass over some articles respecting the manner in which *Jean du Lis*, brother of *La Pucelle*, was feasted in *Orleans*, that I may at once come to the point.

“ At *Cueur de Lils*, the 18th day of October,  
“ 1436, for a journey which he performed to  
“ the said city, in his way to *La Pucelle*, who  
“ was then at *Arelon* in the *Duchey of Louxem-*  
“ *bourg*, and for transporting letters of *Jehanne*  
“ *La Pucelle*, whereof he had been bearer, for  
“ the King at *Loiches*, where he was then resi-  
“ dent, and which journey occupied him forty-  
“ one days for the same.—6 liv. : par.

On continuing these researches, *Monsieur de Palluche*, found in the account of *Gilles Marchousne*, for the years 1439, and 1440, and further some articles dated, 28th, 29th and 30th July, 1439, for wine and refreshments presented to DAME JEHANNE DES ARMOISES, and lastly :

“ To JEHANNE DARMOISES ; for a present given  
“ to her the first day of August, 1439 ; after  
“ deliberation made by the council of the city ;  
“ and for the services rendered by her to the  
“ said city during the siege, *two hundred and*  
“ *ten livres, par ;* for this, *210 liv. : par.*”

Testimonies of such a decisive nature are certainly calculated to raise inward doubts as to the commonly received opinions of the death of *La Pucelle* in 1431. The account of the *Curate of Saint Thiebaut*, and the extracts from the Archives of the *Mansion House of Orleans*, are demonstrative, since it appears from thence, that *La Pucelle*, after having escaped from the English, it little matters how, visits *Metz*, where she was believed to have previously suffered at Rouen ; she is there recognized by many persons deserving of credit, and in particular by her two brothers. Is it possible that the latter could have been deceived in respect to their own sister ; they, who had served with her in France ? *John* the elder, two months after having found his sister, proceeds to *Lorraine* in order to find the King and confirm this discovery ; he passes

through *Orleans* on returning to his sister, who three years afterwards repairs herself to that city, where she should certainly be well known, and continues a resident in the town for five or six days; she is there recognized and treated at the expence of the city, which, upon her departure, presents her with no inconsiderable sum; for at that period, *two hundred and ten francs* were equivalent to *one thousand seven hundred livres* at the present period. Can it be imagined that the inhabitants of *Orleans* were imposed upon, and that if this *Jeanne des Hermoises* was an impostor, she could have carried on such imposition? The farce must soon have been discovered, as we shall presently show.

We will, however, give an additional proof of the opinion entertained at *Orleans*, that the *Pucelle* was still in existence. In this same account of *Gilles Morchousne*, already quoted, is found this regular charge, two months anterior to the arrival of *Jeanne des Hermoises*.

“ *Nine pounds of wax to make four tapers, and*  
“ *one flambeau for the obsequies of the defunct*

*" Jehanne La Pucelle in the church of Saint Sanxom, of Orleans, upon the eve of the fête Dieu, 1439."*

Whereas no similar charge is to be found in the expenses for 1440, nor during that year is any mention made of commemorating any such anniversary.

We may still support the opinion of *Father Vignier*, by a further example. *Charles Duke of Orleans* in 1443, presented *L'Isle-aux Baufs* near Orleans to *Peter du Lis*, brother of *La Pucelle*, stating in such deed of gift, that:—" *Whereas*  
*" the supplication of the said Messire Pierre, pur-*  
*" porting that in order to acquit himself of his Loy-*  
*" alty to the King, our said Lord and the Duke*  
*" of Orleans ; he quitted his country to join their*  
*" service, in company with his sister Jehanne La*  
*" Pucelle, with whom and ever since HER ABSENCE*  
*" even to the present moment, he has exposed his*  
*" body, and all he possesses in the said service."*

What means the term, " *EVER SINCE HER ABSENCE,*" but that *La Pucelle* had only been *absent*, and not *dead* ; a circumstance which *Peter du Lis* her brother, would not have failed to express in his petition, had such been the fact, for

the purpose of exciting more interest in the mind of the Prince. The pain of death, and in particular such torments as are commonly believed to have attended the exit of *La Pucelle*, are much more touching than a simple *flight* or *absence*.

Lastly, it is necessary to remind the reader that immediately after the 30th of May, 1431 : a report was prevalent that *La Pucelle* was not dead, and that the English had substituted in her place an unfortunate wretch, whose crimes merited that death which they were desirous it should be believed the *Pucelle* had experienced ; nay, even some went so far as to state that she never fell into the power of her enemies ; let us now proceed to proofs.

In the Chronicle of Lorraine, among the documents printed by *Father Calmet*, column ix, and which does not come down later than 1544, when speaking of the siege of *Compeigne*, he states : “ *That the Pucelle was there lost, and*  
“ *that no one knew what became of her, many said*  
“ *that she had been taken by the English, and was*  
“ *carried to Rouen, where she was burned ; others*

“ affirmed that none of the army had caused her  
“ death, because she attributed all the honour of  
“ her feats of arms to them.”

The Chronicle of Metz is more decisive.—Column c. c. “ *The Pucelle was taken by the English and the Burgundians, who were enemies to the GENTILLE fleur de Lys.....After which she was sent to the City of Rouen in Normandy, and there was she at a scaffold burned in a fire, as it was said, BUT THE CONTRARY OF WHICH IS SINCE PROVED.*” And lastly, in the journal of a Citizen of Paris, in the reign of *Charles the Seventh*, to the year 1449, printed in the history of *Charles the Sixth*, from the edition of the Louvre, it is stated :—“ *That after the execution of La Pucelle, many persons who had been deceived by her,\* firmly thought that on account of her sanctity she had escaped the fire; and that another had suffered in her place, they believing that it was herself.*”

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\* The writer of this journal was a zealous Burgundian, and consequently in the interest of the English faction.

It even appears that from the time of the imprisonment of *La Pucelle*, reports were already afloat which led to the belief that the period would arrive when her execution would not be credited; since an ocular witness deposed in the course of the process respecting her justification in 1455, that when the execution took place at Rouen, *The English being doubtful least reports should be disseminated in regard to the Pucelle's not being dead, or that some other had been burned in her stead, caused the fire and wood to be withdrawn from behind the body after her death, in order that it might be ascertained she was dead.*" See MS. in the Chapter House of Orleans.

This latter statement, which appears at the first glance to favour an idea that the *Pucelle* was actually burned, will upon examination be found susceptible of a conclusion diametrically opposite. Is a person recently suffocated by a great fire, which has consumed all the habiliments, easily recognized? And the precaution adopted by the English, to place upon the head of the sufferer whom they led to the stake an elevated mitre,

by which she was disguised, and to cause to be carried before her a picture representing every thing against her that was infamous ; (*Recherches de Pasquier, page 164*), were not these, I say, so many methods resorted to, in order that the attention of the spectators might be diverted ; of whom, a few excepted, some had never seen her, and others had merely caught a glance of her person as she passed ? Nothing more was required to lead into error, and make them believe that, which it was absolutely wished they should accredit.

Some objections may here be raised : first, that supposing *La Pucelle* had escaped the cruelty of the English, it is impossible that some mention of the fact should not have been made during the process of her justification, particularly after the examination of no less than one hundred and twelve witnesses. It is easy to reply with *Father Vignier*, who raised the same objection, that the commission of those whom *Pope Calixtus the Third* delegated to enquire into this affair in 1455, was not to demonstrate that *La Pucelle* had escaped from death at Rouen ; but to enquire whe-

ther they had been justified in condemning her as an heretic, a relapse, an apostate, and an idolatress; and although it appears more than probable, they were aware she had not been burned, such a fact was unconnected with their commission, and they consequently did not trouble themselves upon that head.

The second objection relates to this statement, that about the same period when *La Pucelle* presented herself in *Lorraine* and at *Orleans*, two other females were received by the people as *La Pucelle*, whose impositions were afterwards discovered; from whence it might be inferred that *Jeanne des Hermoises* was a similar adventress, even supposing her not to have been one of those in question:—let us examine the proofs.

On perusing the journal for the life of *Charles the Seventh* already quoted, we find that—  
“ *In the year 1440, the Parliament and the University caused a woman to be brought to Paris,*  
“ *following the men in arms, believed by many to*  
“ *be Jehanne La Pucelle, and who on that account*  
“ *had been very honourably received at Orleans,*

“ which woman was publicly shown at the palace on  
“ the marble stone in the great court, and being  
“ there examined as to her life and her estate, was  
“ recognized as not being *La Pucelle*, and as hav-  
“ ing been married.” The other impostor is men-  
tioned in a manuscript at the royal library,  
written at the period of *Charles the Seventh*, in-  
titled : ‘ *Exemples des Hardiesses de plusieurs  
Rois et Empereurs ;*’ where it appears, accord-  
ing to *Pere Labbe*, 180. “ Among others, I was  
told by the said Lord (*M. de Boissy*,) that ten  
years after the sentence at *Rouen* in 1441, was  
brought to the King another supposed *Pucelle*, who  
much resembled the first, and who was desirous that  
he should believe from reports spread that it was  
the former one resuscitated. The King, upon hear-  
ing this, ordered that she should be conducted to  
his presence.” But that his Majesty said to her,  
“ *Pucelle*, my friend, you are right welcome, in the  
name of God, who knows the secret which is be-  
tween you and me.”—When most miraculously, after  
hearing only these words, this false *Pucelle* threw  
herself on her knees before the King, entreating  
mercy, and forthwith confessed all her treasons,  
none of which however were judged too rigorously.”

We will now proceed to examine these facts. In the first recital there are traits which bear no analogy whatsoever to *Jeanne des Hermoises*; for the woman there spoken of was a *follower of soldiers, calling herself a maid*; which had no reference whatsoever to *Jeanne des Hermoises*, who avowed herself a married woman, by assuming the appellation of her husband; who repaired to Orleans with her domestics only: since in all the registers of *Morchouasne*, not a syllable is said of *her being in company with men at arms, captains, or officers, and much less with soldiers* like the female mentioned in the journal; a circumstance claiming particular notice; as such conduct would have been disgusting in a *maid who had espoused a gentleman and a chevalier of lineage which had uniformly ranked as one of the most honourable in Lorraine*. Secondly, we may add, that if they were able at Paris, and at the Court, to distinguish one of these warriors from the real *Pucelle*, it was much easier to have made that discovery at *Metz, and Arelont*, as being so much nearer to the country of *La Pucelle*, as well as at *Orleans*, which had been the first and great theatre of her noble exploits; while the

testimony of *Peter* and *John du Lys* in favour of *Jehanne des Hermoises*, whom they recognized for their sister, proves an argument, in opposition to which it is very difficult to offer any reply.

A third objection may be started ; that if *La Pucelle* escaped from the English, would she not have fled to the court, or to the army ; and would not the King have rewarded the services which she had rendered him ? Yet nothing appears strange in all this ; for, by the manner in which *Jean du Lys* her brother was received at *Loches* in 1436, according to his own recital in a passage before quoted, it appears manifest that little faith was then attached to his statement.

But to reply more fully, let it be remembered what jealousy had been excited against the *Pucelle* by those who were nearest the King's person, and above all in *George de la Trimouille*, his favourite, who to use the words of the Chronicle of Metz :—" *Was little loyal to the said King, his Lord, harbouring great envy of the feats she, La Pucelle, performed, and was the cause of her being taken.*" The credit of this nobleman was

so powerful as to prevent the monarch from recognizing *La Pucelle*, who was supposed to have suffered; and in regard to the gratitude of *Charles the Seventh*, where shall we trace upon his receiving news of the execution of *La Pucelle*, that he ever had recourse to the *Lex talionis* in regard to the English and Burgundians of rank who fell into his hands? Can it be proved that he avenged a death which dishonoured him? It must be allowed that the conduct of this prince was the same under both circumstances, and that the reasons by which he was governed, had their origin in the same principle: the jealousy of his courtiers was the sole source.

It is, I conceive, useless here to speak of a girl whom the young *Count de Virnenbourg* pretended about the year 1473, to be the *Pucelle of Orleans*, whom God had resuscitated in order to establish in the Episcopal see of *Treves Uldaric de Mandenchet*, and whose imposition was discovered by the *Inquisitor of Cologne*, who caused her arrestation, and would have tried her, had not the Count found means to effect her escape, and thus by flight rescued her from that death, which a life

marked by infamy had merited. The period when this third imposter flourished, is too far removed to have any reference to those of whom we have spoken, much less to *Jeanne*, the wife of *Jean des Hermoises*, whose disorderly course of life it is first requisite to substantiate ere she can be confounded with the person in question ; this assuredly cannot be done, and what we have advanced respecting the other two, may with much more reason be applied to this third mentioned adventress.

I shall conclude by stating, that as the arrival of *La Pucelle* in France is one of those events in which many persons have thought that they could trace an hidden source ; it is not unlikely but a similar circumstance appertains to her execution, the secret of which may at some future period be fully exemplified, and in such expectation let us remain satisfied with the reasons thus adduced :—*FOR HARBOURING DOUBTS UPON THE SUBJECT.*

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THE  
**MAID OF ORLEANS.**

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**CANTO XI.**

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**ARGUMENT.**

**CONVENT SACKED BY THE ENGLISH—BATTLE BETWEEN ST. GEORGE  
OF ENGLAND, AND DENIS, PATRON SAINT OF FRANCE.**

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Now, free from useless preface I shall tell,  
How the two lovers in their cloister'd cell,  
With joys forbidden, both alike oppress'd,  
Extended near each other, sunk to rest;  
Enjoying that sweet sleep the weary own,  
When Morpheus on their lids erects his throne.

Sudden a dreadful din drives sleep afar,  
On all sides gleams the horrid torch of war;  
Death, ghastly death, then blazes to their view,  
As streams of blood the convent's site bedew;  
This troop marauding of Britannia's soil,  
Gaul's ranks had beaten in a recent broil;

The conquer'd, sword in hand, scour'd o'er the plain,  
By victors follow'd, who pursu'd amain ;  
Striking and crying, almost out of breath—  
“ Agnes restore, or instant meet your death.”  
But naught knew any creature of the Fair,  
Till hoary Colin, who of flocks had care,  
Bespoke them thus:—“ Sirs, yesterday my sight  
“ Was struck with paragon of beauty bright,  
“ Who, tow'rd the dusk, pass'd yonder convent gate.”  
“ Anon !” the English cried, with souls elate,  
“ 'Tis Agnes there's no doubt :—By Heavens ! 'tis she ;  
“ Let's on.” The cruel cohort instantly,  
Gain'd of the convent wall the holy steep :  
Thus raging wolves, rush 'midst a flock of sheep

Of dormitory, they each cell inspect ;<sup>1</sup>  
The chapel, caves, no corner they neglect—  
These enemies of such as laud Heav'n's name,  
View all, devoid of scruple, or of shame ;  
Ah ! sisters, Anna, Ursula, Marton,  
Why raise your eyes—where would ye fly anon ?  
Poor moaning doves, why seek the holy place,  
Trembling, confounded, ye the shrine embrace ;  
That holy altar fear'd, and found to be  
The sacred safe-guard of your chastity ;  
Amidst this direful peril, what are vows ?  
Ye supplicate in vain your Heav'nly spouse.  
Before his shrine, nay, even in his view,

Poor flocks your cruel ravishers pursue,  
To profanate that faith so pure and bless'd,  
Which your sweet lips with innocence profess'd.

Some readers, of earth's worldly race the sons,  
Immodest souls, the enemies of nuns ;  
Sarcastic jokers, dare with playful wit,  
Poor violated dames, with tauntings hit ;  
Let them say on.—Alas ! my sisters dear,  
How dreadful 'tis, such tender hearts to jeer ;  
For timid, harmless, beauties, framed like yc,  
To strive from homicidal arms to flee ;  
Disgusting kisses on your lips to feel,  
From felons reeking with gore's smoking seal,  
Who by an act ferocious and abhorr'd—  
The eyes on fire, lips that blaspheme the Lord,  
Mingling the outrage with voluptuous glow,  
Thus seek with brutal love your overthrow ;  
Whose poisonous breath infects the zephyrs bland :  
The bristly beard—the hard infuriate hand,  
The hideous form :—arms black, with gore impress'd,  
Appear to strike with death where they caress'd ;  
In fine, they seem'd to these strange frenzies given,  
Fiends ; violating Angels, bless'd of Heaven !

Crime had already to their shameless view,  
Ting'd fronts of each chaste fair with crimson hue ;  
Sister *Ribondi*, so devout and sage,

Was doom'd to meet fierce Shipunk's carnal rage.  
 Wharton, vile infidel—bold Barclay too,  
 Poor sister Amidon, alike pursue.  
 They weep, they pray, and swear; press, push and run;  
 When in the tumult's seen Besogne the nun,  
 With Bard and Parson fighting, who employ,  
 All means to put in force their lustful joy,  
 Both ignorant, that Besogne is—a boy:  
 Nor was't thou, Agnes, 'midst this sorrowing band,  
 To be neglected by despoiler's hand;  
 Tender, enchanting object, 'twas thy lot,  
 Always to sin, whether thou wouldst or not;<sup>3</sup>  
 The murd'rous chief of this obdurate crew,  
 Courageous victor, he sped after you;  
 While troops obedient, in their passions still,  
 Resign'd this honour, to his potent will.

Yet Fate tho' harsh, will sometimes deign befriend,  
 And of our woes at length proclaim the end;  
 For as these gentlemen of Britain's Isle,  
 With foul pollution thus, had dar'd defile,  
 Of the Saint Sion, this most sacred place,  
 From Heav'n's high vault Gaul's patron full of grace,  
 Good Denis; to bright virtue always kind,  
 Found means to 'scape from thence and leave behind  
 Fierce turbulent St. George, of France the foe;  
 From Paradise he bent his course below.  
 But, in descending to our earthly sphere,

No more on sun-beam did our sage appear,  
Since too apparent then his course had been,  
He went the god of mystery to win ;<sup>4</sup>  
Sire, sage, and cunning, foe of noise and light,  
Who flies on ev'ry side, and goes by night,  
He favours, (and 'tis pity) rogues that steal ;  
But leads the man impress'd by wisdom's seal :  
To church and court, he hies ; at all times there.  
While anciently of love he had the care :  
He first envelop'd in a cloud obscure,  
Good Denis ; and forthwith commenced his tour,  
By secret path, which no one yet had gone,  
Whisp'ring quite low, and sideway moving on.

The faithful guardian of Gaul's goodly set,  
Not far from Blois, the maid of Orleans met ;  
Who, of gross muleteer the back bestrode,  
Advancing gently by a secret road ;  
Off'ring up prayers that some adventure kind,  
Might lead her in the end her arms to find ;  
When Denis from afar beheld the maid,  
With tone benign the gentle patron said :  
“ Welcome my virgin ! welcome Joan, who brings,  
“ Succour alike to maidens and to Kings,  
“ Come lend thine aid to chastity at bay,  
“ And curb anon of furious lust the sway ;  
“ Come ! that thine arm avenging lily's flow'r,  
“ May save my tender flock in this dread hour ;

“ Yon convent view : —they violate—time flies,  
“ Come then, my maid : ” —He spoke and Joan straight  
hies,  
While Gaul’s dear patron, as her squire in rear,  
With lusty stripes, whips on the muleteer.

Here then thou art my Joan, ’midst this foul crew,  
Who with the nuns their recreant acts pursue.  
Joan was *in cuerpo*, when a Briton’s eyes,<sup>5</sup>  
With look unblushing, greet the wish’d for prize ;  
He covets her, and thinks some maiden gay,  
Has sought the sisters to enjoy the fray ;  
Then flies the fair to meet, and forthwith seeks,  
To taint her modesty with loathsome freaks ;  
When straight the scimitar’s keen blow replies,  
Smack on his nose, and low the monster lies :  
Swearing that oath by Frenchmen all rever’d,  
Expressive word—to pleasure’s feats endear’d ;  
Word by profane and vulgar tongues reveal’d,  
With scorn pronounc’d, when they to passion yield.

Trampling his corpse, with crimson current died,  
Joan to this wicked people forthwith cried ;  
“ Cease, cruel troop, leave innocence alone,  
“ Fell violaters ; fear just Heav’n—fear Joan.”  
Each miscreant bent on sin and void of shame,  
Heard nought, attentive only to his dame ;  
Thus asses will ’mid flow’rs their course pursue,

Spite of the cries of man and master too.  
Joan, who their deeds audacious thus describes,  
Transported feels a saintly horror rise ;  
Invoking Heav'n, and back'd by Denis' pow'r,  
With glave in hand, of blows she deals a shower,<sup>6</sup>  
From nape to nape, and thence from spine to spine,  
Cutting and slashing with her blade divine :  
Transpiercing, for intended crime the one,  
Another striking for offences done ;  
Miscreants bedewing with a sanguine flow,  
Each for profaning gentle nun :—laid low,  
Whose soul thus speeding by foul transport fed,  
Dying in sinful joy, to Satan sped.

Unblushing Wharton whose illicit fire,  
Had to its acme spurr'd his soul's desire ;  
Obdurate Wharton prov'd the only knight,  
Who now from shackles free, stood bold, upright ;  
Then seiz'd his arms and with undaunted look,  
Awaiting Joan, a different posture took.

O ! thou great saint, the state's protecting shield,  
Denis, who saw this well contested field,  
Deign to my faithful muse those feats indite,  
Which Joan enacted to thy reverend sight ;  
Joan trembled first and cast a wond'ring stare :  
“ My saint, dear Denis, what do I see there ?  
“ My breast plate, all those arms which destiny,

“ Ordain’d as presents thou shouldst give to me,  
“ On that Hell harden’d back now strike my view,  
“ He wears my helm and under vestments too.”  
Joan reason’d justly, she had truth to quote ;  
For when sweet Agnes swapp’d her petticoat,  
And in these arms was cap-a-pie equipp’d,  
Whereof by rude John Chandos she was stripp’d ;  
Sir Isaac Wharton, Chandos knight, anon,  
Seizing this coat of mail, had put it on.

O Joan of Arc, of Heroines the flow’r,  
For arms divine you fought with matchless pow’r ;  
For thy great monarch Charles so long abused,  
An hundred benedictine nuns misus’d,  
For Denis, charg’d their chastity to shield,  
Denis, who saw her dauntless dare the field  
With broad-sword striking hard her own breast plate,  
And shaded by its plume, the helm on pate :  
In Etna’s gulfs which fire and forge contain,  
Of sooty Vulcan and his one eye’d train :  
On sparkling anvil sounding constant knell,  
More quick or heavier, hammers never fell ;  
When for dread thunder’s lord the forges glow,  
Prepar’d his cannons—too much brav’d below.

In iron clad—our Briton full of pride,  
Falls back—his soul with wonder stupified,  
To find himself attack’d with giant rage,

By brunette buxom and so young of age ;  
 To view her naked fill'd him with remorse,  
 To wound that body robb'd his arm of force,  
 He but defends himself and backward moves,  
 Admiring of his foe the charms he loves ;  
 Those treasures which impel his heart to scorn,  
 The martial virtues which her soul adorn.

St. George enthron'd in Paradise so fair,  
 No longer seeing brother Denis there,  
 Began to doubt that Gallia's saint was flown,  
 'To succour those to whom his heart was prone ;  
 Thro' all the expanse of the azure plain,  
 He bent his scrutinizing glance in vain :  
 Nor waver'd long, but call'd his gallant steed,  
 'That horse whereof in legend much we read.\*  
 The palfrey came—George mounted, 'gins to ride,  
 With spear in rest, the broad-sword at his side ;  
 He goes and gallops o'er that endless space  
 Which daring mortals vainly seek to trace,  
 Those Heav'nly realms—spheres that with light abound,  
 Which visionary Reni makes turn round ;<sup>2</sup>  
 'Mid endless chaos of a dust refin'd,  
 Whirlwinds most subtle rolling in the wind,  
 The which e'en Newton to strange dreams inclin'd,  
 Will have it turn, of compass reft and guide,  
 Around mere nothing, thro' the vacuum wide.

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St. George inflam'd, his rage then boiling high,  
Travers'd this void in twinkling of an eye,  
The soil by Loire's stream water'd straight to gain,  
Where Denis thought to chaunt the victor's strain ;  
'Tis thus we sometimes view at dead of night  
A comet in its vast career of light ;  
Sparkling emit a most horrific blaze,  
Its tail appears and men feel dire amaze ;  
The Pope is aw'd, and the world, struck with fear,  
Firmly believes the wines will fail that year.<sup>10</sup>

As in the distance valiant George describes,  
Mister St. Denis, he feels choler rise ;  
And brandishing aloft his lance awhile  
Pronounc'd these words in Homer's choicest style :  
“ O ! Denis, Denis, weak and peevish foe,<sup>11</sup>  
“ Timid support of feeble race below ;  
“ 'Tis thus you visit earth with secret guile,  
“ To cut my heroes throats of Albion's Isle ;  
“ Dost think Fate's destinies thou canst controul  
“ With jackass, feeble arm and woman's soul ?  
“ Of my dread vengeance art thou not afraid,  
“ Which soon shall punish France, thyself and maid ?  
“ Thy sad sponce shaking on thy twisted neck,  
“ Hath once before thy carcase ceas'd to deck ;  
“ I wish to crop, e'en in thy church's face,  
“ Thy bald pate set but badly in its place,

- " And send thee packing to thy Paris' walls,  
 " Fit patron of thy tender cockney Gauls :  
 " In thine own suburbs where thy mass is said,<sup>12</sup>  
 " There rest and let them once more kiss thy head."

- The goodly Denis raising clasp'd hands high,  
 With noble pious tone made this reply :—  
 " O ! Great St. George, O ! Brother, fam'd of mine,  
 " Wilt thou to fury's voice for aye incline ?  
 " Since first we both to Heav'n receiv'd the call,  
 " Thine heart devout, hath always nurtur'd gall ;  
 " Is it then fit, thrice happy as we are,  
 " Two saints enchas'd, lauded by men afar ;  
 " We, who to others should example set,  
 " Must we by quarrels thus ourselves forget ?  
 " Wilt thou a cruel war now seek to wage,  
 " In realms where peace should all thy thoughts engage ?  
 " How long then of thy soil will saintly band,  
 " In paradise the flag of strife expand ?  
 " O Britons ! nation fierce ; too bold by far,  
 " Just Heav'n in turn will wage the wrathful war ;  
 " And of your mode of acting weary grown,  
 " Will to your jealous cares no more be prone,  
 " For devotees from you are never known ;  
 " Ah ! wretched saint, tho' pious, choleric,  
 " Damn'd patron of a race of blood ne'er sick ;  
 " Be tractable, and in Heav'n's name leave me,  
 " To save my King and rule Gaul's destiny."

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At this harangue, George bursting with fell rage,  
On visage pictur'd fury's crimson page;  
And bending on the cockney saint his eyes  
He felt his strength and courage doubly rise,—  
Denis, he judg'd the sov'reign of paltroons,  
On whom he pounc'd—thus falcon darts eftsoons  
And seizes tender pigeon for its prey,—  
Denis falls back and prudent utters bray :  
Thus summoning his faithful ass outright,  
The donkey wing'd, his succour and delight.  
“ Come,” he exclaim'd, “ come and my life defend”—  
Denis forgot thus speaking to his friend,  
That never saint of life, can see an end.

From Italy our dappled of grey hue,  
Just then arriv'd—and I narrator true,  
Why he return'd already have display'd.  
To saint his back he bent, with saddle ray'd ;  
When patron firmly on his Neddy plac'd,  
By kindling valour, felt his heart enchas'd !  
With subtle malice he from earth had ta'en,  
A sword so lately grasp'd by Briton slain ;  
Then brandishing the fatal glave to sight,  
St. George he pushes, presses, grapples tight :  
Great Albion's chief by indignation led,  
Aims three dread blows at his devoted head ;  
The whole are parried, Denis guards his sconce,  
Directing in return his blows at once

Upon the horse, and eke his cavalier,  
 From steel electric vivid sparks appear;  
 Now as the weapons cross, they cut and thrust,  
 Each moment either seems of warrior first;  
 Seeking to strike helm, gorget, glory bright,  
 And spot so delicate with laces dight;  
 Where, 'neath the cuirass, *braguette* greets the sight.'

These vain attempts made both more ardent far;  
 Oft 'twixt them balanc'd was the fate of War;  
 When lo! the ass's tones discordant sound  
 As grating octaves harshly bray around,—  
 Heav'n trembles; echo from the wood's recess,  
 The din repeats, while shudd'ring with distress,  
 St. George turn'd pale; good Denis keen I trow,  
 Made feint, and with celestial back-hand blow,  
 Of Albion's chief did the proboscis clip,<sup>14</sup>  
 And on his saddle bow, roll'd bleeding tip.

George without nose, but not of courage void,  
 Revenges honour of his face annoy'd,  
 Profaning Heav'n with English d——m subjoin'd,  
 One blow of scimitar forthwith purloin'd  
 From Denis that, which on a Thursday morn,  
 Of old from Malchus, was by Peter shorn.<sup>15</sup>

At this rare sight and voice deserving praise  
 Of the saint ass—at sound of dreadful brays,

All trembled in the Heav'nly concave high :  
The beamy portal of the starry sky  
Burst ope, and from the vaults where seraphs dwell,  
Issu'd at length th' archangel Gabriel,  
Who graceful pois'd upon his pinions bright,  
Sail'd gently thro' the realms of endless light ;  
That rod supporting, which in days of yore,  
Towards the Nile the prophet Moses bore,  
When the Red Sea submissive stopp'd its waves,  
And kings and people thus, found wat'ry graves.

“ What is't I see ?” the angel wrathful cried,  
“ Two patron saints, offsprings to Heav'n allied :  
“ Eternal spirits of the power of peace,  
“ Fighting like mortals ; ye bid concord cease :  
“ Let woman's stupid race to blows aspire,  
“ To man leave baleful passions, flame and fire ;  
“ Abandon straight to Sin's profane controul,  
“ Of this vile crew each gross and wicked soul,  
“ In vice created, and to death consign'd ;  
“ But ye immortal sons of Heav'n refin'd,  
“ Nourish'd for ever with ambrosia pure,  
“ Would ye, such blissful scenes no more endure ?  
“ Are ye stark mad ?—Good Heav'n ! an ear, a nose ;  
“ Ye who on mercy and sweet grace repose,  
“ The precepts of pure concord to instill,  
“ Can ye, for things like these pursue the will  
“ Of foolish passions and their cause embrace ?

" Either renounce the bright empyreal space,  
 " Or instant yield submissive to my laws ;  
 " Let charity within plead her own cause ;  
 " Thou insolent St. George, pick up that ear,  
 " And you, good Mister Denis, also hear,  
 " That nose resume, and with your fingers bless'd,  
 " In its own place let each thing henceforth rest."

Denis, with hand submissive, forthwith goes,  
 To join the tip on mutilated nose,  
 And George devout, the ear to Denis takes,  
 By him cut off, each sign of cross then makes,<sup>16</sup>  
 An oremus to Gabriel mutt'ring sweet :<sup>17</sup>  
 Forthwith of flesh the cartilages meet ;<sup>18</sup>  
 In fine, both miens assume their wonted grace,  
 Blood, fibres, skin, each hardens in its place,  
 Leaving no vestige in this saintly pair,  
 Of shiver'd nose, and sconce of ear quite bare :  
 'Tis thus with saintly flesh, fat, firm and fair.

Then Gabriel said, with presidential voice—  
 " 'Tis well, embrace ;" there was i' faith no choice ;  
 So Denis void of hate, or passion's glow,  
 With honest heart, anon, embraced his foe ;  
 But George as kissing, cherish'd vengeful fit,  
 And swore that Denis should not thus be quit.  
 The great archangel, this embracing o'er,  
 Received my two saints gracious as before,

With one on either side empyreum sought,  
Where nect'rine bumpers to each saint were brought

Few readers will believe this combat brave ;  
But near those walls Scamander's waters lave,<sup>19</sup>  
Of old was chronicled a deed of fame,  
When Gods Olympian arm'd, for battle came,  
Alike by England's Milton are enroll'd,  
Of angels winged, a legion manifold --  
Redd'ning celestial plains with sanguine tide,  
Mountains by hundreds scatter'd far and wide,  
And what's still worse from cannon firing ball ;<sup>20</sup>  
Wherefore, if Michael ere the Devil's fall,  
With Satan fought, each to support his cause,  
Sure Messieurs George and Denis by such laws,  
Were right in bidding hostile banners float,  
And striving each, to cut the other's throat.

But if in Heav'n sweet peace was thus restor'd,  
Alas ! on earth such prov'd not yet the word ;  
Fell scene accurs'd of discord and of blows ;  
Good Charles went ev'ry where, nor knew repose,  
Sigh'd Agnes' name, and sought, and wept her fate ;  
And yet the thund'ring Joan for ever great,  
With bloody sword that own'd no victor's will,  
Prepar'd to give fierce Wharton straight his fill ;  
She struck ;—the blow upon the spot just plac'd,  
Whereby the convent had been late debas'd :

Wharton reel'd backwards, and his trenchant steel,  
Fled from his grasp impress'd with mortal seal,—  
He fell, denying all the saints in death :  
The tribe of ancient nuns, anon, takes breath.  
And at the feet of Amazon august,  
Viewing the Cavalier consign'd to dust,  
Cried, saying "*Aves—Ah !* how just the case,  
" That punishment should strike *the sinning place.*"

Sister Ribondi, who in vestry room,  
Had bowed obedient to the victor's doom ;  
While weeping, still for the departed, sigh'd,  
And off'ring thanks, as she the sinner ey'd,  
Exclaim'd in charitable tones :—" than he,  
" Alas ! alas ! *none could more guilty be ! !*" <sup>21</sup>

END OF CANTO ELEVEN.



## NOTES TO CANTO XI.

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<sup>1</sup> *Dormitory*, is the gallery or chamber appropriated for sleeping, and is more particularly so denominated, as appertaining to a convent or college.

<sup>2</sup> *Ribondi*, is a term in familiar conversation, signifying roundness, plumpness, *en bon point*, and alludes to particular fleshy parts of the human body. The French say, for instance, *cette femme a la sein ferme et REBONDI. Des joues pleines et REBONDIES: des fesses bien REBONDIES; un ventre REBONDI*. From this, it appears evident that our poet has amused himself by playing upon the word, a licence at which it is to be hoped, the most censorious critic will not be prompted to cavil.

<sup>3</sup> In these *sinnings of love*, Agnes might well exclaim: "it never rains but it pours: poor soul, like all other mortals, she had her ups and downs in life, and misery makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows."

<sup>4</sup> The divinity of mystery thus introduced by our poet, was not known to the ancients, it is, therefore, no doubt an allegory invented by Voltaire. There were several species of mysteries among the Gentiles, according to Pausanias, Porphyrius, Lactantius, Aulus Gellius, Apuleius, &c.: but those have no reference whatsoever to the personage above-mentioned.

<sup>5</sup> Joan, thus combating in a state of nudity, reminds us of Saint Perpétue, who is reported to have fought in *euerpo* against a sacrilegious villain, who also made attempts upon her chastity; on which occasion, she outstripped our nervous heroine, by suddenly being transmogrified into a man, and with masculine vigour drubbing her infamous opponent *à la Cribb*, or *Molineux*, most soundly.

<sup>6</sup> Whether Joan, ever wielded her sword upon male personages, on such an occasion as this portrayed by the poet, we cannot take upon ourselves to determine; the following very curious extract will, however, afford sufficient proof of the rooted animosity entertained by the Maid of Arc towards females who pursued a vicious course of life; and, as the annotator has never before found this incident quoted, which is handed down by a contemporary writer, it may not prove uninteresting to the lover of historical facts.

Et pource que la compaignie avoit plusieurs femmes diffamées, qui empeschoient aucuns gens d'armes d'aller avant, la dicte Jehanne la Pucelle feist crier qu'elles s'en departissent. Apres le cry fait chascun se meit à aller avat. Et pource que la dicte Jehanne, qui estoit à cheval, en rencontra deux ou trois en sa voye, elle tira son espée pour les hatre, & frappa sur l'une d'elles du plat de son espée si grand coup qu'elle rôpit sa dicte espée, dont le roy fut fort déplaisant quant il le sceut, et luy dist qu'elle devoit prendre ung haston pour les frapper, sans habandonner sa dicte espée, qui luy avoit revelée de par Dieu.—*Annales de France, par Maître Nicole Gille Contrroleur du Tresor de Louis XI.*

"And as there were in the company several women of loose morals, who prevented the men at arms from advancing, the said maiden Joan, in an elevated voice, commanded them to begone. After this exclamation, every one prepared to march forward; and as Joan, who was on horseback, met two or three of these females on the road, she drew her sword to strike them, and beat one with the flat side of her weapon with such lusty strokes, that she broke her said sword, which caused the King great displeasure when he heard it, who said to her, that she ought to have taken a stick to beat them, and not the sword which had been revealed to her by God."

This sword was the same which the above author announces in the following manner, during the interview of Joan with Charles the 7th, at Chinon.

"Après ces choses, laditte Jehanne prin au roy qu'il luy envoyast querir par ung de ses armuriers une espée qui luy avoit esté denoncée estre en certain lieu en l'eglise Sainte Katherine de Fierboys, en laquelle avoit pour empreinte de chascun costé trois fleur de lys, et estoit entres plusieurs autres espées rouillées. Si luy demanda le roy si elle avoit autres fois este en la dicte eglise de Sainte Katherine, laquelle dit que non, et qu'elle le sçavoit par revelation divine, et qu'avec d'icelle espée elle devoit expeller ses ennemys, et le mener sacrer a Reims. Si y envoya le roy ung de ses somnellers d'armes, qui la trouva au lieu, et ainsi que la dicte Jehanne le luy avoit dit, et la luy apporta."

After this statement, it is not to be wondered at, that the King should express

his displeasure at the sacred weapon in question, being broken on the back of a prostitute by the person to whom it was apparently delegated for such ostensible purposes.

<sup>7</sup> The Benedictine Nuns of the Order of Cîteaux, were founded by Humbelina, sister of Bernard, Abbot of that establishment, who absconded from her husband, and became herself a Nun, in the year 1118.

<sup>8</sup> It is a fact not to be disputed, that St. George is always portrayed as riding upon a gallant palfrey, from whence is derived the French proverb, when speaking of a cavalier who is well mounted, "*Monté comme un St. George.*"

<sup>9</sup> René Descartes, a famous French philosopher, was born of a noble family at La Haye, in Touraine, in 1596, and received his education at the Jesuit's College at La Fleche, on leaving which seminary, he removed to Paris. After having served under the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Bavaria, he quitted the military career and travelled into Italy, where he became acquainted with the famous Galileo at Florence. In 1629, René settled at Amsterdam, where he applied assiduously to the mathematical sciences, particularly dioptrics; in which branch he made very important discoveries: about this period he visited England, and died at Stockholm, whither he had been invited by Christina Queen of Sweden, having had a pension and an estate granted him in 1666; his remains were conveyed to Paris, and interred with great pomp, in the church of Saint Genevieve. Descartes was unquestionably a man of considerable parts, and possessed of a vigorous imagination, but his philosophy has long since sunk into contempt, as a mere visionary hypothesis. Our poet, in the above lines, alludes to the *whirlwinds* and *subtle matter*, mentioned by Descartes; ridiculous chimeras, which continued however for a long time in vogue: it is somewhat difficult to comprehend what Voltaire means by applying to our sublime Newton, who has proved *vacuum*, the epithet of dreamer; this might be on account of Newton's supposition, that a spirit extremely elastic is the cause of gravitation; be this however as it may, we ought not to take a jest in the literal sense of the word.

<sup>10</sup> These lines bring to recollection the star-gazing Sidrophel of Butler, who on viewing through his telescope, the lantern affixed to the tail of a kite, is made to exclaim—

"Bless us," quoth he, "what dreadful wonder  
 "Is that appears in heaven yonder?  
 "A comet, and without a beard,  
 "Or star, that ne'er before appear'd?"

\* \* \* \* \*

" Pray heaven divert the fatal omen,  
 " For 'tis a *prodigy* not common ;  
 " And can no less than the *world's* end,  
 " Or *nature's* funeral portend."

<sup>11</sup> These lines are obviously in imitation of Homer ; the address of Minerva to Mars, is precisely similar in style to that above delivered by the fiery St. George to the all sapient and artful Denis :

O Mars! O Mars! thou sanguinary god, whose sole delight is in the conflict's rage!

<sup>12</sup> There was formerly in the Faubourg St. Denis, at Paris, a very ancient edifice, on the site of which still exists a more modern structure, called *la Chapelle de St. Denis*, built, according to the traditionary legend, upon one of the spots where rested our Saint in his headless progress ; it appears probable, that in this chapel was formerly displayed as a relic, the head of the saint, which, on the day of his annual festival, was publicly shewn in a sumptuous case, with a small crystal glass on the cover, through which the devotee might peep at the pericranium within, and which was reverently kissed by the besotted observers, who, for such permission, dropped a coin in the silver platter of the officiating priest.

———*D'un devot souvent au chretien veritable,  
 La distance est deux fois plus longue, a mon avis,  
 Que du pôle antarctique au detroit de Davis.*

<sup>13</sup> *St. Dominic* was the first who added after the repetition of *ten Ave Marias*, the dominical prayer ; and he certainly worked admirably in thus perfecting the mystery of the Rosary, as it is repeated by catholics to the present day. Prior to the saintly invention of the *chaplet*, it was customary with the faithful, according to *Baronnias*, to have two fobs to their short clothes, in one of which were deposited a certain number of stones ; so that as soon as one *Pater* or *Ave* was repeated, a stone was taken out of the left fob and dropped into the right, and so on, till the Rosary was finished. In order, however, to explain this manœuvre more fully, and the arrangement of the pockets of the *braguette*, here follows what we are told by *Louis Guion Dolois*, Lord of *La Noche*, in his work entitled *Extrait de Diverses Leçons*.

" *Les chausses hautes estoient si jointes qu'il n'y avoit moyen d'y faire*

" des pochettes : mais en lieu, ils portaient une ample et grosse brayette ;  
 " et entre la grande espace, entre l'ouverture de la brayette, contre la  
 " chemise, on y mettait une pomme, une orange, ou autres fruits, et n'était  
 " point incivil étant à table de présenter aux dames les oranges, les pommes  
 " et les fruits conservés quelque temps en icelle brayette ; et les dames re-  
 " cevaient le présent tout chaud et comme cuit et poché, et dans icelle  
 " brayette étaient les pierres du chapelet."

It must have been curious to see the ancient nobility when at church, with a devout air, thus leisurely drawing forth from the *braguette* an *Ave Maria*, a *Pater*, and in short all the prayers constituting the Rosary.

As it is impossible that too much can be said upon the subject of Dominic and his famous exploits, let us by way of a *bonne bouche*, regale our protestant readers with a legendary anecdote as facetious as it is *authentic*, by way of giving greater validity to his supernatural acquirements. St Dominic, (so states a chronicler of his life,) upon a certain night commanded the devil to hold the candle while he should say his prayers ; but as the devotion of the Saint proved of very long duration, the taper being nearly burnt out, began to scorch the fingers of the infernal holder. Satan, who was by no means insensible, made wry faces sufficient to excite laughter, until weary of bolding the singeing luminary, he committed Dominic to his brethren, and took his flight to the infernal regions, where the burning of the damned, says our historian, caused the demon less pain than the agony inflicted by the candle's end of the Saint. Our catholic progenitors must have been priest-ridden indeed to require tales such as these to enlighten their minds on the subjects of mundane piety and eternal beatification in a world to come.

<sup>14</sup> Still in imitation of the divine Homer, who causes the god Mars to wound-himself.

<sup>15</sup> Alluding to St. Peter's cutting off the ear of Malchus in the garden.

<sup>16</sup> The sign of the cross consists in touching the forehead, stomach, and the left and right shoulders with the fore finger of the right hand ; it is used at the commencement of prayers, and is said to drive away demons, should any perchance be stationed at your elbow.

<sup>17</sup> *Oremus*, is an ecclesiastical latin term, signifying " let us pray," which also means a prayer.

*Le chantre aux yeux du chœur étale son audace,  
 Chante les oremus, &c.*

LUTRIN OF BOILEAU.

This word is derived from the priest's pronouncing *oremus*, before he repeats the orisons.

<sup>18</sup> Our noseless Saint was not compelled to have recourse to the expedients laid down by *Taliacotius*, for the reinstatement of a lost proboscis, when Butler states—

“ So learned *Taliacotius*, from  
 “ The brazen part of *Porter's* bum,  
 “ Cut supplemental noses, which  
 “ Wou'd last as long as *parent* breech ;  
 “ But when the date of *Nock* was out,  
 “ Off dropt the sympathetick snout.”

This repairer of noses was named *Gasper Taliacotius*, born at Bononia, in 1553, and died 1599 ; his statue stands in the Theatre of Anatomy, holding a nose in its hand. He wrote a treatise in Latin, called *Chirurgia Nova*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c.

<sup>19</sup> *Scamander* or *Scamandros*, a celebrated river of Troas rising at the east of mount Ida, and falling into the sea below Sigeum. According to Homer, this river was called *Xanthus* by the gods, and *Scamander* by men.

<sup>20</sup> This sarcasm is levelled against that part of the fifth book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, wherein he states that some of the heavenly host made powder and cannon, and with the same, hurled legions of angels from the celestial plains to our terrestrial sphere ; while the latter heaped upon their backs, and thus transported up to heaven hundreds of mountains with the forests that clothed them, as well as the rivers that flowed therefrom ; and that they precipitated mountains, forests, and streams upon the artillery of the enemy. This, says the French annotator, is one of the parts of Milton's production, which bears upon the face of it the most striking proofs of *probability*.

<sup>21</sup> *Experientia Docet*, we are told, and as our nun *Ribondi* was perfectly mistress of the affair in question, it is not to be wondered at, that she should weep for the offender, and utter the above emphatic words.

“ *Meminerunt omnia amantes.*”

OVIN.

## CANTO XII.

---

### ARGUMENT.

MONROSE KILLS THE ALMONER.—CHARLES DISCOVERS AGNES, WHO  
CONSOLED HERSELF WITH MONROSE IN THE CASTLE OF CUTENDRE.

---

I SWORE to bid the moral theme good night,  
Brief to narrate, nor long harangues indite.  
What is there love's young god cannot subdue?  
A babbler he, my pen unequal too,  
With slender point, still scribbles on amain,  
Those fantasies that strike my fev'rish brain.  
Young beauties, maidens, widows, wives enroll'd  
Upon his charming banner's ample fold;  
Ye who alike his flames receive or darts,  
Now tell me, when two glowing youthful hearts,  
Equal in talents, merit and in grace,  
When both would court you to the fond embrace,  
Pressing alike and fanning rapture's fire,  
Awakening in the breast each keen desire,

You then a strange embarrassment must own.  
To ye was e'er that trifling tale made known,  
Of certain ass—such as our schools display ;<sup>1</sup>  
Near which some person in the stable lay ;  
Two equal measures, eyes of beast to strike,  
In form the same and distant both alike,<sup>2</sup>  
The Neddy tempted thus on either side,  
Pricks up his ears amid the distance wide,  
Just in the centre of these loads of hay,  
The laws of equilibrium to obey,  
And dies of hunger, fearful to make choice :  
Of such philosophy ne'er heed the voice,  
Deign rather at the self same time employ,  
The sexes twain and let them bask in joy,  
But take good heed, let nought your life destroy.

}

Not far remov'd from this monastic pile,  
Polluted, sad, and stain'd with bloodshed vile,  
Where nuns a score that morn from sorrow's spell,  
By Amazon had been aveng'd too well.  
Close to the Loire was seen a castle's height,  
With draw bridge, loop holes, watch tow'rs, fair to sight ;  
A current level with its margin flow'd,  
Meandering round this turretted abode,  
Encircling too four hundred bow shots wide,  
The park's defence—its walls in pond'rous pride :  
A vet'ran chief, by name, Cutendre known,  
As baron claim'd this edifice his own ;

Each stranger there became a welcome guest.  
The ancient lord whose heart was of the best,  
Had made his fort asylum of the land;  
All were his friends, or French or English band;  
Strangers in coach, in boots, in gaiters, ray'd,  
Prince, nun, or monk, or Turk, or priest by trade,  
Were welcom'd there with amity most true;  
But those that came must enter two and two ;<sup>3</sup>  
For ev'ry lord his fantasy will feed,  
And this same baron firmly had decreed—  
That in his castle he would feast each pair,  
But never one—such prov'd his whimsy rare :  
When two and two assail'd his mansion's gate,  
All then went right, but woe betide the fate  
Of him, who single sounded at his port,  
He badly supp'd, was fickle fortune's sport ;  
Till some companion should solace his view,  
Making that number just—when two make two.

The martial Joan, who had retai'n her arms,  
Which loudly rattled o'er her robust charms,  
Led on tow'rd night, as freshly breath'd the air,  
(Planning the while,) sweet Agnes, tender fair :  
The chaplain, who her steps still close pursu'd,  
Vile Almoner with lustful wish endued,  
Gain'd charitable walls of this retreat :  
So when of greedy wolf the grinders meet,

Of bleating lamb the tender velvet skin,  
With ardour fraught his banquet to begin,  
To escalate the pen he straight aspires:  
Thus glow'd libidinous the foul desires,  
In chaplain ravisher ; with eyes in flame,  
Pursuing still, the remnant of his game,  
Torn from possession while he grasp'd the prey.  
He rings, he cries—the mandate they obey :  
But seeing only one, the levers straight,  
Whose moving pow'rs, as harsh on high they grate,  
Force the huge trembling beams to rise amain  
Of draw bridge ; while so moving winds the chain.  
And thus in air the uprais'd bridge soon stands,  
Work'd by the vet'ran baron's own commands.  
This sight made priest profane the bless'd on high,  
As following rising beams with angry eye ;  
With hands uprear'd, he strives in vain to speak :  
Thus oft a cat from gutter's height will sneak,  
To cage descending with intention dire,  
Thrusting its cager outstretch'd paws thro' wire  
Which shields the harmless warbler from its will,  
On feather'd form it gazes hungry still,  
While songster on a perch plumes downy breast :  
Our priest with more confusion felt oppress'd,  
As 'neath some tufted elms his eye descried,  
A lovely youth with tresses flowing wide,  
Brows of dark hue, an upright open mien,  
Bright eyes, soft chin, where yet no beard was seen,

With rosy hue and clad with grace sublime,  
 Beaming the Heav'nly tints of blissful prime.  
 'Twas either love himself, or else my page,  
 Ah! 'twas Monroe. The day had seem'd an age,  
 Which in research for this new love was spent;  
 Receiv'd in convent, whither first he went;  
 To those sage nuns his presence there appear'd  
 Charming, as angel Gabriel's form rever'd  
 From Heav'n descending to deal blessings round:  
 Viewing Monroe the tender sisters found  
 Deep vermil tinge, their cheeks of roses, die;  
 In whispers breathing:—"Heav'nly father why,  
 "When we were ravish'd, was the youth not by?"  
 Forming a ring, their tongues incessant go,  
 They press upon him and no sooner know,  
 That this sweet page in search of Agnes hied,  
 When straight was given a courser and a guide;  
 In order that no ill might him befall,  
 In journeying to Cutendre's castle wall.

Arriv'd, he sees upon his route appear,  
 The brutal chaplain standing draw bridge near,  
 When feeling joy and rage his bosom swell,  
 "Ah! then 'tis you, he cried, vile priest of Hell!  
 "By Chandos and my soul's salvation now,  
 "And more, by her I swear who has my vow,  
 "That thou shalt expiate thy damning deeds:"  
 The chaplain's wrath his pow'r of speech impedes,

He grasps, all trembling from excess of ife,  
Pistol—whose trigger straight he draws to fire ;<sup>5</sup>  
From flint and steel sparks kindled—bullet hies,  
At random whistling as thro' air it flies,  
Pursuing track by hasty aim design'd,  
Which from its goal unsteady hand inclin'd :  
The page presents—more surely flies the lead,  
It strikes the skull—hard and terrific head,  
That front, whereon the soul's foul sins were read.

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Our chaplain fell, the page by conquest blest,  
Forthwith experienc'd in his virtuous breast,  
A thrill of soft compassion for his foe :  
“ Alas ! he cried, from hence as christian go ;  
“ *Te deum* say, a dog's own life you've pass'd,<sup>6</sup>  
“ Of Heav'n claim pardon for your sins at last,  
“ Pronounce amen, and for your soul seek grace : ”  
“ No,” cried our villain of the *tonsured* race ;<sup>7</sup>  
“ I'm damn'd, and to the devil I go—good night : ”  
Speaking he died and his perfidious sprite,  
To swell th' infernal cohort, flew outright.<sup>8</sup>

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While thus impenitent, this monster hied,  
On brimstone flames of Satan to be fried,  
The monarch Charles, with sorrow-teeming mind,  
Sought ev'ry where, his mistress lost, to find ;  
He stroll'd near Loire his mental woes to calm,  
Sooth'd by his confessor's sermonic balm :

'Tis fitting now, I give description clear,  
 That brief a doctor's attributes ye hear,  
 Who, a young monarch, slave of love's pure creed,  
 Chose for director of each word and deed.  
 'Tis one, who to indulgence sets no line,  
 Who in his hand knows gently to incline,  
 Of good and eke of ill the scale ne'er even,  
 Conducting you *by pleasing paths* to Heav'n;  
 And makes his master too, in conscience sin,  
 Alike his tone, his look and gestures win;  
 Observing all, and soothing each disaster,  
 The favourite, the mistress, and the master,  
 Always prepar'd, to spread the soothing plaister.<sup>9</sup>

The confessor of Gallia's gracious sire,  
 Son of Saint Dominic possess'd his fire,  
 By name good Bonifoux, whose worth I'll sing,  
 To ev'ry body he was ev'ry thing:<sup>10</sup>  
 His lord he thus bespoke, devout of heart;  
 "How much I pity in you earth's gross part,  
 "Which mastr'y holds, for fatal is th' affair,  
 "Agnes to love, is sinful I declare,  
 "But 'tis a vice, to be forgiven with ease,  
 "In ancient times they practised sins like these;  
 "With Jews, who felt for Decalogue inflam'd,<sup>11</sup>  
 "Old Abraham, sire of faithful people nam'd,<sup>12</sup>  
 "With Agar chose a father's state to share,  
 "His handmaid's eyes were bright, the damsel fair,

" Which drew upon her Satan's jealous ire :  
 " With sisters, Jacob tasted Hymen's fire ;<sup>13</sup>  
 " The patriarchs all have felt the heav'nly glow,  
 " Which from the change of love's warm transports  
     flow.

" Boaz the vet'ran, after harvest led,  
 " The young and lovely Ruth to his old bed ;  
 " And, without counting Bathsheba the *Belle*,<sup>15</sup>  
 " Who filled good David's heart with am'rous spell,  
 " Amidst the joys of his seraglio fair,  
 " His valiant son renown'd for braids of hair,  
 " One lovely morning by a chance most strange,  
 " With all the flock, enjoy'd voluptuous range.<sup>16</sup>  
 " Of Solomon the judgment sage you've heard,  
 " Like oracle, men listen'd to his word,  
 " Wisest of monarch's tutor'd in all things,  
 " He was alike the most gallant of kings.  
 " If you the track of these dear sins pursue,  
 " If love must all your youthful years subdue  
 " Console yourself—wisdom in turn will reign,  
 " We sin in youth, when old, we grace obtain."

" Ah ! " Charley cried, " this lecture's good to con,  
 " But I lag far behind Great Solomon ;  
 " His joys augment, of pangs my bosom's store,  
 " Three hundred Concubines he could adore,<sup>17</sup>  
 " I have but one :—Alas ! she's mine no more."

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Those tear drops which the Monarch's eye begemm'd,  
 His plaintive tongue to silence straight condemn'd,  
 When turning tow'rd the river's banks his eyes,  
 On palfrey mounted, trotting hard, he spies  
 A scarlet cloak, an ample paunch and round ;  
 The judge's band : good Bonneau thus was found.  
 Now each must own, that after her ador'd,  
 Nought to the lover can such bliss afford,  
 As once more his true confidant to greet ;  
 The breathless monarch 'gan his name repeat ;  
 Crying, " What demon brings thee here, Bonneau ?  
 " Where is my love ?—Whence cam'st thou ?—Let me  
     know  
 " What spot she graces ?—Where her bright eyes reign ?  
 " How shall I find her ?—Tell me quick ?—Explain !"

To all these questions prompt by Charles propos'd,  
 Anon good Bonneau in their turns disclos'd ;  
 How doublet he had been reduced to wear ;  
 How kitchen service eke had been his care ;  
 How he by fraud clandestine, luck'ly sped,  
 And as by miracle from Chandos fled,  
 When all were occupied to join the fight ;  
 How each was in pursuit of Agnes bright ;  
 Omitting nought, he thus the tale went through,  
 Recounting all : whereas he nothing knew.  
 He could not fatal history impart,  
 Of lustful English priest with brutal heart ;

The love respectful of young page ador'd  
And convent's sackage by lascivious horde ;  
Having thus mutual fears explain'd full well,  
And o'er and o'er proceeded griefs to tell,  
Curs'd England's race and destiny so bad,  
They both became than ever still more sad.  
"Twas night, and Ursa Major's car on high,"  
Towards the Nadir had his course gone by,"  
The Jacobin our pensive prince address'd :  
" Darkness is near, let mem'ry warm your breast,  
" That ev'ry mortal prince or monk, thus late,  
" Shou'd seek some roof where he in happy state  
" May sup and pass the hours of night away."  
Our tristful king, the monk 'gan straight obey  
Without reply—and dwelling on his pain,  
With head reclin'd he gallop'd o'er the plain ;  
When soon good Charles, the priest, and Bonneau too,  
All three made halt with castle's moat in view.

The youthful page who near the drawbridge stood,  
Straight having plung'd amid the limpid flood,  
His foe's dire carcass doom'd to realms of night ;  
Of her for whom he journey'd ne'er lost sight :  
He fed in secret on his mental care,  
Viewing the bridge that barr'd him from his fair ;  
But when by paly moon-beams he survey'd,  
The Gallic trio, soon his heart was sway'd  
By hope's bright impulse, which illum'd his mind,  
With grace expert and of no common kind,

His name concealing, and his flame still more,  
Scarce was he seen—scarce had he breath'd his lore,  
Ere he inspir'd a tenderness divine,  
He pleas'd the prince, he pleas'd the monk benign ;  
Who with his wheedling cant caress'd him bland,  
With air devout, while squeezing palm of hand.<sup>29</sup>

The number equal, four thus being made,  
Two levers moving to the view display'd ;  
The bridge descending, while each palfrey's bound,  
From massive planks sent forth discordant sound ;  
Fat Bonneau puffing, out of breath proceeds  
Straight tow'rd the kitchen, for he always heeds  
The supper hour ;—while to the self-same place,  
The monk advanc'd, devoutly off'ring grace.  
Charles with the name of simple squire array'd  
Cutendre sought, ere Somnus he obey'd :  
The worthy Baron, courtesy express'd,  
And to his chamber led the royal guest :  
Charles now requir'd the balm of solitude,  
To feed those pains wherewith he felt imbued ;  
Agnes he wept ; but shedding thus the tear,  
He little dreamt her charms repos'd so near.

Than him, Monrose, the secret better knew,  
With art, in converse soon a page he drew,  
From whom he learn'd where Agnes was reposing,  
Rememb'ring all, as if with senses dosing :

Just as the wary cat with eager gaze,<sup>21</sup>  
Watching the mouse-hole whence the reptile strays,  
Softly advancing, earth ne'er feels the beat,  
Or owns impression of its velvet feet ;  
No sooner seen, upon the prey it springs :  
Monrose alike, impell'd by love's own wings,  
With arms extended, onward cautious feels,  
Planting the toes, and raising high the heels ;<sup>22</sup>  
Oh ! Agnes, Agnes, he thy chamber gains :  
'Fore breeze the straw, less swiftly flies o'er plains,  
Or sympathetic iron owns attraction,  
When by the ruling load-stone put in action,  
Than lovely Monrose, on arriving fell,  
On bended knees beside the couch of *Belle*,  
Within whose sheets, she had her charms impress'd,  
To seek the renovating balm of rest ;  
Neither to utter word had force or time,  
The fire electric blazing at the prime :  
In an eye's twinkling, one warm am'rous kiss,  
Their half clos'd mouths, united straight in bliss ;  
Their dying eyes the tender fires disclose,  
Each soul then floating on the bud of rose ;  
Their lips while kissing, closer contact seek,  
And eloquently thus their passions speak ;  
Mute intercourse, the language of desire,  
Enchanting prelude, organ of lovè's fire ;  
Which, for a moment to suspend was meet,  
Ending this twofold concert :—*Duo* sweet.

Agnes impatient, lent her Monroe aid,  
Promptly to cast aside day's masquerade  
His cumb'rous trappings, only form'd to hide,  
Of nature's paragon the darling pride,  
Which never shock'd in golden age man's eyes,  
And by the naked Cupid most despis'd.

What objects gods ! Is't Flora that discloses,  
Her love to Zephyr on a bed of roses ?<sup>23</sup>  
Is't Psyche with embracings Cupid blessing ?<sup>24</sup>  
Is't Venus, son of Cinyras caressing ;<sup>25</sup>  
Who clasps him in embrace, from day beams far,  
While madly jealous, sighs the God of War?

Our Gallia's Mars, King Charles, in castle's wall,  
With Bonneau sighs, and lets the tear drop fall ;  
Regretting eats and drinks with sadness ray'd :  
An ancient valet of loquacious trade,  
To render gay his *Highness* taciturn,  
Inform'd the king, who nothing sought to learn,  
That two bright beauties, one robust and bold,  
With raven locks, and mien that Mars foretold :  
The other gentle, blue-eyed health disclosing,  
Within the castle then were both reposing.  
Astonish'd Charles, suspecting from this strain,  
Bade him repeat it o'er and o'er again ;  
What were the eyes, the mouth, and what the hair,  
The converse tender, and the modest air,

Of that lov'd object which his heart ador'd ;  
'Tis her at length :—his all in life's restor'd !  
Of this assur'd, he quits the meal anon,  
"Bonneau adieu, for her I must be gone :"  
He spake, he flew,—reckless of noise was he,  
Kings have a license, spurning mystery.

Replete with joy, aloud he cons the word,  
Agnes still naming, till the sound she heard ;  
The am'rous pair turn'd cold on couch of bliss:  
The scene was trying, how escape from this?  
When lo ! the youthful page his card thus play'd,  
Beside the canopy ; a nich display'd  
The private oratory—*pocket altar*,<sup>27</sup>  
'Fore which the soul that had become defaulter,  
Might claim for *five-pence*, monk and crucifix :  
Behind this altar, fashion'd for such tricks,  
Awaiting for its saint, a space was seen,  
An alcove cover'd with a curtain green.  
What did Monroe ? with happy thoughts impress'd,  
He, of the sacred spot became possess'd ;  
In form of saint, he took his stand expert  
Bereft of mantle, short cloathes, and of shirt,  
Charles flew, no barrier could his impulse check ;  
Ent'ring he clasp'd his lov'd one round the neck,  
And weeping, crav'd anon those sinful things,  
Which lovers charm, and above all, when kings.  
At such a sight, our curtain'd saint was shock'd,

He made a noise, and straight the altar rock'd,—  
 The prince approaching, then his hand applied  
 He felt a body, and retiring cried :  
 " Love and Saint Francis, Satan lord of night ! "  
 Half overcome by jealousy and fright,  
 The arras drawing on the altar rich,  
 With a loud crash the curtain fell : 'neath which  
 That lovely figure had remain'd conceal'd,  
 Which nature in her sportive mood reveal'd.  
 His back from modest motives was survey'd,  
 Which Cæsar without decency display'd  
 To Nicomedes, when in youthful prime :<sup>28</sup>  
 That which the Grecian hero in old time,  
 So much in his Hephæstion admir'd ;  
 That wherewith Adrian himself was fir'd,  
 Gracing pantheon, with this nether cheek :<sup>29</sup>  
 O ! Heav'n, great heros, why were ye so weak ?

If the kind reader has not lost the thread,  
 Of my narration, he must bear in head,  
 That when in camp, my all redoubted Joan,  
 Trac'd on the summit of posterior's bone,  
 With hand conducted by St. Denis keen,  
 Three lily's, as expert as ere were seen :  
 This shield—three fleur de luces, rump displaying,  
 Mov'd royal Charles, who forthwith fell to praying ;  
 He thought great Beelzebub had play'd a trick,  
 Struck with repentance, and with sadness sick :

Sweet Agnes fainted by her fears enthrall'd,  
When lo! the prince with thought on thought appall'd,  
Her hand straight seiz'd—exclaiming, “ fly with speed,  
“ Fly, save my *Belle* from fiend, in this sad need.”  
His monarch's cries—the ghostly monk deplor'd,  
Who with regret, abandon'd ample board:  
Friend Bonneau breathless gained the chamber too;  
Joan wide awaken'd brandish'd to the view,  
That sword o'er which bright victory appear'd,  
Searching the spot from whence the sound she heard:  
Spite of all this Cutendre's baron lay,  
Unconscious snoring night's dull round away.

END OF CANTO TWELVE.

## NOTES TO CANTO XII.

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<sup>1</sup> The scholastic ass thus alluded to by Voltaire, was, no doubt, formed in the mould of Butler's erudite hero, of whom we are told that

"He was in logick a great critic,  
" Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;  
" He could distinguish and divide  
" A hair 'twixt *south* and *south-west* side ;  
" On either which he would dispute,  
" Confute, change hands, and still confute ;  
" He'd undertake to prove by force  
" Of argument, a man 's no horse ;  
" He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
" And that a lord may be an owl ;  
" A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,  
" And rooks committee-men and trustees."

<sup>2</sup> The ass quoted by *Buridan*, is the supposition of a philosopher, who states, that if a donkey was placed between two bundles of hay, perfectly equal in size, and deposited at the same distance from him on either side, he would die with hunger ; our sage maintaining that the animal would not know of which to make a choice. This proverb is applied to persons of undetermined and irresolute minds. See *Buridan*, where will be found the origin of this proverb.

<sup>3</sup> A very facetious gentleman, truly—this same Baron of Cutendre, who appears to have rigidly acted according to the scriptural text, which prescribes it

as a rule that we should "*increase and multiply*," to effect which, the number must be equal.

"Add one to one and two we see,

"Which with in-fraction maketh three."

4 A sapient retrospect of the sanctified ladies who, having so recently tasted of the forbidden fruit, could not refrain from casting

"One longing lingering look behind."

5 It must be confessed that pistols were not invented at Pistoia for a considerable time after the period of Charles the seventh; we will not take upon ourselves to maintain that it is permitted in a poet, to anticipate particular epochs in this manner, but what is there which may not be pardoned in a grand undertaking such as the present? an epic poem must be allowed to claim particular privileges.

6 What may have been the *Te Deum* recommended by Monrose to the Almoner, as his passport to eternity, I will not undertake to define; but the *Te Deum* usually offered up, is the chant which christian princes cause to be sung whensoever they have obtained an advantage over their enemies, by causing thousands of their christian brethren to be slaughtered; being a thanksgiving to the most high for having accorded them this especial grace, at the same time that they have caused the throats to be cut of an equal number of their own subjects.

7 Tonsure is an ecclesiastical term, indicative of the first ceremony requisite in the ordination of a catholic priest; it is esteemed a sacred operation, and consists in shaving away a portion of the hair on the crown of the head, in form of a circle, which operation initiates a laic into the mystery of vegetating at the expence of the labours of others. This preliminary ceremony is performed, to teach him that his future function must be the fleecing of his brethren, provided omniscient grace furnishes him with a good and sharp pair of shears.

8 ——— *Obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver*  
*Moræ animæ.*—JUVENAL.

Common justice demands that we should pause to offer a remark upon the admirable moral conveyed throughout this production: vice, we find, is every where punished: the abominable almoner dies impenitent; Grisbourdon is

damned to all eternity ; Chandos, as will afterwards appear, is vanquished and slain, &c. &c. How truly edifying and delightful it is, to have a poet who thus scrupulously follows the rule so forcibly inculcated by *Horatius Flaccus*, in his *Arte Poetica*.

9 Our poet's description of a kingly catholic confessor, which we may naturally suppose to be correct, proves that all such characters are endowed with very pliant consciences, and that they possess a salve for every sore ; indeed, were it not for this and the implicit confidence placed by crowned heads in such ghostly advisers, it would be difficult to imagine from the conduct of monarchs in general, that they were gifted with any consciences at all. *Louer des princes des vertus qu'ils n'ont pas, c'est leur dire impunément des injures*, says *Rochefoucault* ; but what can be expected from a priest who is endowed with powers by his bishop ; that is to say, to whom omniscience has passed a regular procuration, in order to hear the fooleries and crimes of mankind, without which he would not be able to form a judgment as to the conscience of the individual so confessing to his priest. Having advanced thus much concerning confessors, it may not prove *mal a propos*, to hazard a few words upon the subject of *confession*, concerning which let us call to mind that the Dominican monk, who poisoned the emperor Charles the sixth with a consecrated wafer, (or the host) had absolved his victim at the confessional on the preceding evening, knowing that he was to receive communion the ensuing day : be it remembered, that the Sforzas and the Medicis had prepared themselves for the commission of their bloody act, while at confession. That Louis the eleventh, the Nero of France, whensoever he committed a crime asked pardon, (weeping bitterly) of the small leaden image of the virgin, which he always wore stuck in his bonnet, after which, he went to confess, and then enjoyed a sound repose ; while, lastly, we are informed by *Strada*, that the murderer of William the first, Prince of Orange, did not dare undertake the commission of his sanguinary deed, until he had first purged his soul at the confessional and partaken of the holy wafer. So much, my protestant brethren, for confessors and confession.

10 Our confessor, in every sense of the word, was a man of the cloth, following the tenets of the vicar of Bray, with whom "boosing, and boosing, and boosing," were the passports to preferment.

" Whenever you preferment lack,  
 " Say black is white and white is black,  
 " For gold give conscience deadly blow,  
 " Since money makes the mare to go."

<sup>11</sup> Decalogue signifies the ten commandments as delivered to Moses in the wilderness, and which are stated to have been written in letters of light, that is to say, luminous and brilliant.

<sup>12</sup> Abraham, having no prospect of an offspring by his wife Sarah, took unto himself as concubine, Hagar, an Egyptian woman, by whom he had Ishmael.

<sup>13</sup> Jacob, in order to avoid the rage of his brother Esau, fled to Padan-Aran, where he resided with his uncle Laban, whom he served during fourteen years, in order to possess his two daughters, Leah and Rachael.

<sup>14</sup> Alluding to the marriage of Boaz when upwards of an hundred years of age, with Ruth a young Moabitish widow who was first espoused to Mahalon, son of Elimelech and Naomi. From these nuptials sprang Obed the father of Jesse, and grandfather of David; which event, according to holy writ, took place in the year of the world 2708.

<sup>15</sup> In reference to David's lusting after Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, whom he espied in a bath, and whose husband he caused to be slaughtered, in order to possess her person.

<sup>16</sup> This fact is stated in the second book of Samuel, chapter 16, verse 22nd.  
 "So they spread Absalom a tent upon the top of the house, and Absalom went  
 "in unto his father's concubines, in the sight of all Israel."

<sup>17</sup> Charles, in his computation, forgot no less than *seven hundred concubines*, who, together with the *three hundred* above calculated, made a round total of *one thousand*: this diminution however, on the part of the poet, only entitles him the more to our applause, as it displays the peculiar discretion and wisdom of the writer.

<sup>18</sup> *Ursa major*, or the *great bear*, is the *arctos* of the Greeks, being a constellation in the northern hemisphere, from whence it is called the *arctic pole*.

<sup>19</sup> *Nadir* is derived from the Arabic, and signifies that point in the heavens which is immediately under our feet, and diametrically opposite to the *Zenith*, or point over our heads.

<sup>20</sup> Our pious hand-squeezing father, had no doubt enjoyed the benefits resulting from an Italian education, and was anxious that the handsome Monroe

should enact the part of a second Ganymede, but unfortunately for the priest he had to do with an English constitution, which found in Agnes "*mettle more attractive*."

21 The ensuing lines from Butler, are by no means inapplicable to the cat and mouse above delineated by our poet.

" And as an owl that in a barn,  
 " Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
 " Sits still and shuts his round blue eyes,  
 " As if he slept, until he spies  
 " The little beast within his reach,  
 " Then starts and seizes on the wretch."

22 The stealing action of *Monrose*, brings forcibly to mind the following lines in Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.

" ————— O! so light a foot,  
 " Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.  
 " A lover may bestride the gossamer  
 " That idles in the wanton summer air,  
 " And yet not fall, so light is vanity."

23 *Zephyrus*, son of *Astreus* and *Aurora*, married a nymph called *Chloris* or *Flora*; *Zephyr* was supposed to produce flowers and fruits by the sweetness of his breath.

24 *Psyche*, a lovely nymph, was espoused by *Cupid*, who conveyed her to a place of ecstatic bliss, where he long enjoyed her society.

25 *Cingras*, a name given by the ancients to *Adonis*, who was the son of *Myrrha*, daughter of *Cingras*, king of Cyprus, by whom she produced *Adonis*, having become enamoured of her father.

26 The French annotator upon this poem, states, that the word *altesse*, meaning *highness*, was a term used in addressing monarchs at the period of Charles the Seventh.

27 This *pocket altar* of Voltaire, was a portable case or box having two small folding doors, the interiors of which when opened, displayed, in general, Christ before Pilate on one side, the flagellation on the other; while on the back of the case was delineated the crucifixion; these altars abounded in Italy

during the thirteenth century, immense quantities being fabricated at Constantinople. Such *ambulatory* altars derived their origin from the *altare mobile* or consecrated stones, which were transportable from place to place, of which examples are to be found as early as the tenth century. Acta S. S. Benedict Sæc. 3d. Præf. p. 58 : they are also termed *altare itinerarium*, for at the end of the life of St. Gerard, Abbot of *Braine-le-Comte*, who flourished in the tenth century, we find that on quitting St. Denis, in order to take possession of his monastery, he carried with him his *portable altar*, whereof St. Denis is said to have made use during his life time.

<sup>28</sup> Some ignorant annotator in mutilated editions of the *Pucelle*, had inserted the name of *Lycomedes* instead of *Nicomedes*, who was a king of *Bithynia*. *Cæsar in Bithyniam missus*, says *Suetonius* : see the life of *Julius Cæsar*, chap. 2, *desedit apud Nicomedem, non sine rumore prostrata regi pudicitia*.

<sup>29</sup> *Alexander prædicator Ephesonis, Adrianus, Antinoi*. The emperor Adrian did not only cause the statue of Antinous to be placed in the pantheon, but even went so far as to dedicate a temple to him, and Tertullian declares that Antinous performed miracles.

## CANTO XIII.

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### ARGUMENT.


DEPARTURE FROM THE CASTLE OF CUTENDRE—COMBAT BETWEEN  
JOAN AND JOHN CHANDOS—SINGULAR LAW OF ARMS, WHERE TO THE  
MAID IS OBLIGED TO SUBMIT--VISION OF FATHER BONIFOUX, AND  
THE MIRACLE WHICH SAVES JOAN'S PUDICITY.

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'Twas just that brilliant season of the year,  
When Sol, to ope anew his bright career  
Curtails the night, to lengthen out the day;  
Delighted, as he slow expands the ray,  
To view the happy climate of our land ;  
'Till gain'd the tropic, lo ! he takes his stand :  
O ! great St. John, thy festive morn now smil'd,  
First of all Johns, who preach'd in desert wild,  
Those who of old, with lungs Stentorian cried,  
Mark ye, salvation's path is open wide,  
Precursor bright, thou art my love, my pride.  
Another John, of fate had better boon,

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Who journey'd to the regions of the moon,  
With valiant Astolphe; where it was decre'd,  
(If we a scribe veridical may heed;)  
That he the errant wits should set aright,  
Of bright Angelica's love ridden knight :<sup>3</sup>  
Restore me mine, John second of that name,  
Thou patron erst of that sweet child of fame;  
Who pleas'd Ferrara's peers with blithsome tales,  
Where poignant wit through ev'ry page prevails.  
Thou who forgav'st the sallies terse which he,  
In comic couplets dar'd address to thee;  
Extend thy fost'ring succour to my song,  
I need such aid; for thou well know'st the throng,  
More stupid is and less indulgent far,  
Than when bright genius beam'd Italia's star;  
And Ariosto drove the poet's car.<sup>4</sup>  
Protect my verse against that rigid train,  
That hurls its bolts to mar my playful strain;  
If sometimes harmless *badinage* I court,  
Come smiling, make my playful theme thy sport;  
Too serious am I, when the strains require,  
But I would fain my song should never tire:  
Direct my pen—and deign before all other,  
Give best respects to Denis, his sworn brother.



As onward fiery Joan with ardour hied,  
She thro' a lattice in the park, espied

Twice fifty palfreys, a right glittering troop  
 Of knights behind, each bearing dame on croup,  
 And 'squires who wielded in the doughty hand,  
 The equipage of wars, destructive band ;  
 An hundred bucklers, whence reflecting stream,  
 Of night's chaste harbinger, the paly beam :  
 An hundred golden helms which plumage shade,  
 And lances tipp'd with sharp and pointed blade ;  
 And ribband knots befring'd with gold I ween,<sup>a</sup>  
 That pendant hung from weapon's point so keen :  
 Beholding these, Joan firmly judg'd of course,  
 Cutendre's tow'rs surpris'd by British force,  
 But Joan in this egregiously thought wrong,  
 To err is easy, amidst war's rude throng ;  
 Our maiden oft times saw, and judg'd amiss,  
 Yet Denis ne'er corrected her in this.

'Twas not of Albion's sons an hardy band,  
 Which thus surpris'd Cutendre's smiling land,  
 But Dunois, who from Milan safe had flown ;  
 The great Dunois, to Joan of Arc well known ;  
 'Twas la Trimouille, with Dorothy his *belle*,  
 So fastly bound in love's and pleasure's spell,  
 For reasons which she doubtless knew full well.  
 The fair thus journey'd with her cherish'd knight,  
 Trimouille, the tender lover sworn outright,  
 Who prov'd to calls of constancy ne'er brittle,

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Marshall'd by honour, who felt love's darts tittle,  
She followed him, nor deign'd from truth to stir,  
Fearing no more the grand Inquisitor.

Of numbers equal, lo ! this glittering train,  
To pass the night, enter'd the walls amain,  
Joan thither flew—the King who saw her go,  
Conceiv'd she sallied on to brave the foe,  
And led by error mocking valour's rage,  
Thus left once more his Agnes with the page.

Oh ! happy page—and happier ten times o'er,  
The King august, full fraught with christian lore,  
Who fervently to Heav'n had breath'd a prayer,  
Whil'st thou didst occupy the altar there !  
'Twas fitting thou shouldst prompt assume thy clothes,  
Thy breeches diaper'd, with *fleur de rose* ;  
Agnes with tim'rous hand affording aid,  
Which from the toil direct, full often stray'd :  
From ruby mouth how many sighs were sipp'd  
By Monrose, as she thus his form equipp'd ;  
While her bright eyes beholding him in dress,  
Seem'd still desirous of voluptuousness :  
Monrose in silence for the park then hied,  
As saintly confessor, in secret sigh'd ;  
Viewing so sweet a youth in tip toe action,  
Infus'd a *je ne sçai quoi*—a strange distraction.<sup>6</sup>

The tender Agnes then compos'd her mien,  
 In eyes, air, port and speech, a change was seen :  
 To join his monarch Bonifoux was led,  
 Encouraging, consoling, thus he said :—  
 “ Within the nich, an envoy from on high,  
 “ Came to announce from the supremest sky,  
 “ That Albion's baleful pow'r anon will bend,  
 “ And Gallia's suff'rings straight shall have an end :  
 “ That soon must victory the King relieve ;”  
 Charles credence yielded, he would fain believe,  
 The martial Joan supported this address :  
 “ From Heav'n,” said she, “ receive the kind express ;  
 “ Come, let us mighty prince rejoin the camp,  
 “ Where your long absence has infus'd a damp.”

Dunois, Trimouille, ne'er balanc'd at th' advice,  
 Each seconding the motion in a trice,  
 And by these heros Dorothy outright  
 Was usher'd duteous to the royal sight ;  
 The kiss receiv'd, and straight the noble party,  
 Quitted Cutendre's castle, hale and hearty.

How oft does Heav'n all just feel pleasures glow,  
 Viewing the passions of us folks below ;  
 To gaze celestial, lo ! the plain discovers,  
 This phalanx gay of heroes and of lovers ;  
 The gallic monarch trotted by his *belle*,  
 Who still essay'd the tale of faith to tell :

And thus on palfrey's back with motion bland,  
Express'd her tenderness by squeezing hand ;  
And yet Oh ! acme :—weakness so entrances,  
From time to time, on page she cast side glances :  
The Confessor then follow'd singing psalms,  
To chase from travellers all dire alarms,  
Yet paus'd, beholding such attractions nigh,  
Gazing alike with a distracted eye,  
On monarch, Agnes, page, his book of prayer  
With gold illumin'd:—and on Love's choice care  
Trimouille, most brilliant ornament at court,  
Ambling by Dorothy in am'rous sport ;  
Whose soul subdu'd by joy's extatic flow,  
Confess'd the transports of cytherian glow,  
Nam'd him deliverer of her heart oppress'd,  
The cherish'd lover, idol of her breast ;  
Whereto he answer'd ;—“ When the wars shall cease,  
“ On my estates we'll spend our days in peace ;  
“ Oh ! object cherish'd, I'm a fool for you,  
“ When shall we both inhabit dear Poitou.”

Beside them trotted belligerent Joan,  
Great Gaul's support, the stay-lac'd—Amazon ;  
Whose front was deck'd with velvet bonnet green,  
Enrich'd with gold, o'er which a plume was seen :<sup>s</sup>  
Her strapping charms the donkey fierce betode,  
Cant'ring and chatting as with Charles she rode ;  
The neck oft bridling, as soft sighs within

For Dunois 'scap'd,† her helpmate in war's din :  
For ever did a thrill her heart subdue,  
Rememb'ring, he'd stark naked, met her view.

Bonneau with patriarchal beard array'd,  
Perspiring, blowing, clos'd the cavalcade ;  
Oh ! precious servant of so good a king,  
His care was such, he thought of ev'ry thing ;  
Two mules, of old wine each, had store on back,<sup>9</sup>  
Fat dainty sausages, long puddings black,  
Pasties delicious, hams for *gourmands* fitting,  
Fowls roasted, or truss'd ready for the spitting.

Advancing thus full fraught with love and rage,  
John Chandos sought his Agnes and his page ;  
Who station'd near a wood with sword in hand,  
Pounc'd unexpected on our gallic band :  
John Chandos' troop was martial to behold,  
Of Britons fierce and equal numbers told  
With train that followed the love smitten King,  
Tho' in the mass it proved a diff'rent thing.  
No bosoms white were there—eyes kindling fire,  
“ Oh ! oh ! ” quoth he, in tones of passion dire ;  
“ My gallant Gauls just objects of my hate,  
“ Three dames you needs must have decreed by fate ;  
“ While I, John Chandos, cannot boast e'en one,  
“ Come—we'll to blows, here fortune's wheel shall run,  
“ Deciding which of us in war's fell thunder, ”

" At will shall make his enemies knock under ;  
 " Raise battle axe, and place in rest the lance,  
 " Let the most valiant of our troop advance,  
 " And enter lists : so he that conquers seizes,  
 " One of the three, to do just what he pleases."

This offer cynical brave Charles stung keen,  
 He'd punish, and t' advance with spear was seen,  
 When Dunois thus address'd. " 'The honour, sire,  
 " Of 'venging you and dames, let me acquire ;"  
 He spake, he flew ; 'Trimouille his course impedes,  
 Each has just claim to share in martial deeds :  
 Bonneau, who ne'er another's will denied,  
 Propos'd that drawing lots should straight decide.<sup>10</sup>  
 Thus ancient warriors did, when in its prime,  
 True chivalry proclaim'd th' heroic time ;  
 E'en now a days, in some Republic's still,  
 Men are decreed the highest posts to fill  
 From cast of dice:—such matters ne'er go ill.  
 Did I e'en dare, in these my flights so high,  
 Quote some whom mortal man would ne'er belie,  
 I'd state that such was Saint Mathias' case,<sup>11</sup>  
 Who by this means of Judas gain'd the place :  
 Fat Bonneau held the box, emitting sighs,  
 For Charles he fear'd, he quak'd, he cast the dies.  
 Denis from heav'nly rampart, azure space,  
 Beheld all passing with paternal grace ;  
 On Maid and doukey, bent his wistful glance,

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'Twas he directed what we construe, *chance*,<sup>12</sup>  
And prov'd propitious;—Joan obtain'd the lot;  
Joan, it was thine to make that cast forgot,  
Hell's game infernal, which the monk erst play'd,  
When raffling for thy charms, Celestial Maid.

Joan to the Monarch sped, to arms then flew,  
And modestly behind an hedge withdrew,  
To untie petticoats and stays unlace,  
That she on limbs her polish'd arms might brace.  
Prepar'd all ready by attendant 'Squire,  
Her ass then vaulted fraught with glowing fire—  
The lance she brandish'd with a martial ease,  
And donkey's sides tight press'd with nervous knees;  
Then loud invok'd those martyr'd thousands fair,  
Who made the virgin gem so much their care;<sup>13</sup>  
But Chandos, worthless Christian, fear'd no thrall,  
Wherefore in fight, he ne'er invok'd at all.

John to encounter Joan with fury drove,  
Equal the valour was of each that strove;  
In iron cas'd, and barb'd the ass and steed,  
Goaded by spur, eclips'd the lightning's speed;  
'Gainst either hard'ned head, how dire the stroke,  
Front against front, piece-meal the armour broke;  
Fire flash'd, the coursers' blood with crimson seal,  
Dy'd flying remnants of the batter'd steel;  
From this fell shock did echo wide resound,

And of the coursers eight hoofs spring from ground,  
While either warrior from the saddle bounded,  
Pitch'd on the rump astonish'd and confounded :  
Thus when two cords of equal length made tight,  
Attach two balls suspended to the sight,  
And in a curve at the same instant darting,  
Their speed encreasing from the point of starting ;  
They clash, they flatten at the dreadful knock,  
When each remounts urg'd by impellant shock ;  
Their weight augmented in a like degree  
As each redoubles in velocity.  
The gazers judg'd each courser dead outright,  
And either party trembled for its knight ;  
But Gaul's august protectress, own we must,  
Had not the flesh so firm, nor so robust,  
Bones knit so fast, muscles or limbs so tight,  
As fierce John Chandos, Albion's choicest knight ;  
Compell'd in dread encounter to resign  
The equilibrium, central point and line,  
Her quadruped, those parts to heavn display'd,  
Which Joan unveil'd upon the verdant glade ;  
Her well turn'd back, plump limbs, in one word all,  
She fell in short, as maidens ought to fall.

Chandos conceiving that to this dread plight,  
He had reduc'd the King or Dunois' knight ;  
To view the vanquish'd on a sudden led,  
Withdrew the helm, when he beheld an head,

Where languishing two large black eyes were plac'd,  
 Quickly the thongs of breast plate he unlac'd :  
 Oh, heav'n ! O wonder ! lo ! his optics strike  
 Two swelling breasts in *contour* both alike ;  
 Half globes, soft polish'd, where two central studs  
 Arising, vied in glow with coral buds,  
 Which in its birth the fragrant tree discloses,  
 That ope's to blushing spring its vermil roses :  
 'Tis said that then, his voice he deign'd to raise,  
 And for the first time, breath'd to heav'n his praise.<sup>14</sup>  
 " She's mine," he cried, " the boasted maid of Gaul,  
 " Revenge is satisfied, I've doom'd her fall ;  
 " Grace be to Heav'n I've doubly earn'd the blow,  
 " Which prostrate lays this haughty beauty low ;  
 " Let Denis' Saint look down and loud accuse 'em,  
 " My rights are Mars and Love—so thus I use 'em."

His 'Squire exclaim'd, " Forward, my lord, proceed,  
 " Establish Britain's throne by this one deed.  
 " In vain would Father Lourdis strike with fear,  
 " Vowing the virgin gem beyond compeer  
 " The grand Paladium ; of old Troy the boast,<sup>15</sup>  
 " That sacred shield and guard of Latium's host ;  
 " Of vic'try 'tis the pledge he dares ensure,  
 " That Oriflame your prowess must secure."<sup>16</sup>  
 " Yes," answer'd Chandos, " and I have in view,  
 " The best of gifts—glory and pleasure too."

Enhorrord, fainting, Joan heard what was said,  
While from her lips the invocation fled  
To saintly Denis, could she better do?  
Dunois, who kept heroic deeds in view,  
Would in its course this triumph vile arrest,  
Yet how proceed? in ev'ry state the test,  
Was to submit to combat's stern behest;<sup>17</sup>  
Each lance erect and all regards bent low,  
With ear abas'd and wounded with the blow;  
The ass celestial languishingly rais'd  
His eye, and all confus'd on Clandos gaz'd :  
Long had his bosom been love's hidden seat,  
He nourish'd for the maid a flame discreet;  
A chastely noble sentimental glow,  
But little known to asses here below.<sup>18</sup>

The Confessor of Charles, was fraught with fear,  
List'ning the speech of Albion's graceless peer;  
But for his penitent he dreaded most,  
Who for the glory of the Gallic host,  
Which had been impudently slurr'd with shame,  
Might wish with Agnes to perform the same;  
And that Trimouille at Dorothea's touch,  
Would also imitate, and do as much.  
At an oak's base, he 'gan his saint oration,  
And breath'd internally his meditation,  
On nature, cause, effect of that which we,  
Deem gentle sin, but ne'er term l——y.

While thinking deep, our Benedictine monk  
 A dream beheld as in a trance he sunk,  
 Resembling much that visionary view,  
 Of Jacob bless'd for having spoke untrue ;  
 Whom gain and envy once induc'd to sin,  
 Vending like jew his buck with hairy skin :<sup>19</sup>  
 Old Jacob fam'd ! O mystery sublime !  
 Euphrates near, one night upon a time,  
 Thou saw'st a thousand rams for rutting stray,  
 With ewes prepar'd their pleasure to obey :  
 The monk beheld by far more pleasing sights,  
 He saw to act the self same feats in flights,  
 Rush on of future times, an host of knights ;  
 The sev'ral bright attractions o'er he scann'd,  
 Of those rare beauties who in warfare bland  
 Enlink'd the masters of the earth debas'd,  
 Each at her hero's side in order plac'd,  
 With paphian bonds their willing slaves they bound ;  
 As when with Flora, Zephyr breathes around,  
 And vernal months their genial empire hold ;  
 When feather'd choirs of varied tints and gold,  
 With tender courtings wave the leafy spray,  
 The butterflies embrace on flow'rets gay,  
 And lions seek the deep umbrageous green  
 To join their mates, no longer savage seen.

'Twas then he saw *first Francis* truly royal,<sup>20</sup>  
 A monarch ever brave and knight most loyal,

Who haply felt in chains of *Anne* reliev'd,<sup>21</sup>  
 From other chains on Pavia's plains receiv'd :<sup>22</sup>  
*Fifth Charles* with laurel there, and myrtle view,<sup>23</sup>  
 Serving the Flemish fair and Moorish too.<sup>24</sup>  
 Good Heav'n what kings ! One this fond game would nurse,  
 So got the gout ; the other gain'd what 's worse.<sup>25</sup>  
 Near charming *Dian*, play the smiles and graces<sup>26</sup>  
 To love's soft movements, as in fond embraces  
 She rocks her *second Henry* into rest,<sup>27</sup>  
 Who sinks, o'ercome, strain'd closely to her breast :  
 Heir fickle of *ninth Charles* next mounts the stage,<sup>28</sup>  
 Who laughing leaves his *Chloris* for a page,<sup>29</sup>  
 Heedless of warfare which Parisians wage.<sup>30</sup>

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But Ah ! what feats our friar's vision told,  
 When *Borgia's* am'rous pastimes stood enroll'd ;  
 Countless, *sixth Alexander*, were thy fights,<sup>31</sup>  
 As void of triple crown love led thy flights  
 Thus with *Vanoza* passing hours serene ;  
 Then mark again his Holiness was seen,  
 For offspring breathing lover's tender thrall :  
 O ! thou *tenth Leo*,—thou sublime *third Paul*,<sup>32</sup>  
 All monarchs ye surpass'd at this dear game,<sup>33</sup>  
 All save great *Henry*—greater still in fame,<sup>34</sup>  
 That valiant conqu'ror of the rebel League,<sup>35</sup>  
 Hero far better known by fond intrigue,  
 By pleasures tasted with fair *Gabriel's* charms,<sup>36</sup>  
 Than twenty years of great exploits in arms.

Anon, the choicest sight of all appears,  
 Age of rare miracles.—bright hundred years ;<sup>37</sup>  
 Great *Louis* and his sumptuous court now move,<sup>38</sup>  
 Where all the arts were taught by blooming love.  
 Love rear'd the structure of *Versailles* renown'd ;  
 By love the dazzled multitude was crown'd,  
 From flow'ry couch, he form'd great *Louis*' throne,  
 Spite of the yells of Mars and battle's groan ;  
 Love, to the chief and sun, of all his court,  
 Led the most charming rivals to resort,  
 All were impatient, all on fire were seen,—  
 Thy niece, with eyes celestial, *Mazarine* :<sup>39</sup>  
 The generous *Valliere*, and the tender too :<sup>40</sup>  
*La Montespan* more ardent, proud, than you,<sup>41</sup>  
 One yielding to ecstatic rapture's pow'r,  
 The other waiting pleasure's promis'd hour.

Now mark the *Regency* ; licentious time,  
 Auspicious æra—lust was then in prime,<sup>42</sup>  
 As folly tinkling loud her bells in hand,  
 With lightsome step, tripp'd over Gallia's land,  
 Where to devotion not a soul was prone,  
 And every act, save penitence was known.  
 The Regent from his *Palais Royal's Hall*,<sup>43</sup>  
 Gives signal of voluptuousness to all ;  
 This charming bidding, you responsive greet  
 Young *Daphne*—you that rule the courtier's suite,  
 From 'midst the *Luxembourg* responses send,

You whom the God of feast and Bacchus tend  
To couch of bliss, love serving you as page.  
Here let me pause ; for of this latter age,  
I dare not point in verse the semblance true,  
These flatt'ring charms, too potent ills pursue.  
Time present as the Lord's own ark we see,  
Who dares invade it with a touch too free,  
By vengeful wrath divine is punish'd soon,  
Condemn'd to suffer the lethargic swoon :<sup>44</sup>  
I will be mute—yet reader, might I dare  
Of *belles* that live, I'd trace the fairest fair  
Of tender creatures—noble, touching,—you  
More gen'rous are, than Agnes—and more true ;  
Before your round plump knees, Ah ! might I dare,  
That incense breathe, which Venus well might share,  
If I love's weapons in due order laid,  
If I the soft, the tender link display'd ;  
If I exclaim'd—peace, I'll say nothing,—no,  
All praise of mine would rate your charms too low.<sup>45</sup>

At length the monk entranc'd of sable hue,  
Beheld at pleasure what I dare not view,  
Tho' ever modest with an eager eye,  
The Heav'nly spectacle his orbs descry ;  
Those noble lovers, and those beauties hidden,  
Pleasures at once, delightful and forbidden :  
“ Alas ! ” said he, “ if guided by one star,  
“ The mundane great in pairs pursue this war,

“ If all that’s earthly yields to those decrees,  
“ Ought I to moan if Chandos on his knees  
“ Before the *brunette* seeks love’s course to run ?  
“ Of Heav’n above, the saintly will be done :”  
Fainting with bliss, amen—the monk then said,  
Hoping to taste the joys, of vision fled.

But distant was it from St. Denis’ thought,  
That he should see perform’d what Chandos sought ;  
That Joan and France should hear destruction’s word :  
Friend reader, thou hast doubtless sometimes heard,  
That short cloathes anciently by tags were brac’d,<sup>46</sup>  
A dreadful custom this, and much misplac’d,  
Which never saint should use, unless indeed,  
No other means were presnt in their stead .  
To ice the wretched lover’s fire is turn’d,  
His powers by impotence become inurn’d,  
Surpris’d with efforts to find vigour sink,  
Consuming thus, at pleasure’s very brink :  
So with the flow’r that scorching rays hath spent,  
Its head reclining, and its stalk low bent ;  
That seeks in vain moist vapours to inhale,  
And waft its fragrance to the passing gale ;  
Such was the method Denis took to blight,  
The valiant Briton in his conquest’s right.

Joan thus escap’d, with what the victor cross’d,  
Regain’d those senses, which himself had lost ;

Then cried with terrible imposing tone:—

- “ Invincible thou art not—straightway own,  
“ Thou see'st that here, 'mid war's most noble glow,  
“ Thy saint hath left thee, and thy steed laid low,  
“ On other ground I'll vengeance take for Gaul,  
“ Saint Denis wills, and I'll requite this thrall ;  
“ Lo ! here I challenge thee and Albion's pow'rs,  
“ To combat in the face of Orlean's tow'rs;”  
Whereto bold Chandos said, “ My fair I wot,  
“ Thou'lt find me there, whether a maid or not ;  
“ Vig'rous Saint George, shall aid my gallant throng,  
“ And there I promise to requite my wrong.”

END OF CANTO THIRTEEN.

## NOTES TO CANTO XIII.

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<sup>1</sup> It is clearly obvious, that our poet in the above lines alludes to the end of the month of June, being the festival of St. John the Baptizer, called the Baptist, which is celebrated on the 24th of that month.

<sup>2</sup> The above statement of Voltaire has reference to the 34th canto and 37th stanza of Orlando Furioso.

*“ Quando scoprendo il nome suo gli disse,  
“ Esser colui che l'evangelio scrisse.”*

<sup>3</sup> Angelica is the name of the mistress of Orlando Furioso.

<sup>4</sup> Ludovico Ariosto, the renowned Italian poet, was born at the *Castle of Reggio*, in Lombardy, in 1474. He was patronised by the *Cardinal D'Este*, through whose interest he obtained several employments. He afterwards entered into the service of *Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara*, by whom he was appointed Governor of Grassano. The most famous poem of Ariosto, is entitled “*Orlando Furioso*,” of which we have two English translations; the one, by Sir John Harrington, in 1634, the other, by Mr. Hoole, in 1783; independent of this production, we have some comedies from the pen of Ariosto, which were performed in the hall of Ferrara, before the Duke and his court. In 1533, he was honoured with the laurel crown, by the *Emperor Charles V*, and died the same year.

<sup>5</sup> It was customary for the Knights in ancient times to attach the favours or colours of their mistresses to their lances or helmets; wherefore a ribband, glove,

or any other token were the boasted badges of these Quixotic champions of the female sex. The *gonfanon* in ancient French chivalry, was a scarf or band of silk, wherewith the Knights ornamented their lances: see *Glos: des Poés: du Roi de Navarre*.

" *Lances, harnois, etendarts, gonfanons,*

" *Salpêtre, feu, bombardes, et canons.*"

MAHOT.

<sup>6</sup> A sentiment this, originating in the cloister, where no other love finds sanctuary, excepting that which springs from pious *fraternization*.

<sup>7</sup> The castle and domains of the ancient family of Trimouille were situated in the province of Poitou.

<sup>8</sup> All the pictorial representations upon which any reliance can be placed, as well as the written documents detailing Joan's external appearance, represent her as wearing a small green bonnet turned up round the brim, and adorned with an ample plume of feathers.

<sup>9</sup> Friend Bonneau and Hudibres, were pretty much of the same opinion in regard to travelling, well provided with stomachic ammunition:

" His *breeches* were of rugged woollen,  
 " And had been at the siege of *Bullen*;  
 " To old King *Harry* so well known,  
 " Some writers held they were his own,  
 " Tho' they were lin'd with many a piece  
 " Of ammunition, bread and cheese,  
 " And fat black-puddings, proper food  
 " For warriors that delight in blood.  
 " For, as we said, he always chose  
 " To carry vittle in his hose."

<sup>10</sup> Examples of drawing lots are very frequently found in *Homer*; and among the Hebrews they also divined in the same manner; since we are told that the place of Judas was decided by drawing lots; while, to the present æra, in Venice, Genoa, and other states, many elevated dignities and employments are distributed, by having recourse to the same expedient.

<sup>11</sup> After *Judas* had betrayed his master, it was necessary that a disciple should be elected to fill his place, whereupon two personages were put in nomination. *Joseph*, called *Barsabas*, surnamed the Just, and *Matthias*; upon

which they all went to prayer, saying—‘Lord, thou who readest the hearts of men, make known unto us which of these two thou hast chosen to become thine apostle, from which honour, *Judas* by his crime is fallen, in order that he might go to his own place :’ after which *they gave forth their lots, when the lot fell upon Matthias, who became in consequence numbered with the eleven apostles.*

<sup>12</sup> *Chance, hazard, or fate*, were species of divinations commonly decided among the ancients by means of dice, whereon were graven some characters or words, the explanation of which were found in tablets written for that purpose by the priests who presided over the oracles of their divinities, which were so arranged, as to deceive the credulous multitude. In some temples, these dice were thrown by the individuals themselves ; while in others, they were drawn from an urn ; from whence is derived that mode of expression so common among the Greeks—“*the chance is fallen.*”

<sup>13</sup> Alluding to the festival celebrated by the catholics in honor of St. *Ursula* and her companions, reputed to have been of the number of the *eleven thousand virgins*, massacred by the Huns at the city of *Cologne*. We are led to surmise that there exists a *trifling mistake* in the acceptation of the reading in the ancient ritual, where we find it thus recorded, XI. M. V. which was simply intended to express *eleven martyred virgins*. Father *Sirmond* conjectured that among these sufferers were found *Saints Ursula and Undecimilla*, V. M. ; therefore, instead of the last mentioned virgin’s name, they rendered it *undecim millia*, meaning *eleven thousand* ; at all events, it was enough to lose *eleven gems* of such extreme rarity even at that remote period :—how, in the name of Heaven, should we collect them together at the present day ?

<sup>14</sup> It would have been very appropriate if in the situation in which Chandos was placed, he had repeated certain verses to be found in Solomon’s canticle of canticles, which are penned with *such decency*, that the Jews did not dare peruse them until thirty years of age ; Christians on the contrary, by reason of their zealous faith, find therein a source of wondrous edification and instruction.

<sup>15</sup> The celebrated shield said to have fallen from Heaven at Rome, which was preserved with reverence and the most scrupulous care, as a pledge of the safety of the city.

<sup>16</sup> This *oriflame*, so much vaunted by Lourdis, and before mentioned in canto the second, was originally the banner of the monks of St. Denis, being a species of pointed flag of red taffeta without embroidery or ornament, severed at the

end in two places, thus forming three tails, being edged round with green silk, and affixed to the point of a gilded lance; from whence, according to *Ducange*, it derived the name of *oriflame*; that is to say, *or* (or gold) from the colour of the lance, and *flame* from the fiery dye of the taffeta. The *oriflame* was carried by the fraternity of St. Denis in their processions, and in the partial wars which they had to sustain against those who sought to infringe upon the rights of their church. The Counts of *Vexin* who were chosen for their champions, received this banner at the altar of the holy martyrs whenever they sallied forth upon one of these military expeditions, and brought it back with great pomp, when the campaign was terminated. *Philip the First* having united the estates of the Counts of *Vexin* to the crown, the French monarchs from this union contracted the same engagements towards the *Abbey of St. Denis*, and the custom was to receive this holy standard from the hands of the Abbot, kneeling, uncovered, after having offered devotions to Our Lady of Paris in the Church of the Gallic Apostle; it was sometimes carried by the Kings, wound round their bodies without being unfurled to public view. *Louis the Fat*, was the first monarch who went to take the *oriflame* in grand ceremony at the altar of St. Denis. His successors insensibly accustomed themselves to use it, and thus by degrees, it became the principal standard of the Kingdom.

<sup>17</sup> The first mention made of a duel in history, is at the period of the second Punic war, when two Spanish princes desired the permission of *Scipio*, that they might determine their respective right of succession to the dominion of their ancestors by single combat. It was anciently believed, that Heaven only granted victory to such as had the best right, and such duels were equally practised in civil as in criminal cases; a very curious account of the forms resorted to upon these occasions, is to be found in the ancient *Coutumier de Normandie*. The accuser swore to the truth of his accusation, to which the party accused gave the lie; whereupon, both cast their pledges of defiance, being a glove, a gauntlet, or a cap, from which moment, both the champions were held as prisoners until the day of combat. These duels were interdicted by *Philip the Bel*, in 1303, notwithstanding which the parliament of Paris decreed a similar combat between two noblemen in 1366, and in 1547, *Henry the Second*, permitted the combat in his presence, between *Jarnac* and *Chataigneraie*. The defendant had the choice of arms, and if he was not vanquished before sun-set, he was absolved and regarded as the victor. This abuse was so much tolerated in ancient times, that even bishops and ecclesiastical judges ordered the duel in doubtful and intricate cases. It is said, that *Alfonso King of Castile*, being desirous to abolish the Mozarabic ritual, in order to introduce the Romish worship, and being opposed by the people, it was agreed that the difference should be determined by combat.

<sup>18</sup> It is scarcely to be believed, that Voltaire with all his irony could so far forget the respect due to his own sublime species, as to draw a comparison between the sensitive ebullitions of humanity, and the sluggish instinct of a lank-eared donkey ; notwithstanding it appears that his frolic fancy in this instance as in many others, overleaped the barriers of propriety, by elevating the amorous flights of a quadruped, at the expence of us biped lords of the world.

“ Presumptuous man ! the reason would’st thou find,

“ Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind ?

“ First if thou canst the harder reason guess,

“ Why form’d no weaker, blinder, and no less ?”

POPE’S ESSAY ON MAN.

<sup>19</sup> Our author here alludes to the artifice which Jacob practised, when, assisted by his mother Rebecca, he personated his brother Esau, by placing on the back of his hands and the smooth part of his neck, the skins of the kids of the goats, by which means Isaac being blind, and conceiving him to be his first born from the touch, accorded him his blessing, and with it the birthright of his elder brother Esau.

<sup>20</sup> *Francis the First*, so famous for having been the patron of men of letters and *Vertu*, ascended the throne of France in 1515, at the age of twenty-one, and died in 1547 : by the above line, Voltaire alludes to the fate of this monarch, who is supposed to have fallen a sacrifice to the jealousy of the husband of one of his mistresses. He was a hunter by trade, who got himself purposely impregnated with a certain disease, which was communicated by his wife to Francis, who, as well as his mistress, not being aware of the nature of the malady which preyed upon them, became both the sacrifices. In the gallery of the Louvre, is an original portrait of this famous lady, from the pencil of the justly celebrated *Leonardo da Vinci*, universally known by the appellation of *La Belle Ferroniere*. *Rabelais* satirizes Francis the First, under the designation of *Grandgousier*, and in his delineation wishes to prove the truth of *Tasso’s* assertion, when he states that chastity is by no means a virtue appertaining to crowned heads. *Bino*, an Italian versifier, wrote a poem in praise of the distemper, of which Francis and his mistress were victims ; but I very much doubt whether the flights of his genius were ever capable of drawing forth a concordant sentiment from any one suffering under the effects of that disease.

<sup>21</sup> *Anne de Pisseleu, Duchess of Estampes*, and wife of the Duke of Estampes, was one of the mistresses of Francis the First, who carried on a secret correspondence with the Emperor Charles the Fifth, making him acquainted with the state of the French armies, as well as the kingdom, by which means, the latter gained the greatest advantages, and nearly accomplished the ruin of

France ; upon the death of the King, this intriguing woman retired to her country seat, where she ended her days in 1576.

<sup>22</sup> Alluding to the famous *battle of Pavia*, gained by the *Emperor Charles the Fifth* over the French forces, in which conflict Francis was made prisoner.

<sup>23</sup> *Charles the Fifth*, Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, was born at *Ghent*, in 1500, and succeeded his grandfather *Ferdinand* in the kingdom of Spain in 1516, and to the empire on the demise of *Maximilian* in 1519. For the latter title, Francis the First contested, which was the origin of a violent war in 1521. Charles entered into a league with *Henry the Eighth of England*, and after several important battles Francis was taken prisoner, and a peace was concluded in 1529 ; when Charles, directing his forces against Africa, took *Goletta*, vanquished *Barbarossa*, and entering *Tunis*, re-established *Muly Hassan* upon the throne. After directing his armies anew against France, from whence he was obliged to retire and ratify a peace in 1538, and attempting the conquest of *Algiers*, where his fleet was dispersed in a hurricane, the Emperor returned in disgrace. Charles then leagued once more with England against France, but fortune proving no longer favourable, he entered into a treaty in 1545, when the protestant princes of Germany confederating against him obtained liberty of conscience for those of that religion, and in 1556, he resigned his crown to his son *Philip*, retired to a monastery in *Estramadura*, where he employed the residue of his days in religious exercises, mechanical pursuits, and gardening, and terminated his extraordinary career in 1558.

<sup>24</sup> As the military exploits of Charles the Fifth led him into different regions, our poet alludes to the mistresses of various complexions with whom he solaced himself during his campaigns.

<sup>25</sup> Whether the sports of the paphian goddess produced the gout in the Emperor, I will not undertake to determine ; but that his rival Francis died of another malady, deriving from thence its origin, there is little doubt.

<sup>26</sup> *Diana of Poitiers*, Duchess of Valentinois, was born on the 13th of March, 1500, for whom the attachment of *Henry the Second* commenced while he was yet Dauphin, notwithstanding she had been the mistress of his father Francis the First, and had attained a certain age, when Henry became captivated by her charms. The extraordinary beauty of this lady, the excellence of her wit, and the profoundness of her judgment, had already rendered her celebrated ; and on becoming the monarch's favourite who adored her to distraction, she filled the post of his private adviser, so that in a very short space of time the change in public affairs became such as to afford incontestible proof

of the extent of her mental powers. *The reign of Henry the Second was that of Diana of Poitiers*, and from this epoch all regards were directed towards this princess; those who resided at court, on account of her grace and beauty, but still more from the agreeable turn of her wit seemed envious of their monarch's happy destiny. Every one attracted towards her by manners, at the same time noble and decorous, disputed the enviable honour of serving her as squire. The palaces, the mansions of individuals, the armour worn by knights, the articles of household furniture, the utensils used for domestic purposes, and even the churches were decorated with amorous cyphers, retracing to the eyes of the observer those sentiments which were entertained by the King towards a woman who was well deserving of his whole affection. The beautiful castle of *Ecouën*, erected by *John Bullan*, the churches of *Magny*, *Gisors*, *Nogent* on the *Seine*, the *Louvre*, &c. &c. still display symbolical characters of the goddess of the chase, together with the interwoven cyphers of *Diana of Poitiers*, and *Henry the Second*. *Mezeray* states "that the monarch was desirous there should appear every where, in tournaments, on furniture, in all devices, and even upon the façades of his royal edifices, a crescent with bows and arrows, the usual accompaniments of *Diana*." All historians agree in stating that *Diana of Poitiers* had received from the liberal hand of nature, the most bewitching personal charms combined with mental perfection. Upon the demise of *Henry*, the *Duchess of Valentinois* immediately retired to her mansion, called *D'Anet*, where she died, on the 26th of April, 1566.

<sup>27</sup> *Henry the Second*, son of *Francis the First*, succeeded to the throne in 1547; he was a weak prince, much addicted to women and his favourites, and died in 1559, owing to a splinter received in his eye from the lance of *Gabriel Count of Montgomery*, at a tournament which was given in honor of the nuptials of his daughter *Elizabeth* with the King of Spain.

<sup>28</sup> *Henry the Third*, succeeded his brother *Charles the Ninth* in 1574, who, while only Duke of Anjou, attracted the attention of the queen and nobility, who waited upon him at *Lyons*, but were much disappointed to find him weak both in body and mind, and in every respect unpromising as a king. *Henry* immediately abandoned himself to voluptuousness, paying very little attention to public affairs; he no longer permitted the greatest lords to address him with the liberty and familiarity of former times, only admitting to such freedom a few young men, possessing neither experience or merit. One historian records that the king was so ridiculously proud as to cause a railing to be placed round his table, affecting the pomp of an eastern monarch, and at the same time so mean, that he would often walk in a procession with a beggarly brotherhood, carrying a string of beads in his hand, and a whip tucked in his girdle. *Henry* was assassinated by one *James Clement*, a jacobin friar, in the year 1589.

<sup>20</sup> We are instructed from the page of history, that *Henry the Third* had many *youthful favourites* who were denominated his *mignons*; but whether they acted in the same capacity as *Hephestion* did to *Alexander*, which seems to be implied by the poet, does not become us to enquire.

<sup>20</sup> The historic fact adverted to by *Voltaire*, was the triumphal entry of the *Duke of Guise* into Paris, in 1587, where he was received with rejoicings, equal to those lavished upon the monarch himself, which excited the jealousy of the king, who, in order to restrain the ambition of the Duke, invested the chief avenues of the city, upon which the populace instead of being appeased, took the alarm and immediately barricados were raised in all the streets; so that in order to ensure his personal safety, Henry retired, leaving the Duke of Guise absolute master of the seditious populace, the *BASTILLE*, and all the great outlets of the city.

<sup>21</sup> *Pope Alexander the Sixth* was born at *Valencia*, in Spain, in 1431. His original name was *Roderic Borgia*, and his mother was sister of *Calixtus the Third*, by whom he was elevated to the dignity of a cardinal in 1455. On the death of *Innocent the Eighth*, his intrigues procured his election by the *Conclave*, though he had then four sons and a daughter by a Roman lady, named *Fanoza*, while *Lucrecia*, his child, passed for being his own mistress, as well as the concubine of his brother; *Alexandri filia, sponsa, nurus*. His son, *Cesar Borgia*, was a monster of wickedness, and equally depraved with himself, as there is scarcely a detestable crime of which these profligate wretches have not been accused, and that with every colour of justice. Providence at length interposed, and punished them by the same means they had prepared to effect the ruin of another. In 1503, the Pope and his son attempted to poison a wealthy cardinal, in order to possess themselves of his riches; when, by a mistake of the butler, they drank the wine intended for their victim, from the effects of which Alexander expired almost immediately, but Borgia slowly recovered only to die by the hand of an assassin sometime afterwards.

<sup>22</sup> *John de Medicis*, afterwards *Pope Leo the Tenth*, was born at *Florence* in 1475, and when only eleven years of age was installed an archbishop by *Louis the Eleventh* of France; and at fourteen, *Julius the Second* invested him with the dignity of legate, in which capacity he served in the army which was defeated by the French near *Ravenna*, in 1512; upon which occasion he was taken prisoner, but the soldiers showed the most superstitious veneration for his person, as the representative of the Pope. In 1513, Leo was raised to the papal chair, when his coronation was celebrated with unusual pomp; he was extremely fond of magnificence, had a taste for literature, and was u

liberal patron of men of learning and genius, particularly poets; and if the unbiassed biographers of his life may be credited, there is little doubt but he indulged in those pleasures which were interdicted by his function as head of the Catholic Church, and to which Voltaire refers in the above line. Leo formed two great projects,—one was to effect a general association of the Christian powers against the Turks, and the other the completion of *Saint Peter's Church at Rome*; to effect these points he issued plenary indulgences, which, being carried into Germany, occasioned the secession from the Romish Church commenced by *Luther*, whom the Pope anathematized. In 1520, a war also broke out between the *Emperor Charles the Fifth*, and *Francis the First* of France, who both courted the alliance of the Pope, and were both deceived by the Italian *finesse* of his Holiness, who amused either monarch with promises never intended to be ratified. Leo the Tenth died of a fever in 1521, and, notwithstanding his faults, was possessed of those eminent qualifications which justly entitle him to the character of a great man.

<sup>23</sup> *Alexander Farnese* was elected to the papal chair in 1534, under the name of *Paul the Third*, previous to which elevation he had a daughter who was united to *Bosio Sforce*, and a son named *Peter Lewis Farnese*, whom he created *Duke of Parma and Placentia*, by retrenching those cities from *Saint Peter's* patrimony. Under this Pontificate the *Council of Trent* was called, the Inquisition was established, the society of the *Jesuits* was confirmed, the interim of *Charles the Fifth* was condemned, and *Henry the Eighth* of England was most rigorously treated: *Paul* died in 1539, aged eighty-two.

<sup>24</sup> *Henry the Fourth*, surnamed the Great, was born at *Pau*, the capital of *Bearn*, in 1553. His father was *Anthony of Bourbon*, King of *Navarre*, and his mother *Joan D'Albert*: he was descended from *Louis the Ninth* of France, and thereby became heir to that kingdom; but being educated in the Protestant persuasion, his claim was resisted. Henry early distinguished himself for feats of arms, and after the peace of *Saint Germain*, in 1570, was taken to the French Court, and two years afterwards married *Margaret*, sister of *Charles the Ninth*, at the rejoicings upon which occasion was perpetrated the infamous massacre of *Saint Bartholomew*. In 1576, he quitted Paris and put himself at the head of the Huguenots; he succeeded to the throne of *Navarre* in 1572, and to that of France in 1589; but his religion proving an obstacle against his coronation, he consented to abjure it in 1593. Henry issued the famous edict of *Nantz*, granting toleration to the Protestants, in 1595, and the same year entered into a war with Spain, which lasted until 1598, when France enjoyed an uninterrupted peace till his death. His abjuration was very obnoxious to the Protestants, and by no means satisfactory to the opposite party, who were doubtful of his sincerity. His greatest enemies were the *Jesuits*,

one of whose pupils wounded him in the mouth when attempting his life, which was ultimately sacrificed by *Ravillac* on the 14th May, 1610. Henry certainly merited the name of *Great*, for his constant study was the prosperity and happiness of his people; and he would have been faultless, had his heart proved as callous to the attacks of love as it was insensible to the impulse of vengeance; but the predominant passion of this Prince was his devotion to numerous mistresses, which greatly obscured by this bad example the brilliancy of his acknowledged virtues.

<sup>35</sup> The famous *League* was projected by the *Cardinal of Lorraine*, while his nephew *Henry of Lorraine*, the adored of the people, was commander-in-chief of the rebel forces; the plea of the Leaguers being to defend the Catholic faith against the Protestant party; the association having its origin in Paris, where they caused to be spread among the most zealous inhabitants the project of *A Union for the defence of Religion, the King, and the safety of the State*, by which was intended no less than the oppression of the Monarch and his government by the arms of fanaticism. Henry the Third, wearied with the insolence of the chiefs of this cabal, caused the *Duke of Guise*, the *Cardinal*, and *Louis* his brother, to be assassinated; but these acts, far from putting a stop to the excesses of the Leaguers, rather tended to increase the sanguinary struggle which for so long a period spread fire, sword, and devastation throughout the kingdom.

<sup>36</sup> Among the numerous mistresses who enslaved the versatile heart of Henry the Fourth, no one ever possessed so great an emporium over his mind as the lovely *Gabrielle D'Estrees*, sister of *Francis Hannibal D'Estrees*, who had received from the liberal hand of Nature all those gifts which are calculated to enchain the sensitive soul. It was in 1601, that he for the first time beheld her at the *Castle of Caubres*, where she resided with her father; at which interview he was so touched with her enchanting figure, and the sprightliness of her wit, that he resolved she should thenceforth rank as his favourite mistress. He once assumed the disguise of a peasant, and passed the guards of his enemies, in order to procure an interview, though at the imminent hazard of his liberty and life; and in order to see her more freely, he caused her to espouse *Nicholas D'Amerval, Lord of Liancourt*, with whom she did not cohabit; and to such a degree did the Monarch adore her, that, although married, he resolved to make her his at the altar. It was under this idea that *Gabrielle* engaged her lover to embrace Catholicism, in order that he might obtain the Pope's Bull which should annul his marriage with *Margaret of Valois*; to effect this, she made every effort, in conjunction with the King, to do away with the obstacles that impeded their union, but the unfortunate death of *Gabrielle*, in 1609, severed at once every difficulty. It is supposed

that she was poisoned by *Zamet*, the wealthy financier;—one thing, however, is certain, that she expired in the most horrible convulsions, so that the countenance of this female, perhaps the most lovely of her age, was so completely changed the day after her demise, as to be no longer cognizable. Heary created *Gabrielle Duchess of Beaufort*, and had three children by her, namely, *Cæsar, Duke de Vendôme, Alexander*, and *Henrietta*, who was married to the *Duke D'Elbeauf*.

<sup>37</sup> The above lias are intended to commemorate the splendid reign of the *Grand Monarch*, which period is so ably delineated by our Poet, in his work entitled "*The Age of Louis the Fourteenth*."

<sup>38</sup> *Louis Le Grand*, who appears to have been gratified by subduing all obstacles that were raised to oppose his career, found the spot whereon this celebrated Palace stands admirably calculated to forward his views. He converted the village of Versailles into a city, and reared the magnificent edifice which unites the finest productions of taste and art with a degree of splendor unexampled in modern times; the whole having been accomplished in the short space of seven years, during the period of a war, which might have been thought sufficiently ruinous in itself to have exhausted the resources of the most flourishing nation in the universe.

<sup>39</sup> *Laurentius Onuphres de Giceni Colonne*, Constable of Naples, was a Grandee of Spain, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, and Prince of Polliano and Castiglione, who died the 15th April, 1689. This nobleman married *Maria Mancini*, niece of *Cardinal Mazarine*, the lady referred to by Voltaire, who had entertained very sanguine hopes of espousing Louis the Fourteenth. It is recorded, that upon quitting the Court in order to follow her husband into Italy, she thus addressed the King:—"You are a Monarch; you love me; you weep! and I am compelled to depart." This lady has rendered herself famous by a work printed at Cologne in 1676, and in Italian in 1678, comprising her Memoirs. She died in 1715, leaving three sons, the youngest of whom, named *Charles Colonne*, became a cardinal, and departed this life in 1739.

<sup>40</sup> *Louisa Frances de la Baume le Blanc, Duchess of Valliere*, was educated to be maid of honour to *Henrietta Maria, Queen of England*, first wife of *Philip, Duke of Orleans*; she was distinguished in early life for her great knowledge, and a manner of conducting herself very opposite to that pursued by young ladies of her age; yet, notwithstanding the virtuous turn of her mind, her heart was particularly tender and sensitive, and it was that sensibility which betrayed her; for on first beholding Louis the Fourteenth, she

because desperately in love with him. The Monarch, being made acquainted with her sentiments, returned her affections, and during two years she was the hidden object of all the gallant amusements and *fêtes* given by the King; at which period he created her *Duchess of Vallière*; the influence, however, which she possessed, did not lead her to interfere with the cabals of the Court or state affairs, confining herself to acts of charity, and private pursuits that conferred honour upon her intellect. Prior to the year 1669, the Duchess became aware that *Madame de Montespan* had acquired an ascendancy over the King's affections—a conviction which she supported with admirable tranquillity till 1675, at which period she entered the Carmelite Sisterhood at Paris, performing the most painful austerities with a devotion almost unparalleled; and in 1710 she died, under the name of *Sister Louisa of Mercy*. She had a son, created *Duke de Vermandois*, and a daughter, named *De Blois*, who was married to the *Prince de Conti*.

<sup>41</sup> *Madame de Montespan* was wife of the Marquis of that name, and one of the celebrated mistresses of Louis the Fourteenth, over whom she acquired a complete ascendancy, which she maintained until that Monarch became attached to the famous *Madame de Maintenon*. The *Marchioness de Montespan* had children by the King, one of whom became *Duke of Maine*, and two daughters, who were nobly married:—she died in 1717.

<sup>42</sup> *Phillip, Duke of Orleans*, was Regent of France during the minority of *Louis the Fifteenth*, at which period the licentiousness and debauchery of the Court were so flagitious, that, were it not for numerous historians of that æra whose veracity may be depended upon, the disgusting scenes hourly enacted would rather be considered as the ebullitions of romance, than the unvarnished delineations of facts as they really occurred.

<sup>43</sup> Never were the pernicious effects of bad example more fully exemplified, than in the person of the Regent, whose profligacy was unbounded, since consanguinity presented no barrier to restrain the infuriate ragings of lust; wherefore to obscenity, incest presented the most fascinating charm.

<sup>44</sup> We are told in scripture, that he who dared touch the ark of the most high should be punished with death, wherefore our poet being perfectly aware of the effects of a *Lettre de Cachet*, and the summary proceedings resorted to in the *Bastille*, conceived it prudent not to descant too largely on affairs of the *time present*, lest he should pay dearly for his presumption.

<sup>45</sup> Whether our great poet tendered these couplets as the offerings of a courtier at the shrine of beauty, we will not undertake to determine; certain it is

however, that the Daphne so apostrophised, one of the Regent's daughters, was amply endowed with all those *en-bon-point* graces, which never fail to enchant even *royal lovers*, who become enslaved with *arms full of joy*.

<sup>40</sup> It was anciently the custom to wear *short clothes*, attached with *tagged points* ! wherefore it was said of a man, who unfortunately had not been able to perform his duty, that *his tag was knotted*. It has been allowed from all antiquity, that sorcerers possess the power of preventing the consummation of the marriage rites, which was called *knottling the tag*. The fashion of *tagged points*, was exploded in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, at which period, buttons affixed to the *incomprehensibles* first came into vogue.



## CANTO XIV.

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### ARGUMENT.

AFFRONT OFFERED BY JOHN CHANDOS TO THE DEVOUT DOROTHY—  
COMBAT BETWEEN TRIMOUILLE AND CHANDOS—THE VALIANT  
CHANDOS DIES BY THE HAND OF DUNOIS.

---

2

O ! thou voluptuousness, in whom we see,<sup>1</sup>  
Nature's true source—Venus bright deity,  
By Epicurus erst in grace revered,<sup>2</sup>  
'Fore whom, thro' chaos, darkness disappear'd,  
Giving fecundity, and life's warm glow,  
Felicity and sentiment, nay all below  
By multitudes possess'd :—life's flowing tide,  
At thy command new born, revived :  
Thou, painted as disarming in thine arms,  
Great Jove and Mars, the god of dire alarms ;  
Thou, whose sweet smile can lull the thunders dint,  
Becalm the air, and 'neath whose foot's light print,

Soft pleasures spring that all the earth control—  
Goddess descend ; of blissful days the soul ;  
Come in thy car, surrounded by the loves,  
While, with their downy wings, thy constant doves,  
Awake the zephyrs that afford thee shade,  
As billing through the floods of air they wade :  
Come, heat the world with thy pacific toils,  
Come, let thy voice, dispel all doubts and broils,  
Dreadful ennui, than those, more noxious ill,<sup>3</sup>  
Perverse and squint eyed Envy—blackier still ;<sup>4</sup>  
Be plung'd eternally in hell's domain,  
For ever bound in adamant chain.  
Be all on fire ; uniting at thy call,  
Let universal love control us all,  
To flames our code and flimsy laws consign,  
We only follow one ; and that is thine.

In safety tender Venus onward lead,  
The monarch ready for his Franks to bleed,  
Conduct remote from perils at his side  
Agnes, in whom his bosom's throbs confide.  
In earnest, for those lovers I entreat :  
For Joan of Arc, no invocation's meet,  
She's not yet subject to thy charming sway,  
Saint Denis guides the tenor of her way,  
A maiden she, the saint her patron friend ;  
To thy dear favors, let me recommend,  
Trimouille the courtly, and his Dorothy,

Let peace reward their sensibility ;  
May she no pangs of separation bear,  
But always own her true knights fost'ring care,  
Nor ever feel dire persecution's fate,  
To foes consign'd, who vow'd eternal hate.

And be thou *Comus*, Bonneau's due reward ;<sup>5</sup>  
To him *Bon Tourangeau* thy gifts accord,<sup>6</sup>  
He, who pacific truce knew how to end,  
'Twixt cynic Chandos, and King Charles his friend ;  
He plann'd most dext'rously each force should bide,  
On either margin of the current's tide,  
That no reproach or quarrel should ensue,  
To right and left, Loire's stream between the two.  
He, to the British force his cares made known,  
Rend'ring their manners, tastes, and wants his own ;  
In gravy swimming, was the huge sirloin,  
Plum puddings moisten'd with the Garonne's wine ;  
All these were tender'd, and more dainty meats,  
Ragouts and *piquant* sauces ; *gourmands* treats ;  
And red legg'd partridges the table's blisses,<sup>7</sup>  
For sov'reign Charles, and fair ones, dainty dishes.  
The fierce John Chandos having quaff'd his drink,  
Proceeded onward by the Loire's clear brink,  
Swearing the first time he could Joan attain,  
He'd use the rights of such as vict'ry gain ;  
Attending which, with him his page he led ;

Joan now return'd with courage newly fed,  
Incontinent her station took with pride,  
Plac'd at the gallant Dunois' martial side.

The gallic king with guard in bright blue gear,  
Agnes in front, the Confessor in rear ;  
Had now a league proceeded on their way,  
O'er verdant meads, bedeck'd with flowrets gay ;  
By limpid Loire, its banks extending wide,  
Tranquil in current, changeful in its tide.<sup>8</sup>

On boats appear'd supporting half worn planks  
A bridge, that serv'd to join the river's banks,  
In front a chapel, on the margin stood ;  
'Twas Sabbath-day !—In sandal, hermit's hood,<sup>9</sup>  
A form appear'd—chanting like priest amain,  
The mass—a child replying to the strain.  
The matin service Charles and his escort  
Had heard, before they left Cutendre's fort ;  
But Dorothy must now hear two at least,<sup>10</sup>  
Her faith in Heav'n's behest so much increas'd,  
Since righteous fate of innocence the shield,  
Had chosen bastard Dunois for the field ;  
Protector of that truth which love delights,  
She soon dismounting, set her coats to rights,  
With holy water from three fountains signs<sup>11</sup>  
Her front ; and most submissive knee reclines ;

Hands then she joins, and bending neck tow'rds ground,  
 The holy hermit as he turn'd around,  
 Dazzled, and master of himself no more,  
 Instead of singing out the missal's lore,  
*Fratres oremus*—aw'd by beauty's spell;  
 Naught could he chaunt, save:—*Fratres, qu'elle est  
 belle.*<sup>12</sup>

Chandos, the chapel enter'd, much more fraught,  
 With love of pastime, than a zealous thought,  
 His front erect, the head he slightly bent,  
 To Trimouille's beauty on the lord intent,  
 Still whistled, passing and again repass'd;<sup>13</sup>  
 Behind the *belle* he knelt him down at last,  
 Ne'er utt'ring word of *ave*, or of *pater*,  
 As heart that own'd Redeemer and Creator.  
 With air enchanting, and with look benign,  
 Knelt Dorothy, impell'd by grace divine,  
 Her front to earth, her bottom rear'd full high,  
 Short coats were rais'd from inadvertency,  
 Off'ring to Chandos sight, who gaz'd intent,  
 Two legs uncover'd, whereto love had lent,  
 Form, contour, and in short the whole design,  
 The iv'ry's lustre:—Dian such were thine,  
 Which erst Acteon famous hunter view'd:  
 Chandos whose mind no orison imbu'd,  
 Felt in his heart a most profane desire,

Without respect, for sacred spot or choir,  
He dar'd his hand most insolently glide,  
'Neath coats that veil'd the satin's lily pride.  
I cannot with a Cynic's pencil draw,<sup>14</sup>  
To strike the sage and modest sight with awe  
Of ev'ry reader; nor to mind retail,  
Of daring Chandos, the audacious tale;  
But Trimouille, having seen his fair retire,  
Dear object master'd by love's potent fire,  
Forth to the chapel straight his steps inclin'd—  
Ah! whither will not love conduct the mind?  
Trimouille arriv'd, just as the priest turn'd round,  
And Chandos insolent, his rude hand found,  
Near the most perfect of all backs below,  
As fainting Dorothy, with terror's glow,  
Emitted piercing screams; loud, echoing wide:  
Fain would I have some modern painter guide,  
His pencil to pourtray this touching scene,  
And trace of objects four, on ev'ry mien,  
The fell astonishment that mantled there:—  
With cries the knight of Poitou rent the air:  
“ Oh! durst thou most discourteous chief?” Quoth he.  
“ Unbrideled Briton, can thine infamy,  
“ These holy walls with profanation blast?”  
With bant'ring air, as haughty look he cast  
Adjusting dress—when near the door he drew  
Fierce Chandos said:—“ What is it, sir, to you?

“ Of this same church, are you the sexton pray ?”  
“ I’m more, a Frenchman, and my faith obey,  
“ I rank the well belov’d of this bright fair,  
“ And deal forth vengeance on those heads that dare  
“ Her fame attack”—“ To malice some are prone,  
“ Well might you at this juncture risk your own,”  
The Briton cried :—“ of us, each one can see,  
“ The extent full of his capacity ;  
“ And therefore, when John Chandos wills, he may,  
“ Ogle a back, but ne’er his own display.””

For jeering Briton, and the handsome Gaul,  
Were steeds caparison’d for combat’s thrall ;  
From Squires, both ready for the hostile field,  
Receive the spiral lance and orb’d shield ;  
In saddle vaulting and in rapid course,  
Pass and repass in tiltings furious force,  
Nor tears, nor sighs of Dorothy can charm,  
Or check the blow of either’s direful arm :  
Her tender lover cried, “ My charmer true,  
“ I combat to avenge, or die for you :”  
Too wrong he judg’d— his valour and his lance,  
Glitter’d in vain for tender love and France.

Twice having pierc’d John Chandos’ batter’d mail,  
And well assur’d that vict’ry would not fail ;  
His palfrey stumbled rolling o’er his corse,

And plunging, struck his casque with dreadful force ;  
 Inflicting on his front an ample wound,  
 A crimson tide bedew'd the verdant ground :  
 The Hermit running, sought in death to bless,  
*In Manus* cried and woo'd him to confess ;<sup>16</sup>  
 Oh Dorothy, Oh ! most unheard of grief,  
 Beside him robb'd of motion, life, relief,  
 Thou gav'st thy soul to fell despair's sad bent,  
 But ah ! what says't thou, when thy tongue found vent ?  
 " 'Tis I have kill'd thee then !—sweet love, 'tis I,  
 " Th' assiduous partner of thy destiny,  
 " Who never should thy side rever'd have left,  
 " For quitting thee, of comfort I'm bereft ;  
 " This sainted chapel must my misery prove,  
 " At once a traitor to Trimouille and Love,  
 " Seeking to hear two masses in one day ;"<sup>17</sup>  
 And as she spoke, melted in tears away.

Chandos at his success, gave vent to jeers,  
 " My pink of Frenchmen, flower of cavaliers,  
 " And also you devoutest Dorothy,  
 " Adoring couple, shall my pris'ners be,  
 " Of knightly combats, 'tis the laws decree.  
 " Some fleeting moments Agnes was my prey,  
 " And 'neath me conquer'd, Joan, the maiden lay :  
 " I must avow that ill I did my duty,  
 " I'faith I've blush'd, but now with you my beauty,

}

“ What’s lost I will retake, as here I live,  
“ And he Trimouille shall his opinion give.”

The Hermit, Knight, and Dorothy with fear,  
Tremble all three such horrid threats to hear :  
So to a cavern’s depth when dreads oppress,  
By fear confounded flies the shepherdess ;  
Her flock in trembling owns the rueful cause,  
The poor dog struggling in the wolf’s fell jaws.

But heav’n’s all just, though in its vengeance slow ;  
Such insolence could not unpunish’d go ;  
Redoubled sins of Chandos ne’er abated,  
So many blushing maidens violated,  
Blasphemy, impiousness, repentance scoff’d ;  
These crimes in heav’n’s dread scale heap’d oft and oft,  
Were by the angel weigh’d of death supreme :  
The great Dunois from t’other side the stream,  
Witness’d the combat and the overthrow  
Of La Trimouille, a female bending low,  
Who fainting, clasp’d him in her fond embrace ;  
The Hermit hard by mutt’ring prayers of grace,  
And Chandos cant’ring near his lovely prize ;  
Beholding this ;—he spurs ;—he gallops ;—flies !

’Twas Albion’s custom then, that foul or fair,  
All objects should their appellations bear ;

Having the bridge's barrier now passed through,  
Straight to the conqueror our Dunois flew ;  
" Son of a w——:" netly pronounc'd and clear,<sup>18</sup>  
Struck straight the tympanum of either ear :—  
" Yes," he exclaim'd with pride, " that name is mine.  
" Such bore Alcides ; Bacchus the divine ;<sup>19 20</sup>  
" Perseus the happy, Romulus the grand,<sup>21</sup>  
" Who purged the earth of rapine's baleful band ;  
" 'Tis in their names thus much I mean to act ;  
" Of Norman bastard well thou know'st the fact,<sup>22</sup>  
" Whose conq'ring arms thy race in panic drove :  
" Oh bastards ye, the sons of thund'ring Jove,  
" Direct my lance ;—each nervous blow decree ;  
" Honour commands, avenge yourselves and me."  
This prayer perhaps, you'll think was not well tim'd,  
But Dunois deep with fabled theme was prim'd,  
For him the Bible lore less charms possess'd ;<sup>23</sup>  
He spake, he flew, the gilded rowel press'd,  
Whose piercing teeth perform propellant deed,  
The flanks keen goading of his noble steed.  
The first blow of his barded lance amain,  
John Chandos struck, and burst the links in twain ;  
Sever'd scales diaper'd of armour bright,<sup>24</sup>  
And steel that corslet link'd to helmet tight.

A blow tremendous dealt our Briton brave,  
The which impenetrable shields concave

Receiving, glanc'd th' impending stroke aside :  
Encount'ring now as onward swift they glide,  
Strength but augmented by fell fury's glow,  
Each desp'rate seizes his athletic foe.  
Their coursers thus escap'd the brilliant weight,  
Which they had borne upon their backs so late,  
Peaceful went erring o'er the champagne wide :  
Thus when we see, hurl'd from the mountains side,  
Two rocks detach'd, by fell convulsions riven,  
With frightful din one o'er the other driven ;  
So dire these combatants with clangor ringing,  
Striking the earth and to each other clinging ;  
From horrid shock, the echos wide rebound,  
The breeze retires—Nymphs shed the sigh profound :  
Or, as by terror follow'd, Mars we view,  
Bedank'd with gore, and arm'd by Furies too,  
From heav'nly plain descending prompt to save,  
Those tribes existing, near Scamander's wave,  
And when the lance against him Pallas rear'd,<sup>26</sup>  
In his support an hundred kings appear'd ;<sup>27</sup>  
The fix'd earth to its centre trembling stood,  
Troubled was Acheron's infernal flood,<sup>28</sup>  
And turning pale, upon its margin dread,  
E'en Pluto shook for empire of the dead.

Our knights arising stamp'd by valour's seal,  
With eyes inflam'd, scann'd o'er from head to heel

Their forms respective, then unsheath'd their brands,  
Dealing an hundred blows from doughty hands,  
Batt'ring the steel their bodies casing o'er :  
From wounds already, blood began to pour,  
Their arms bedying with a blackish red ;  
Now rushing thither, the spectators led,  
The furious combatants in ring surround,  
Necks stretch'd, eyes fix'd, nor breathing forth a  
                  sound ;

Courage augments, when crowds are standing bye,  
For glory's keenest spur 's the public eye ;  
The champions only had the prelude shewn,  
Of conflict that on record stands alone :  
Achilles, Hector—Gods in fierce array,  
The grenadiers more terrible than they ;<sup>20</sup>  
And lions still more formidable far,  
Are less implacable, less fierce in war ;  
Less giv'n to blood.—The bastard ever great,  
Conjoining force with art, and bless'd by fate,  
Seiz'd on the Briton's arm, who struck awry,  
And with a back blow smote his glave on high,  
Then with a leg advanc'd his point to gain,  
Chandos o'erthrew upon the gory plain ;  
Who falling dragg'd alike his foe to ground,  
Struggling the clouds of dust their forms confound ;  
So in the sand for masterdom they move,  
The Briton under, and the Gaul above.

The noble victor's heart which mercies guide,  
When smiling fate grants conquest on his side,  
His adversary pressing with one knee,  
Exclaim'd: "O yield, yield! Briton unto me;"  
Whereto John Chandos cried, "An instant wait,  
"Hold!—it is thus Dunois, I yield to fate."

As last resource of his infuriate mind,  
Short dagger drawing, he throws out behind  
His nervous arm; which then tow'rd neck he bends,  
And strikes his victor, off'ring to be friends;<sup>30</sup>  
The mail unbatter'd there, and firm of joint,  
Repelling, blunts the dagger's murd'rous point,  
Straight Dunois cried:—"Thy death thou wilt pursue,  
"Then perish dog:"—and without more ado,  
Rais'd high the weapon o'er his struggling foe,  
And drove thro' clavicles the deadly blow.<sup>31</sup>  
Expiring Chandos struggling still in death,  
Utter'd "base bastard," with his fault'ring breath;  
His fierce, inhuman, sanguinary heart,  
E'en to the last perform'd its wonted part;  
His eyes, his front infus'd dark horrors thrill,  
Each trait seem'd menacing the victor still;  
His impious soul, relentless, fraught with evil,  
Sped to infernal realms, to brave the devil;  
Thus ended as he liv'd, in death's dire thrall,  
This hardy Briton vanquish'd by a Gaul.

Dunois disdain'd to bear away the spoils,  
Despising customs due to victor's toils ;  
Too well establish'd with the famous Greeks :<sup>32</sup>  
To proffer friendly aid, Trimouille he seeks,  
He calls to earthly bourn the fleeting breath,  
And rescues twice, sweet Dorothy from death,  
His form supporting as they slowly move,  
Her pressure on his frame imprints soft love ;  
Anew he breathes and feels a wound no more,  
Save from those eye-beams he must still adore ;  
He ogles them, confessing strength new born ;  
His loving fair one by sharp anguish torn,  
Feels equally the tender transport rise,  
The smile enchanting, mantling in her eyes,  
Athwart a veil of tears now glistening bright :  
So we behold through filmy vapours light  
Of clouds all fleecy—temper'd radiance stream,  
Caught from the God of day's effulgent beam.

The Gallic King, his Agnes fraught with grace ;  
And Joan th' illustrious, all by turns embrace  
The happy Dunois, whose triumphant hand,  
Had love aveng'd with his dear native land ;  
But most the diffidence was form'd to please,  
Of his demeanour and his repartees.  
'Tis easy ; yet those show an envied state,  
Who act with modesty, however great.

Some jealous germs, Joan stifled in her breast,  
Her heart upbraiding destiny's behest ;  
She felt aggriev'd, her maiden hand in strife,  
Had not depriv'd the miscreant of his life ;  
Bearing for ever twofold wrongs in head,  
Which near Cutendre dye'd her cheeks with red,  
When brav'd by Chandos, to the combat's list,  
She was at once thrown on her back—and miss'd.

END OF CANTO FOURTEENTH.



## NOTES TO CANTO XIV.

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<sup>1</sup> This exordium appears to be imitated from the first canto of the admirable poem of Lucretius.

*“Æneadum genitrix, hominum divûmq; voluptas,  
“Alma Venus, cæli subter labentia signa, &c. &c.”*

Voluptuousness is the fragrant flower of real pleasure, whereas centuries of luxury do not constitute voluptuousness, but a disgraceful and filthy satiety: the votaries of debauchery are numerous, but the number of voluptuaries is very circumscribed, as there are many cynical authors, but very few who are capable of delineating delicate and tender voluptuousness.

In the heathen mythology however, we find voluptuousness depicted as a goddess presiding over pleasures, in honour of whom, the Romans erected a temple. She was represented seated upon a throne like a queen, her complexion pale and wan, and trampling the virtues under foot.

<sup>2</sup> Epicurus, a celebrated philosopher, son of Neocles and Cherestrata, was born at Gargettus, in Attica. At the age of twelve years, his preceptor having repeated to him that verse from Hesiod, wherein he says, “*in the beginning of things, the chaos was created,*” Epicurus earnestly demanded—“*then who created it?*” to which the preceptor replied, that he knew not, but only the philosophers. “*Then from henceforth,*” answered the disciple, “*philosophers shall be my instructors!*” After applying himself to study, he visited Athens, where he taught that the happiness of mankind consisted in pleasure; not such as springs from the enjoyment of sensual gratification or vicious propensities,

but the placid refinements resulting from the mind, and the ineffable sweets of virtue. This doctrine was attacked by the other philosophers of that period, but Epicurus refuted the arguments of all his opponents, and died in the seventy-second year of his age, two hundred and seventy years prior to the christian era.

<sup>3</sup> It has been frequently said, that the dissipation of fashionable life is nothing more than *ennui* in disguise, and it may be affirmed with truth, that the disguise is very awkwardly managed. The *ennui* of fashionables is a distaste, a satiety of pleasures, similar to that experienced by persons who have indulged their appetites too much, and whose only cure is to be found in abstinence. Whence does it arise, that those who are best enabled to vary the pleasures of the senses (supposing them to have no other resources), are weary during three parts of the day, while a single occupation of the mind suffices to dispel the vapours of *ennui*? It is because corporeal gratifications are soon satiated, and uniformly the same, wherefore they fatigue and are blunted, while the gratifications of the mind, being always fresh, leave us consequently nothing to desire but a renewal of such delights. There are more persons who die of stupidity and *ennui* than is credited by the world in general.

<sup>4</sup> Envy is delineated by the ancient poets under the most disgusting colours, and is deemed the very worst of human passions. She is represented with a pale visage, which is rendered more hideous on account of its extreme meagerness; her glance is ferocious, her teeth, naturally black, are grimed with dirt, while her heart is saturated with gall, and her tongue covered with venom. She is always a prey to chagrin and unquiet wishes, she never laughs but on beholding some misfortune, nor hath the balm of sleep ever closed her eye-lids. She is delighted with the society of the ungrateful, and is afflicted at any fortunate event that arises in the world. She is a self-tormentor, as well as the persecutor of others, and bears in herself her own relentless executioner.

"My heart laments that virtue cannot live

"Out of the teeth of emulation."

SHAKESPEARE.

<sup>5</sup> Among the Heathens, Comus was the deity supposed to preside over nocturnal joys, festivities, and bacchanalian orgies; he was also said to preside at women's toilettes, as well as those of young persons fond of dress and finery. Comus is represented as a young man, with a countenance flushed and heated, his head reclined, and with a drowsy air negligently holding a flambeau in his right hand reversed, and supporting himself with the left on a stake. A wreath of roses adorns his head, from whence the ancients derived the custom of wearing a coronet of the same flowers at all great banquets.

<sup>6</sup> The word *Touraneau* signifies an inhabitant of *Touraine*, the province to which we are indebted for our facetious confidant *Bonneau*.

<sup>7</sup> France is famous for a partridge having legs of a red colour, the flavour of which bird is peculiarly esteemed by epicures; it is rather surprising, that the breed in question has not been propagated in England, where *bon-vicars* are not wanting to appreciate the delights of such luxurious morsels.

<sup>8</sup> The current of the River Loire is nearly two hundred leagues in length, and is navigable for one hundred and sixty; viz. from Roanne to the Sea; the Loire formerly divided the Celts from Aquitaine. The changes in the tides of this stream, alluded to by the poet, originate in the rapidity of its course, and the devastations which frequently occur in consequence of its overflowings.

<sup>9</sup> There were several orders of hermits; but the most ancient, such as St. Anthony, &c. resided in deserts: should any of my readers, however, feel desirous of examining further into the lives of these devout personages, I refer them to the researches of *Arnaud d'Andilly*, who has handed down to posterity the lives of the hermits, concerning whom *La Fontaine* says—

“ Tout homme est homme, les *ermîtes* sur-tout.”

*Balzac* was denominated *l'Ermite de la Charante*; and it is thus that *Mainard*, in his poems, when addressing France, speaks of that great man.

“ Sans une ingratitude cruelle,

“ Pourrais-tu cacher son mérite ?

“ Ton langage n'a plus sa force, et sa beauté,

“ Que du charmant désert de ce fameux *Ermite*.”

It is proverbially said, that when the Devil was old he turned hermit, meaning that old age renders us wise.

“ Le Diable out tort quand il se fit *Ermite*.”

DES HOULIERS.

<sup>10</sup> The charming Dorothy was of opinion, that she could never have too much of a good thing; and when the beautiful ceremonial of the mass is taken into consideration, its fine Latin prayers, which one in the hundred may perhaps comprehend, with the accompanying nasal chaat, and the *chalice exercise*, which the priest is alone authorized to perform; it would therefore be strange indeed had not a sensitive love-ridden soul like that of our *belle*, been a second time subdued by such a scene within some twelve hours lapse of time.

<sup>11</sup> *Holy water*, so called from the *lustral water* of the heathens, is rendered very saintly, efficacious and christian-like by the Romish priests, who in order to effect this, have recourse to certain enchantments which are found in their books of necromancy, (*libellus magicus*) commonly known by the name of sacred rituals. The writer when at college, was frequently told by the priests, that if a Huguenot touched his forehead with this holy liquid, the water would be sure to scald him; frequent trials however gave the direct lie to these assertions, which they then qualified by stating, that I was not so rootedly a Protestant, but there were hopes I should recant, and be received within the pale of the Catholic church.

<sup>12</sup> A trifling innovation this in the performance of the Roman liturgy, which is perfectly understood by the priests, whose mental faculties when attacked by these ecstasies or sacred syncope, have the felicity of enjoying titillating visions. The persons subject to these trances, are usually those to whom providence has accorded the special grace of being either knaves or fools.

<sup>13</sup> However inconsequential the act of whistling may be deemed, it is not an amusement to be sported with at all times, as independent of the contempt which may be expressed by such means, it is deemed by nautical men the greatest possible insult; and in proof of this, may be instanced the sanguinary duel which took place between *General Pennington* and *Captain Tollemac*, the ostensible cause adduced being the General's whistling on deck, in opposition to the request of the naval commander.

<sup>14</sup> The peculiar modesty of the poet, is rendered conspicuous in the above lines, and it is therefore only to be hoped, that the reader's prolific imagination may not lead him to magnify a mole hill into a mountain.

<sup>15</sup> Chandos was not one of those warriors to whom might be applied the famous couplet of

“ He that fights and runs away,  
“ May live to fight another day.”

Neither was he of the Parthian breed, of which Virgil says, to use the translation of Dryden

“ With backward bows the Parthians shall be there,  
“ And spurring from the fight confess their fear.”

In fine, he was of the true old English cast, inherently regarding—

"That which in mean men we entitle patience,

"*As pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.*"

SHAKSPERE.

<sup>16</sup> *In Manus*, is a Latin expression frequently used in a burlesque and familiar style, these words being the commencement of an ecclesiastical prayer. *In manus tuas, domine, commendo spiritum meum.*

"*Nulla fere causa est in qua non femina litem moverit.*"

JOVENAL.

<sup>17</sup> We have in a recent note to this canto, adverted to the strong predilection evinced by Dorothy for mass going, which was in the present instance attended with consequences widely different from those which she had expected, thereby affording a melancholy proof that we may sometimes have *too much of a good thing*, thus rendering valid the words of *Lucretius*, where he says

"*Quantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*"

<sup>18</sup> Lest any of my female readers should be offended at the coarseness of this exclamation, it is requisite I should inform them, that John Chandos was wholly unacquainted with the modern vocabulary of *haut ton*; therefore, instead of saying *son of a lady of INTRIGUE!* which would raise no blush on the feminine cheek, though signifying precisely the same thing, our hero was satisfied with delivering his mind in plain blunt English, and as it is always necessary to adopt our original with scrupulous exactitude in heroic flights like the present, the translator has been compelled to follow precedents, however painful the effort has been to his *refined feelings*, whose *pulsations* must always beat in unison with those of the tender moiety of the creation. Ere I close the present note, it may however be as well to acquaint my readers, that the *bar of bastardy* has not always been deemed an impediment to inheritance; since it was uniformly the contrary in Spain, and *King Henri de Translamare*, was not regarded as an illegitimate sovereign, although a natural child, which race of bastards established in the house of Austria continued to reign in Spain, until the period of Phillip the Fifth; and as a further proof that bastardy was not regarded as an opprobrium, letters were long preserved of William Duke of Normandy, King of England, bearing the signature of *Guillamme le Batard*, while documents are in existence to prove, that our gallant Count Dunois subscribed himself *le Batard d'Orleans*.

<sup>19</sup> *Alcides*, one of the names of Hercules, who was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena.

<sup>20</sup> *Bacchus*, was the offspring of Jupiter and Semele, the daughter of Cadmus.

The intrigues of Jupiter with Danaë, the daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos, gave birth to Perseus.

<sup>21</sup> *Romulus*, the grandson of Numitor, King of Alba, and twin brother of Remus, was the progeny of Mars and Ilia or Rhea, who was consecrated to the service of Vesta, which exacted perpetual chastity, and for the violation of whose laws, she was buried alive by Amulius.

<sup>22</sup> *William* the First of England, commonly called the *Conqueror*, was the illegitimate son of Robert the First, Duke of Normandy, and of *Arlotte*, the daughter of a furrier, at Falaise, a city of lower Normandy, where he was born in 1024, the circumstance being thus related in history.

"It chanced that his father riding through Falaise, saw certain young persons dancing near the way, and as he staid awhile to behold their pastime, he particularly fixed his eyes upon a young damsel named *Arlotte*, who was but of mean birth, being a skinner's daughter; she dancing there among the rest, the Duke was so taken with her person and dancing, that the same night he caused her to be secretly brought to his bed, of whom he then begot *William*: and so lascivious was this *Arlotte* reported to be in her behaviour when the Duke approached to embrace her, that the English afterwards, (adding an aspiration to her name,) from her, called every unchaste woman a *harlot*."

<sup>23</sup> It is somewhat astonishing that our poet should have made the great Du-nois more enamoured of pagan flights than the immaculate record of the Jews, a thrice saintly book abounding with the inspirations of the most high, and containing every thing requisite for a Christian to know and to practice. It was, however, formerly deemed requisite that laics should never praise this work, since the word of God, they were told, would not fail to be prejudicial to them, wherefore it was much better that the priests should read it in their stead, for since they alone possessed stomachs sufficiently strong to swallow it, the common herds were to content themselves with the produce of their sacerdotal digestion.

<sup>24</sup> *Diaper'd* means decorated or ornamented, which was always the case with the armour worn by persons of consequence, so that the quality of the wearer was distinguishable by the costliness and decorations of his warlike accoutrements. This custom derives its origin from the remotest period of antiquity, as in Strutt's Account of the Manners and Customs of the Antient Inha-

bitants of England, we learn that no soldier was permitted to embellish his shield with any engraving, until his performance of some gallant action empowered him so to do,—a praise-worthy custom, which aroused the spirit of emulation, and prompted our forefathers to acts of heroism when engaged upon the field of battle.

<sup>25</sup> A neck-piece formed of small scales made very pliant, so as not to impede the quick motion of the head, and which was attached to the armour connected with the breast-plate, from whence is derived the term *gorget*, as worn by our officers at the present day.

<sup>26</sup> *Pallas*, or *Minerva*, during the Trojan war, espoused the cause of the Greeks, while Mars supported the interest of the Trojans, who, while vigorously defending these favourites of Venus, received a wound from the hand of Diomedes; upon which he retreated to Heaven, in order to conceal his confusion and resentment, as well as to complain to Jupiter that the arm of Pallas had directed the unerring weapon of his antagonist.

<sup>27</sup> Alluding to the numerous princes of Greece who furnished ships and soldiers, and repaired to the expedition against Troy.

<sup>28</sup> *Acheron*, a river of *Thesprotia*, in *Epirus*, falling into the bay of *Ambracia*. Homer, on account of the dead appearance of the waters of this stream, calls it one of the rivers of Hell, which fable has been adopted by all succeeding poets. The above lines are again in imitation of Homer; but those who *pretend* to have read this passage in the Greek language, will assert that neither the French nor the English even approximate to the original.

<sup>29</sup> In the above line Voltaire eulogizes that corps of the French army which owed its institution to Lewis the Fourteenth, and was so called from each soldier having a certain number of hand grenades, which he threw among the enemy in time of action. The King's Regiment of Infantry was the first wherein they were incorporated, in 1667, when four grenadiers were allotted to every company; in 1670, they were all assembled and formed into one body, of which *M. de Rist* was the first commander. A short time prior to the Dutch war in 1672, the King issued orders that the first thirty regiments should each have a company of grenadiers at their head; this was extended to every regiment, and in process of time to each battalion in the French service; after which there were two complete companies, and to these a third was added during the Regency of the Duke of Orleans.

<sup>30</sup> This attack of Voltaire upon the British name is too flagrant to be passed over in silence by the annotator, who will venture to affirm, that treachery forms no one component part of the mind of an Englishman; therefore, to have made the noble and warlike Chandos owe his death to an attempt so dastardly as that contained in the above lines, is a gross violation of consistency in delineating the character of an English soldier, which ought never to have disgraced the pen of such a poet, however the playful efforts of his Muse might tolerate, in other respects, every effusion of wit, satire, and sarcasm.

<sup>31</sup> *Clavicles* are the collar bones, which knit together those of the shoulder and the breast.

<sup>32</sup> A very just allusion to the barbarous practice so frequently handed down to us by the ancient poets, who depict their heroes as insulting and carrying off the spoils of the vanquished—a famous instance of which is found in Homer, where he describes the conduct of Ulysses to Hector, while after the death of Achilles, Ajax and Ulysses disputing their joint claims to the arms of the defunct hero, which are adjudged to the latter; Ajax, yielding to the impulse of frenetic rage, butchers a whole flock of sheep, conceiving them to be the sons of Atreus, who had given the preference to Ulysses, and in conclusion stabs himself with his own sword.

<sup>33</sup> The wrath and indignation of Joan, in this instance, is truly poetic and justifiable, as well as consistent with every outraged feminine feeling; critics and annotators may affirm that the interposition of Denis was requisite upon the occasion alluded to, and, that it was absolutely fitting the *tag* of John Chandos should be *knotted*, in order to support the arcana of the plot; but say what we will, woman is woman after all; and with the alteration of a word, we may therefore say, speaking of our heroine,

*Hell hath no fury like a woman* MISS'D.

## CANTO XV.

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### ARGUMENT.

SPLENDID FEAST AT THE MANSION HOUSE OF ORLEANS FOLLOWED  
BY A GENERAL ASSAULT—CHARLES ATTACKS THE ENGLISH—TO-  
GETHER WITH WHAT HAPPENS TO THE LOVELY AGNES AND THE  
COMPANIONS OF HER JOURNEY.

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MALIGNANT censors, you're despis'd by me,  
Mine own defects I better know than ye,  
'Thro' this choice tale on mem'ry's page enroll'd,  
Graven in ore, my wish was to unfold,  
Nought but the brilliant flights of high renown ;  
On Charles's head, of Orleans place the crown,  
By Joan, by love, and glory, pow'r sublime ;  
'Tis shameful thus to have misus'd my time,  
Singing of Sir Cutendre, and a page,  
Of Grisbourdon the slave of lustful rage,  
The mule's dull driver and mishaps a train,  
That harm the thread of my poetic vein.

But all these narratives that greet your eyes,  
Were the effusions of Tritemus wise,<sup>1</sup>  
I simply copy, nor one trait invent,  
On facts, let reader cast a look intent,  
If sometimes it occurs his stern *decrees*,  
Judges my sage with keen severity :  
If at some traits your brow to scowl inclines,  
The knife and pounce box may efface my lines  
Thro' half this charming work, but let him view,  
With some respect at least, the moiety true.

O ! sacred truth, thou virgin ever pure,  
When wilt thou reverence deserv'd, ensure ?  
Divinity who mak'st us wise, why dwell  
In palace plac'd at bottom of a well ?<sup>2</sup>  
Ah ! when wilt thou from out those depths appear,  
When will our learned men their voices rear,  
From gall exempt, and from all flatt'ry free,  
Detailing lives with pure fidelity,  
And grand exploits of our fine errant knights.  
Prudent was Ariosto in his flights<sup>3</sup>  
Archbishop Turpin for his purpose citing,  
Which made his book divine, still more inviting  
A testimony stamping to the view,  
*Of readers all ; each feat detailed as true.*  
Feeling alarms at the impending ill,  
Charles on the route to Orleans journey'd still,  
By courtier troop environ'd, glittering bright,

Their robes and arms all costly to the sight ;  
And Dunois' asking counsel that might strike him,  
As are accustomed, always princes like him  
When rendered tractable by adverse fate,  
But bless'd by fortune, wayward, obstinate.  
Charles thought his Agnes trotted in the rear  
With Bonifoux, well pleased with thought so dear,  
His glance full oft the royal lover turn'd,  
He stopped to see if Agnes was discern'd ;  
And when Dunois preparing Charles for fame,  
Of Orleans spoke ;—he sigh'd out Agnes name.<sup>4</sup>

The bastard fortunate, whose prudent care,  
Labour'd that France felicity might share,  
A fort beheld athwart the glimmering eve,  
Which Bedford's Duke had long thought fit to leave ;  
This structure near the invested city lay :  
By Dunois ta'en, Charles there resolv'd to stay—  
When fortified anon, the fort was seen,  
Made by besieging host their magazine.  
The god who vict'ry yields 'mid crimson tides,  
And he who bloated at the feast presides,  
To stock this fort, for fame alike incline,  
The one with cannon, t'other with choice wine :  
Of war's combustion, ev'ry apparatus,  
And all the groaning table spreads to sate us,  
This little fort was able to bestow,  
What choice success, for Dunois and Bonneau.

Orleans enchanted at these tidings rare,  
To Heav'n's high king, preferr'd a solemn pray'r ;  
*Te Deum* sung by *Drone* from *Serpent Bass*,<sup>5</sup>  
Before the noble chieftains of the place,  
Next was the dinner serv'd for judge and may'r,  
The Bishops, Prebends, warriors, all were there :  
From sparkling goblets, ev'ry guest quaff'd round,  
Till senseless each lay stretch'd upon the ground ;  
Fire works on stream, whose brilliant gleams of light,  
Flashing full wide, illum'd the realms of night ;  
The people's cries, reports of cannons loud,  
With din confus'd announc'd to all the crowd,  
That Charles restor'd—by fate no longer cross'd,  
Repair'd to find what had so long been lost.

These shouts of glory and each blissful strain,  
Were follow'd by the lengthen'd yells of pain,  
As Bedford's name was heard from ev'ry breath ;  
Fly to the walls ! defend the breach ! or death !  
The Britons taking 'vantage of this chance,  
When citizens engaged with wine and dance,  
Extoll'd their prince, by songs and couplets grac'd,  
Beneath a gate two sausage forms then plac'd ;  
Not puddings, such as Bonneau had in view,  
When he produc'd them for a *new ragout*,  
But sausages of which, the fatal powder<sup>6</sup>  
Dilating, bursts with din, than thunder louder,  
Capsizes all ; confounds the air and earth,

Dire murd'rous engines of infernal birth ;  
Which in their iron entrails bear the brand,  
Kneaded by Lucifer's destructive hand ;  
By means of match, arranged with baleful art,  
The fell combustions quick as lightning part,  
Spread, mount, and to a thousand yards convey  
Bars, hinges, bolts, in splintry, torn array :  
Fierce Talbot onward rushes with full speed,  
Success, rage, glory, love, excite the deed ;  
From far emblazon'd on his arms, the eye,  
In gold, a Louvet's cypher could descry,<sup>7</sup>  
For Louvet ever was the dame that taught  
His soul to love, and swayed each mighty thought,—  
His was the wish to clasp bright beauty's pride,  
On walls demolish'd, and with carnage dy'd.

This handsome Briton, child of raging war,  
Of captain's chief, shone Albion's leading star ;  
Let's fly, my gen'rous victors, was the word,  
Dispensing ev'ry where, fire, flame and sword ;  
Let's drink the wine of Orleans' coward race,  
Their gold purloin, and all their wives embrace.  
Not Cæsar's self so eloquent of speech,<sup>8</sup>  
Such honour and audacity could preach  
To martial spirits, as this fiery strain,  
Instilling fury thro' the warlike train.

Upon that spot where flaming portal broke,  
Which mounting, spread around a thick'ning smoke,  
Of stone and turf a rampart high appear'd,  
By order of La Hire and Poton rear'd,<sup>9</sup>  
From whence projected forth a parapet,  
Thickly with rang'd artillery beset ;  
The first attack well pointed to o'erthrow,  
Of daring Bedford, the tremendous blow.

There straight La Hire and Poton took their stand,  
Of citizens behind them strove a band ;  
The cannons roar ;—the horrid order,—kill,  
With repetitions harsh the vacuum fill ;  
When from their iron jaws the thunders cease,  
Leaving incontinent the winds at peace ;  
Against the ramparts scaling ladders rose,  
Already bearing squadrons of its foes,  
With foot on step, and grasp'd in hand the glave,  
Each soldier urges on his comrade brave.

Nor Poton or La Hire in peril dire,  
That foresight had forgotton all admire,  
Each change of fate they watch'd with prudent eye,  
Prepar'd to meet each cast of fortune's die :  
There was the molten pitch ;—the boiling oil—  
Of stakes a forest to make foes recoil,  
Large cutting scythes in sharp array were seen,  
Emblems of death, destructive weapons keen ;

And musquets launching forth the storms of lead,  
Tempestuous rattling round each Briton's head.  
All that necessity combin'd with art,  
Misfortune, intrepidity, impart,  
And, fear itself, alike were marshal'd there,  
The deeds ensanguin'd of that day to share :  
How many Britons then were boil'd, pierc'd, riven,  
Dying in crowds, and ranks on ranks hard driv'n :  
Just so beneath an hundred hands we view,  
Cropt yellow ears the harvest's plain bestrew.

Still the attack's pursued with courage stern,  
With numbers falling, numbers still return ;  
Like Hydra with creative pow'rs imbu'd,  
To earth heads falling, are by heads renew'd ;  
Yet these affrighted not the son of Jove,  
And Britons thus, thro' fire and carnage drove,  
More formidable still though efforts fail,  
And brave, in mast'ring, numbers that assail.

Fierce Richemont, hope of Orleans in the fight,  
Thou didst rush onward to the ramparts height ;  
Five hundred citizens, a chosen band,  
Reeling, march forward under thy command,  
Illumin'd by the gen'rous wine's oblation,  
Its zest excelling virtuous animation :  
As daring Richemont bellow'd out amain,  
“ Your legs, good folks, your weight cannot sustain ;

“ But I’m your head, ’tis fit we come to blows :”—  
He spake, then rush’d ’mid thickest of the foes ;  
Talbot already had carv’d out a way  
Along the ramparts, urg’d by fury’s sway ;  
One direful arm hurl’d foes to death’s drear night,  
The other urg’d his phalanx to the fight,  
Crying out :—“ *Louvet*” in Stentorian vein.  
By *Louvet* heard, he thought it honour’s strain ;  
Thus *Louvet* sounded forth, from Britain’s band,  
Tho’ not a soul the cause could understand ;  
Oh ! stupid mortals, with what ease we teach,  
Your tongues those things which are beyond our reach.<sup>10</sup>

In sadness Charles within the fort was lock’d,  
Fast by another English cohort block’d ;  
The town besieg’d, unable thus to gain,  
His soul of *ennui* felt the dreadful bane ;  
“ What,” he exclaim’d, “ and must I thus stand by,  
“ Nor succour those who in my service die ;  
“ With joyous hymns, their sire’s return they hail’d,  
“ I should have enter’d—fought, perhaps prevail’d ;  
“ And sav’d them from inhuman Britain’s bands,  
“ But here sad destiny enchains my hands !”  
“ Ah ! no,” quoth Joan, “ tis fitting you be seen,  
“ Come, signalise your blows ; let vengeance keen,  
“ These Britons place ’twixt you and Orleans town ;  
“ March on, the city save, and reap renown ;  
“ Tho’ small our band, we thousands boast in you.”

“ What !” quoth the monarch, “ canst thou flatter too :”<sup>11</sup>  
“ My worth’s but small, yet soon my name shall teem,  
“ Deserving Gaul’s as well as thine esteem ;  
“ And England’s too :”—he spake, spurr’d on for fame.  
Before his person, stream’d the Oriflame ;  
Joan and Dunois both gallopp’d at his side,  
Horsemen behind, to list his orders ride,  
And ’midst a thousand cries is heard to ring,  
“ Long live St. Denis, *Montjoie*, and the King :”<sup>12</sup>  
Charles, Dunois, and of Barr the haughty *belle*,<sup>13</sup>  
Rush’d on the rear of Britain’s sons, *Pell Mell* ;  
As from those hills whose entrails vast confine,  
The reservoirs of Danube and the Rhine ;  
Or as the eagle tow’ring with vans spread,  
Fix’d piercing eye, and pointed talons dread,  
Pois’d in ’mid air on Falcon darts in turn,  
That gorg’d on necks of the expiring Hern.

’Twas then th’ audacious Briton shew’d in fight,  
Like iron on the anvil’s surface bright,  
Which tends the temper’s value to enhance ;  
And furious drove the valiant sons of France :  
Now let your eyes the British phalanx trace,  
And Gallic soldiers sons of Clodions’ race,<sup>14</sup>  
Inflam’d and fierce, insatiate each of gore,  
They flew like winds, that thro’ the vacuum pour,  
In contact join’d, immoveable they’re seen,  
Like rock amidst old ocean’s empire green;

Foot against foot, the crest oppos'd to crest,  
Hand to hand, eye to eye, and breast to breast  
Onward they rush, oaths breathing that appall,  
While rolling o'er each other, dead they fall.

O ! wherefore cannot I in sounding lays,  
Of feats heroical prolong the praise ?  
'Tis only Homer hath a right to tell  
All these adventures, and on such to dwell,  
To lengthen out, and feats anew expose,  
To calculate the several wounds and blows,  
To add to Hector's battles, still a store  
Of mighty deeds, and join to combats more.

From such dread scenes, my friend avert the gaze,  
And dare on high your anxious eyes upraise ;  
Let your whole mind, to scenes celestial soar,  
Come mount, the mansion of the gods explore,  
Of wisdom contemplate profoundest state,  
Which amidst peace, controls our mundane fate ;  
Far worthier is such spectacle for you,  
Than barbarous, bloody deeds, expos'd to view ;  
Of combats, all alike, thro' ev'ry page,<sup>16</sup>  
Whose long details, must weary out the sage.

END OF CANTO FIFTEEN.

## NOTES TO CANTO XV.

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<sup>1</sup> We have remarked upon a former occasion, that the Abbe Trilemus never produced any work respecting the Pucelle, or the beautiful Agnes Sorel; it is therefore, pure modesty alone which prompted the author of this superlative poem to announce his labours as the productions of the pen of another.

<sup>2</sup> This appeal to veracity confers honour upon our poet, however useless the attempt to correct the failings of biographers, in whom candour is an ingredient so rarely found, that it seems probable that class of writers are of Sheridan's opinion, when he states

" Truth they say lies in a well,  
" I could ne'er the maxim see;  
" Let the water drinkers tell,  
" There it always lays for me."

<sup>3</sup> *Archbishop Turpin*, to whom the lives of *Charlemagne* and of *Roland le Furieux* are attributed, was archbishop of Rheims about the end of the eighth century; whereas the work in question, was written by one *Turpin*, a monk, who flourished in the eleventh century, and it is from that romance, that the celebrated *Ariosto* has extracted some of his tales: in consequence of this, our wise author in like manner pretends, that he is indebted to the labours of the *Abbe Trilemus*, for the present flight of his muse.

<sup>4</sup> "*Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.*" OVID.

<sup>5</sup> The *Te Deum* above mentioned, was sung to the accompaniment of the *Faux Bourdon* of the French, or the *Tasto Solo* of the Italians. The instru-

ment used upon this occasion, was the serpent, from whence was given the note, and in which all the congregation joined with as much unison of sound as the company was capable of expressing; a most refined species of musical harmony for all such persons as were not gifted by nature, with the delightful sense of *hearing*.

In the *Recueil Historique sur Jeanne D'Arc*, by M. Chaussard, vol. 1st, page 20, we find that *Jeanne était attendue avec impatience dans cette ville; les habitans réduits à la dernière extrémité, étaient instruits qu'il avait passé à Gien, une fille qui se disait envoyée de Dieu, pour les délivrer. L'effet que cette nouvelle avait produit fut si grand, que le Comte de Dunois, qu'on appelait alors le batard d'Orleans, et qui commandait dans la ville, avait envoyé à Charles sept, le Sieur de Villers, Sénéchal de Beaucaire, et le Sieur de Tollay devenu depuis Bailli de Vermandois, pour s'informer de la vérité de cette singulière nouvelle. Ils avaient rapporté à leur retour, et dit aux habitans, qu'ils avaient vu cette fille auprès du Roi, et qu'elle allait venir avec des secours.*

\* The *saucesse* used in war, is a small bag of pitched cloth two inches in diameter, filled with the best gunpowder, to which is attached a slow fusee; and is used in the blowing up of a mine, being constructed to go into its very chamber; it is also requisite to place two *saucesses* to each furnace, in order to render the explosion certain of success. Our poet, however, has been guilty of a trifling error in giving existence to the *saucesse* in the fifteenth century, as its invention is due to the monks in 1579, when it proved of the greatest utility in taking the city of Cahors, which fact, D'Aubigné particularly testifies in his history.

† It was uniformly the custom with lovers in chivalric ages, to bear the colours and cyphers of their mistresses, which were constructed of precious stones or engraven upon plates of gold, in order to be affixed in a conspicuous point of view, viz. in front of their helmets, upon the upper joints of their right arms, or fancifully tied with fringed ribbands round the centre of their lances; these cyphers sometimes consisted of enigmas or mysterious sentences, according to the fancy of the knight who was the wearer.

\* There is no necessity for us to refer so far back as the period of *Cæsar*, since we can prove that our valiant Talbot has not only had imitators, but individuals who have surpassed him in issuing orders for the sackage of a city. By referring to *Voltaire's* questions, *sur l'Encyclopedie*, under the title *anecdote*, will be found what follows.

Le *Maréchal de Luxembourg*, in 1672, thus harangued his troops:—

" *Allez mes enfans, pilliez, volez, violez ; et s'il y'a quelque chose d'abominable ne manquez pas de la faire, afin que je voye que je ne suis pas trompé en vous choisissant comme les plus braves des hommes.*"

" Away my boys, plunder, rob, murder, ravish ; and if there is any other deed still more horrible, do not fail to accomplish it, and thus prove to me that I have not been deceived, in selecting you as the most brave of men."

<sup>9</sup> *Poton de Saintrailles*, and *La Hire*, two dauntless knights, were the firm supporters of the cause of Charles the Seventh, and greatly instrumental in maintaining the possession of Orleans for that monarch by their intrepidity and skill in warlike tactics.

<sup>10</sup> This is a well directed sarcasm against society in general, since we find every class of individuals freely descanting upon topics not only unintelligible, but which providence never intended should be cognizable to human penetration. The *deliramenta doctrinæ* of big wigs, are the scare crows of common sense, which have been attended with the most baleful consequences to society, as the page of history too fatally demonstrates, from the remotest records of antiquity.

<sup>11</sup> Courtiers and flatterers strongly resemble a species of vermin which immediately quit the bodies of defunct persons, being no longer able to draw nutrition from the blood that supported them.

" Dire a son Roi, qu'un arrêt du ciel même,  
 " De tous nos biens le rend maître suprême ;  
 " C'est le discours d'un flatteur soudoyé,  
 " Qui se dedit quand il est renvoyé."

<sup>12</sup> *Mont-joie Saint Denis* was the ancient war-cry of the Kings of France ; some historians derive its etymology from *moult joie*, *great joy*, or *mon-joie* instead of saying *ma-joie* : in short, much research has been made into the origin of this expression. *Raoul de Presle*, who lived in the time of Charles the Sixth, from what is reported by *Pasquier*, states that *Clovis*, fighting in the Valley of *Conflans-Sainte Honorine*, the battle terminated on the summit of the mountain, where stood a tower called *Mont-Joie* ; but *Robert Cenal*, Bishop of Avranches, states that *Clovis*, finding himself at the battle of *Tolbiac*, a short time prior to his embracing Christianity, invoked *Saint Denis*, under the name of *Jupiter*, saying, *Saint Denis mon Jove*, which in lapse of time was pronounced *Mont-joie*. The cry of the Dukes of *Burgundy* was *Mont Joie Saint Andre*, because the Cross of *Saint Andrew* was figured upon

their banners. The Dukes of Bourbon used *Mont-joie Notre Dame*, and the Kings of England, *Mont-Joie, Notre Dame, Saint George*, as appears from the researches of Father Menestrier.

<sup>13</sup> *Bar*, or *Barrois*, a considerable territory of France, situated on either bank of the river Meuse, between Lorraine and Champagne, being the country that gave birth to the Pucelle of Orleans.

<sup>14</sup> *Clodion*, surnamed *le Chevelu*, or *long-haired*, because he ordained that kings and princes of the blood royal should wear long hair, succeeded his father *Pharamond* in 428, as King of the Franks. He made great efforts to establish himself in Gaul, taking the cities of Cambray, Tournay, Valenciennes, and other neighbouring fortresses, and ultimately rendered himself master of Lartois, extending his conquests to the Somme, by reducing the city of Amiens, which became his Royal residence.

<sup>15</sup> In criticising the divine productions of Homer's Muse, it has been very justly remarked, that the frequent repetition of battles therein detailed, fatigues the mind; and, from the sameness of incidents thus related, blunts the spur of curiosity; to which circumstance Voltaire no doubt alludes in the conclusive lines of this Canto.

## CANTO XVI.

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### ARGUMENT.

HOW ST. PETER APPEASED ST. GEORGE AND ST. DENIS, PROMISING A NOBLE RECOMPENSE TO HIM WHO SHOULD PRODUCE THE BEST ODE—DEATH OF THE LOVELY ROSAMORE.

---

CELESTIAL Pallas ! open to my lay,  
Bright spirits who six pennons wide display !<sup>1</sup>  
Ye feather'd gods ! whose tutelary hands,  
People and kings, encircle in Fate's bands ;  
Ye ! who expanding wide your wings conceal,  
The blaze eternal farthest Heavens reveal ;  
Deign for a little time apart to stand,  
Let me behold as war thus wields the brand,  
What's done in sanctuary's depth of Heav'n,  
And be my curiosity forgiven.

'Twas Tritemus the Abbe breath'd his pray'r ;<sup>2</sup>  
Not me, my eye accustomed all to dare,

Cannot the depth of court supremest see,  
I shall not have so much temerity.

St. George and Denis, our apostle kind,  
Were both in heav'n's etherial realms confin'd ;  
All they beheld, yet neither could extend  
His hand those earthly combats to befriend ;  
They both caball'd, to this all folks resort,  
And such the practice ever is at Court :  
Denis and George in turn their anger wreaking,  
To Mister Peter in th' empyreum speaking.

This porter fam'd, whose vicar is the Pope,  
Closes in net, of all our fates, the hope :  
His double keys rule life and death below,  
To whom thus Peter said : " ye doubtless know  
" The dire affront, my friends, I had to bear,  
" When Malchus from my hand receiv'd his ear :<sup>3</sup>  
" Right well I call'd to mind my master's word,  
" He bade me in the scabbard sheath my sword ;  
" Depriv'd was I of combat's brilliant right,  
" A mode far different now I will indite,  
" To terminate at once your great alarms,  
" And save ye from the shock of hostile arms."

" You, Denis, from yon' district, forth shall draw,  
" The greatest saints that ever Gallia saw ;  
" You, Mister George, repair with equal speed,

- “ And cull those saints that sprang from Albion’s seed :  
“ Let either troop incontinent compose,  
“ An Hymn in verse, but not an Ode in prose ;  
“ Houdart judg’d wrong, amid such heav’nly heights,<sup>4</sup>  
“ ’Tis meet in speaking to use god-like flights ;  
“ Let each, I say, indite Pindaric ode,  
“ And poets make my virtues rare, their code ;  
“ My rights, my attributes, my primacy,  
“ To music set the whole immediately ;  
“ The race terrestrial always needs much time,  
“ Dull couplets to produce in so-so rhyme :  
“ We scribble faster in bright glory’s plain,  
“ Go, I repeat, let each essay his vein,  
“ And he whose flights ensure the victor’s pride,  
“ The fate of combatants shall thus decide.”

Thus from the heights of his ethereal throne,  
To rivals spoke th’ infallible Barjone ;<sup>5</sup>  
The whole was utter’d in two words at most,  
A style laconic suits the heav’nly host ;  
The rival saints, in twinkling of an eye,  
That they might terminate their quarrels high,  
Sped to assemble each the saints that bore,  
While on earth’s soil, of wit an ample store.

The patron saint in Paris’ walls ador’d,  
Invited to his round and ample board.

Saint *Fortunatus* little known on earth,  
Reported to have given the *Pange* birth,<sup>6</sup>  
And *Prosper's* saint of *epithets* the bard,<sup>7</sup>  
Tho' somewhat Jansenist as well as hard ;  
On list the name of *Gregory* was read,<sup>8</sup>  
Grand saint, who of the see of Tours was head ;  
Dear to the soil where *Bonneau* felt life's vigour,  
And *Bernard* fam'd for *Antithesis* figure,<sup>9</sup>  
Who had no rival in his famous time,  
With other saints to form the council prime ;  
For well thou know'st my friend in times like these,  
Those who advice ne'er ask, but rarely please.<sup>10</sup>

George hearing of St. Denis all this din,  
Disdainful eye'd him, with sarcastic grin,  
Amidst enclosure saintly ; then espied,  
The noted preacher, *Austin*, Albion's pride,<sup>11</sup>  
And in a style perhaps a little quaint,  
Thus his advice deliver'd to the saint :

“ *Austin*, my hearty blade, I'm form'd for arms,  
“ And not for verse, which has for me no charms ;  
“ I well know how my fateful glave to wield,  
“ Sever a trunk, break heads and limbs i' th' field,  
“ You versify ;—come ; set to work and rhyme,  
“ Support our country's fame in lays sublime,  
“ One Briton on the plain of deadly thrall,

“ With ease can triumph o’er these sons of Gaul :  
“ Oft have we seen upon the Norman plain,  
“ In Guienne, Picardy, and Higher Maine,<sup>12</sup>  
“ Those pretty gentlemen with ease laid low,  
“ If in the fight we stronger arms can shew ;  
“ Trust me where hymn and ode, or aught ’s requir’d,  
“ Where rhyme and thinking are the points desir’d,  
“ That we have brains as good as their’s for jingle,  
“ Work Austin, and with verse make ears all tingle,  
“ London shall prove the empire, and excel  
“ In those two arts, acting and speaking well :  
“ Denis, of rhymesters will collect an host,  
“ Who in the mass but little genius boast ;  
“ Toil thou alone, old authors thou canst weigh,—  
“ Courage, proceed, sound from thy harp the lay ;  
“ The sacred strain shall Albion’s name adorn,  
“ And laugh his dull academy to scorn.”

Austin, to whom the labour was consign’d,  
Thanked him, as author bless’d by patron kind :  
Himself and Denis in a snug abode,  
Squatted themselves and each compos’d his ode ;  
When all was done, the blazing Seraphim,  
The bloated chubby heads of Cherubim,  
Near Barjone in two ranks were perched aloft,  
Angels beneath, nestling in ether soft,  
While all the saints, for judgment grand adepts,  
With care arranged themselves upon the steps.

Austin began the wonders to impart,  
Which made obdurate the Egyptian's heart ;  
Moses and imitators in profusion,  
Who were his equals in divine illusion ;  
The streams of Nile, so fruitful fount of yore,  
Laving with horrid tide of blood, the shore ;  
The reptiles pois'nous from black mud engender'd,  
Transform'd to rod—the rod to serpent 's render'd ;  
Day chang'd to night ; cities and desarts wild,  
By swarms of gnats and vermin foul, defil'd ;  
Mange in the bones ; thunders in airy space,  
And all the first born of a rebel race  
Butcher'd by heav'n's avenging Angel dire ;  
Egypt in mourning, Jews for faith on fire,  
From patrons all the silver vessels bearing,<sup>13</sup>  
And for the theft, celestial blessings sharing ;  
For forty summers erring to and fro ;  
For calf, some twenty thousand Jews laid low ;<sup>14</sup>  
And twenty thousand more to graves consign'd,  
Because the females in their loves were kind :<sup>15</sup>  
Then came the Hebrew's Ravillac, Aod,<sup>16</sup>  
Murdering his master in the name of God ;  
And Samuel, who seiz'd the kitchen knife<sup>17</sup>  
With holy hand from altar, and of life  
Agag bereft, whom he anatomiz'd,  
Because this Agag was uncircumcis'd ;  
Of Bethulie was prais'd the saviour fair,<sup>18</sup>  
Pure folly acting with her charms so rare ;

Baasha the good, who Nadab massacred ;<sup>19</sup>  
 Achab to death consign'd for impious deed,<sup>20</sup>  
 Not having outright slaughter'd Benhadad ;  
 King Joash who was bruis'd by Josabad,  
 In whom the son of Atrabad was seen ;  
 And famous Athalia, Israel's Queen,<sup>21</sup>  
 Sent prematurely to resign her breath,  
 So wickedly by Joash doom'd to death.

Dull was the Litany and somewhat long,  
 While interspers'd these brilliant traits among,  
 Were mighty deeds detail'd in sounding lays,  
 Those acts so cherish'd in remotest days ;  
 When Sol dissolv'd and back the ocean ran,  
 Transform'd to powder was the moon so wan :  
 The globe for ever changeful was on fire,  
 Heav'n's chief a hundred times awoke in ire :—  
 Ruins and tombs were seen, and seas of blood ;  
 Yet still beside the silv'ry current's flood,  
 Milk flow'd beneath the olive's verdant shade :  
 Like ram was seen to skip the hill and glade,<sup>22</sup>  
 While as the mountains, rams kept jumping too :  
 Austin sang praises, to high heav'n the due,  
 Which threaten'd loud the conquerer of Chaldee,<sup>23</sup>  
 And left the Jewish race in slavery,  
 But always broke the teeth of lions dread,  
 And crush'd the loathsome rampant serpent's head :  
 The fertile currents of the Nile address'd,  
 Leviathan and Basilisk suppress'd.<sup>24</sup> <sup>25</sup>

Austin was silent, his Pindaric strain,  
Call'd forth amid the bright empyreal train,  
A doubtful murmur, :—sounds made to infuse  
Ill favour'd thoughts on his Odaic muse :  
Denis arose, low bent his eyes serene,  
Which straightway rear'd, display'd his modest mien ;  
Before his auditors then bending low,  
As if surpris'd at their celestial glow ;  
Thus seem'd he to address the sacred host,  
Encourage that one who admires you most ;  
Thrice with humility he lowly bent,  
To counsellors and leading president ;  
Then chaunted with a tender voice and clear,  
The hymn expert, which ye anon shall hear.

“ O ! Peter, thou on whom Heav'n deign'd to raise  
“ Its church immortal pr'ythee list my praise ;  
“ Pastor on high, of flocks the faithful friend,  
“ Master of kings, before whose feet they bend,  
“ Doctor Divine, Priest, Saintly Father just,  
“ Of all our christian kings, support august,  
“ To them extend thy fost'ring grace benign,  
“ Pure are their rights, and all those rights are thine.  
“ At Rome, the Pope ranks chief of scepter'd men,  
“ None doubt it, and if his lieutenant then,  
“ Bestows on whom he lists this present small,  
“ 'Tis in thy name for thou dispensest all ;  
“ Alas ! our men of parliament debas'd,

“ Have banish’d Charles, and impudently plac’d  
“ A foreign stock upon the throne of France,  
“ Taking from son the sire’s inheritance :<sup>96</sup>  
“ Porter divine, thy benefits oppose,  
“ To this audacity, to ten years woes,  
“ In thy benignity our sufferings ease,  
“ And of the *Palace Court* restore the keys.”

Such was the prelude of St. Denis’ strain ;  
He paus’d awhile, then read with studious pain  
From optics corner, glance in Cephas’ eyes,<sup>97</sup>  
Feigning embarrassment in bosom rise :  
Cephas content, upon his front display’d,  
Internal proof how self-love was obey’d ;  
And to clear up at once the wits confounded,  
Of skilful singer from his lips resounded  
In phrase his own ; all tremor to dispel,  
“ Continue Denis ; ev’ry thing goes well.”

With prudence Denis once more struck the lyre :  
“ Mine adversary may have charm’d the choir,  
“ The arm of vengeance hath he loudly prais’d ;  
“ Whereas my sounding plaudit shall be rais’d,  
“ To honour clemency’s bright power with skill,  
“ Hating is good ; but loving’s better still.”

Denis more confident in voice and mind,  
Then sang in pleasing verse, the shepherd kind,

Who went in search of sheep that stray'd at large,  
And pleas'd on back supported home the charge :  
The farmer bland, whose kindness deign'd dispense,  
Still to the sluggard workmen recompense  
Who came too late, that diligent for pay,  
He might his toil renew with blush of day :  
The worthy patron who with loaves but five,  
And fishes three, could hunger's yearnings drive  
From craving multitude ; which number'd o'er,  
Produc'd to full five thousand ample store.  
Prophet more gentle than austere, whose reign  
Yielded her comfort, in adult'ry ta'en ;  
Whose feet to Magdalen were not denied,  
But by the sinner, bath'd with tears and dried :  
By Magdalen is Agnes' form design'd,<sup>28</sup>  
Denis advantage took of verse refin'd ;  
He well succeeded, and the host above,  
The trait confessing, pardon'd guilty love.  
Hail'd was of Denis the odaic treasure,  
The prize it gain'd, and praises without measure,  
Of England's saint was foiled the boldness dread ;  
Austin blush'd deep, and skulking, forthwith fled ;  
Each laugh'd,—thro' paradise aloud they bawl'd :  
E'en so in Paris, hootings once appall'd,  
A pedant dull, just like 'Thersites old,  
Informer vile, an hypocrite most bold,  
Whose recompense was hatred and disdain,  
As in style vulgar, he dared waft a strain ;

Attempting thus, our useful arts to smother,  
And hurl his condemnations on each brother.

Peter of Agnus's gave Denis two,  
He kiss'd them rev'rently, and straight to view,  
Subscrib'd by twelve elect was seen decree,  
That Albion's host upon that day should flee  
'Fore Gallia's bands, to glory's conquest led  
By sov'reign Charles in person, at their head.

Incontinent the Amazon of Bar,  
Beheld in air athwart dense cloud afar,  
The form and likeness of her donkey grey,  
As oft a cloud imbu'd by sunny ray  
Receives impression, and reflects the hue.  
" This day," she cried, " is glorious to my view,  
" All , all is ours ;—my ass in Heav'n I see,"  
Bedford astounded at this prodigy,  
Halted, and felt invincible no more,  
In Heav'n he conn'd, all petrified the lore ;  
That by St. George he was abandon'd quite :  
The Briton thinking he beheld outright  
An host, rush'd sudden from the town alarm'd,  
Its populace by Heav'nly impulse charm'd,  
Viewing them urg'd to flight by terror's spell,  
Forth rushing straight, pursued them all, *Pell-Mell* ;  
Charles at a distance amidst slaughter strove,  
And to the very camp a passage drove ;

Besieg'd in turn, besiegers now appear ;  
Assailed and slaughter'd in the front and rear,  
In heaps on borders of their trenches laying,  
Arms, dead and dying wedg'd, fell fate obeying.

'Twas even there, upon that fateful plain,  
Thou cam'st to give thy dauntless valour rein,  
Bold Christopher, by surname Arundel,  
Thy cold indiff'rence—visage hard and fell,  
Tended thy lofty valour to enhance,  
From 'neath that warlike brow the silent glance  
Examin'd shrewdly how they fought in Gaul,  
From his important look it seem'd to all,  
He loiter'd there Time's heavy hours to kill,  
His Rosamore attach'd, and faithful still  
Like him was cas'd in steely war's attire :  
'Tis thus some page we view, or faithful 'squire,  
His cuirass polish'd steel, helm gold and burnish'd,  
With plumage of the peacock gayly furnish'd,  
Floating o'er crest obedient to the gale ;  
For since the day, her hand had dar'd assail,  
And sever'd head from trunk of Martinguerre,  
Her chief delight had been war's deeds to dare ;  
It seem'd that Pallas so renown'd for charms,  
Had left the needle for bright feats of arms ;  
Or Bradamant, or even Joan the *belle* ;<sup>29</sup>  
Oft she address'd the friend she lov'd so well,  
Retailing sentiments sublimely grand,

When lo ! some friend, fell foe of Cupid's band,  
For their mishaps tow'rd Arundel, decreed,  
That young La Hire and Poton should proceed,  
And Richemont of no pitying thrill the slave.  
Poton beholding mien so fierce and grave  
Of Albion's son, felt an indignant glow,  
And tow'rd the babbler poisoning lance's blow,  
Enter'd his flank, and pierc'd the back clean through,  
Of blood too cold, ran streams of purple hue :  
He fell—he died—the shiver'd lance still seen,  
Plung'd in his corpse, and rolling on the green.

At this dread sight, this moment of distress,  
No eye saw Rosamore her lover press,  
Nor tear her flaxen locks, nor rend the skies,  
With keen affliction's agonizing cries ;  
Nor rail infuriate 'gainst high Heav'n's decree,  
Not e'en a sigh.—“ *Vengeance*,” she cried, “ for me !”  
When, at the moment Poton from the glade,  
Forward inclin'd to grasp his batter'd blade,  
Her naked arm, that arm of power so dread,  
Which with one stroke, had sever'd when in bed,  
The sponce from hoary chief of robber's band,  
Clean cut off Poton's all redoubted hand ;  
That dexter fist, for her so fraught with sin,  
Those nerves all hidden 'neath the fingers' skin,  
In motion for the last time met the sight ;  
Since which brave Poton, never more could write.<sup>30</sup>

Handsome La Hire, who beam'd with valour's glow,  
Now dealt at Poton's conqueror a blow—  
A mortal thrust, transpiercing through the heart;  
Falling, the straps of the gold helmet part,  
Discov'ring neck of rose and lily's hue,  
Nor was there aught conceal'd her front from view;  
Her ample tresses streaming o'er her breast,  
Her large blue eyes, clos'd in eternal rest,  
Each trait presenting lovely female face,  
A form for pleasure fram'd, replete with grace;  
La Hire thus gazing, breathes full many a sigh,  
And weeping, wafts this lamentable cry :  
“ Just Heav'n, as vile assassin I appear,  
“ A *black huzzar*, and not a cavalier :<sup>31</sup>  
“ My heart and sword foul infamy display,  
“ Is it permitted thus the fair to slay ?”  
But Richemont, always ranking wicked wit,  
Ever obdurate, cried :—“ La Hire, this fit,  
“ This fell remorse, has o'er thee too much weight,  
“ She's English, and the evil is not great ;  
“ Besides, my gallant friend, she cannot boast,  
“ A maiden's name, like Joan of Gallia's host.”

While thus indulging in such speech profane,  
From Arrow's barbed point he felt the pain,  
Wounded he turn'd, still more provok'd and dread,  
His thrusts both right and left encreas'd the dead :  
Foes rushing torrent like, surround his form,

Himself, La Hire, and nobles brave the storm,  
With soldiers, citizens, all strive their best,  
They kill, they fall, pursue, retire, hard press'd,  
Of bleeding trunks a mount the sod displays,  
And Britons of their dying, ramparts made.

In this all sanguinary, dreadful fray,  
To Dunois thus, the King was heard to say :  
“ Tell me, in grace, dear bastard; tell me where,  
“ From hence is gone the ever blooming fair ?”  
“ Who ?” enquired Dunois.—“ When the good king  
said,  
“ Dost thou not know then, whither she is fled ?  
“ But who ?”——“ Alas ! she vanish'd from my sight,  
“ Ere we were led by lucky chance last night  
“ To that same fort, where Bedford's stores are center'd,  
“ And into which, we all, without her—enter'd.”  
“ Ne'er fear,” quoth Joan :—“ restor'd she soon shall  
be.”  
“ Heav'n grant,” quoth Charles, “ that she rest true to  
me,  
“ For me preserve her :” thus soft phrases citing,  
Onward they kept advancing still, and fighting.  
At length our hemisphere in night's dun tomb,  
Shew'd cloudy mantle of portentous gloom ;  
And ended the career, so wond'rous new,  
Of grand exploits which good Charles meant to do.

While thus escaping from the conflict dread,  
The anxious monarch, sudden heard it said,  
That tender damsels had pac'd o'er the glade,  
Their course directing to a forest's shade ;  
Amidst the rest, a form divinely fair,  
With full eye beaming, and of youthful air ;  
The smile most tender, skin like satin soft,  
Whom sermoniz'd, a benedictine oft,  
Squires gaily deck'd, with looks around fierce glancing,  
Bold cavaliers upon their palfreys prancing,  
All cas'd in steel, and gold and ribbons gay,  
Such the fair riders tended on their way :  
The errant troop had bent its course, I ween  
For palace, which till then, no eye had seen  
In this sequester'd spot :—Its ample height,  
Showing fantastic structure to the sight.

The King surpris'd, such wonders rare to see,  
Cried, " Bonneau, those who love, will follow me ;  
" To-morrow with the dawn will I repair,  
" To view the object of love's constant care,  
" My Agnes ; or in death life's glow ensteep."  
He rested little in the arms of sleep,  
And when *phosphoric beam* illum'd the grey,<sup>32</sup>  
Announcing rosy harbinger of day,  
While yet in Heav'n, unharness'd were the steeds  
That wheel bright Phœbus on to blazing deeds,

The monarch, Dunois, Joan, and eke Bonneau,  
Their saddles vaulted with a joyous glow,  
In search of this, all sumptuous palace led :  
“ My fair to view grand object is”—Charles said :  
“ Soon may we join again the British host,  
“ Her to rejoin, is now what presses most.”

END OF CANTO SIXTEEN.



## NOTES TO CANTO XVI.

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<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the *Seraphim* who ranks first in the hierarchy or nine orders of Angels.

<sup>2</sup> I must candidly confess never to have read this while consulting the literary labours of *Tritemus*; but it is more than probable, that all the erudite productions of that great man have not yet come under my observation.

<sup>3</sup> *Malchus*, the servant of the High Priest, who accompanied the soldiers to seize Christ after he had been betrayed by Judas; in Saint Matthew, chap. 26, ver. 52, are these words, addressed by the Lord to Peter, after he had smitten off the ear of *Malchus*:—"Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."—Saint Peter, in the above lines, advises the English with much becoming piety, not to delight in warfare.

<sup>4</sup> *La Motte Houdart*, a poet, whose productions were rather dry, notwithstanding which he composed some passable pieces, till he had the misfortune, in 1730, to produce several Odes in prose; which affords another incontestible proof that this divine poem was written about the same period.

<sup>5</sup> *Barjona*, or Saint Peter.

<sup>6</sup> *Fortunatus*, Bishop of Poitiers, a poet, was not, however, the author of the *Pange Lingua*, which is attributed to him.—The *Pange Lingua* is a

hymn chanted in the Catholic churches, and during processions, when the Saint Sacrament is exposed to the public.

<sup>7</sup> *Saint Prosper*, a famous doctor of the Church, who flourished in the fifth century; he produced among other works, a very dry uninteresting poem upon the subject of Gratuitous and Divine Grace.

<sup>8</sup> *George Florence Gregory*, commonly known by the appellation of *Gregory of Tours*, a renowned Romish Saint, was born in Auvergne, A. D. 544. In 573 he was chosen Bishop of Tours, and in 578 distinguished himself in a Council which was convened at Paris; it was this same reputed Saint who is said to have converted *King Chilperic* from Pelagianism, and to whom we are indebted for an history of the Franks, in ten books, abounding throughout with accounts of the most extraordinary miracles, as well as several other works.—*Gregory* died A. D. 595.

<sup>9</sup> *Saint Bernard*, a Burgundinn, was born in 1091; he became a Monk of the Order of Citeaux, and afterwards Abbot of the Monastery of Clairvaux. *Bernard* occupied himself in all the public affairs of his time by acting as well as writing; but it does not appear that he was author of many poetical efforts. With respect to the *Antithesis* for which he is noticed by our author, it is certainly true, that he was a great admirer of that rhetorical flourish; for instance, when speaking of *Abelard*, he says, *Leonem invasimus, incidimus in draconem*. The mother of our Saint being pregnant of him, dreamed that she was brought to bed of a white dog; in consequence of which it was predicted that her son would be a monk, and *bark* against the vanity of all mundane pursuits.

<sup>10</sup> It was formerly the vogue in France for authors, and more particularly poets, to peruse their productions in manuscript to certain literary societies, in order that they might profit by the criticisms which should be passed prior to their labours being committed to the press; wherefore, to hazard a work without subjecting it to such ordeal, was deemed the height of presumption, and scarcely ever failed to subject an author to the most virulent attacks, even supposing the sterling merit of his work bade defiance to legitimate censure.

<sup>11</sup> *Saint Augustin*, or *Austin*, was a Roman monk, and dispatched by *Pope Gregory the First*, with forty others of the fraternity, to convert the inhabitants of Britain, in 596. On landing in the Isle of Thanet, he made known his mission to *King Ethelbert*, who assigned *Canterbury* for the residence of *Augustin* and his associates, with free permission for the exercise

of their functions, the good Monarch himself embracing Christianity, without ever attempting by force to convert his subjects to his own opinions. Augustin became the first Archbishop of Canterbury, where he died in 694, after which he was canonized.

<sup>12</sup> Alluding to the famous battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt.

<sup>13</sup> In the twelfth chapter of Exodus, verses 35 and 36, we find it stated, that the Jews "*borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment. And the Lord gave the people favour in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they lent unto them such things as they required; And they spoiled the Egyptians.*"—Thou shalt not steal!!

<sup>14</sup> We find in the Book of Exodus, that Moses, upon his return from the Mount, with the Tables of the Commandments, finding that the people had constructed and were worshipping the Golden Calf, testified his dissatisfaction to Aaron for having permitted this disorder during his absence; after which, taking his station at the entrance of the camp, he cried with a loud voice, Let those approach me who love the Lord; upon which the Tribe of Levi assembled round Moses, who commanded them to take their swords and traverse the camp, killing all they should meet, without sparing either son, brother, kinsman, or friend; which order they obeyed with a most *praise-worthy zeal*, thus slaughtering to the number of *twenty-three thousand souls*.

<sup>15</sup> *Phineas*, the son of *Eleazar* and grandson of *Aaron*, was the third High Priest of the Jews. *Zambri*, or *Zamri*, a prince of the tribe of *Simeon*, having taken to his tent a Midianitish woman, *Phineas*, indignant at the act, followed and slew them both; after which were also massacred *twenty-four thousand* of his fellow-creatures for this most sacrilegious act.

<sup>16</sup> *Aod* was the son of *Jera*, of the tribe of Benjamin, concerning whom Scripture hands down to us this useful and very instructive information: viz. that he used the left hand equally well with the right: now *Eglon*, King of the Moabites, having oppressed the tribes of Israel during the lapse of eighteen years, they were at length presented with a deliverer in the person of *Aod*, who, having provided himself with a weapon constructed in a particular manner, in order to render the blow more certain, repaired thus armed to the Court of *Eglon*, bearing presents for that monarch, which he laid before him, and then stated that he had a secret communication to impart to his Majesty from the God of the Israelites; upon which, being left alone with *Eglon*, he stabbed him with such force, that the very handle of the instrument pene-

trated into his bowels so deep as to protrude from the wound with his excrements.

<sup>17</sup> *Samuel*, the prophet of the tribe of Levi, consecrated Saul King of Israel, but upon the latter sparing the life of *Agag*, King of the Amalekites, "*Samuel hewed Agag into pieces, before the Lord in Gilgal.*"

<sup>18</sup> Concerning *Judith* of Bethulle, whose history is so well known, we have spoken upon a former occasion.

<sup>19</sup> In the first book of Kings, chapter xv. we find that *Baasha*, the son of *Ahijah*, conspired against *Nadab*, son of Jeroboam King of Israel, and smote him at Gibberthon which belonged to the Philistines, after which he destroyed all his family, and took possession of the kingdom.

<sup>20</sup> *Achab* had received a great ransom from *Benhadad* King of Syria, in the same manner as Saul had from the hands of *Agag*, notwithstanding which, he was assassinated for having granted him his pardon. In like manner *Benhadad* being vanquished, dispatched deputies to *Achab*, in order that his life might be spared. "*If he still exists,*" replied Achab to his messengers, "*he is no other than my brother ;*" this reply however, which taken in a humane point of view is simple, touching and sublime, drew down upon *Achab* the wrath of Heaven, and above all, that of the inveterate prophets or priests.

<sup>21</sup> *Athaliah*, was the daughter of Ahab or of Omri, wife of *Jehoram*, and the mother of Ahaziah King of Juda; she counselled her son in every species of wickedness, and in order to obtain the throne after his death, murdered the whole of the royal family, except Joash, a child, who was preserved by *Jehoshaba* the daughter of *Jehoram*. After having enjoyed the supreme authority for seven years, Athaliah was put to death by order of *Jehojada* the high priest.

<sup>22</sup> In the 114th Psalm, verse 4, David states that the mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like young sheep: and again in verse 6, ye mountains that ye skipped like rams, and ye little hills like young sheep? In Psalm lxxviii. verse 16—why hop ye so ye high hills? and, by way of finale, in Psalm lx. verse 8, is to be found this beautiful metaphor—*Moah* is my wash-pot, over Edom will I cast out my shoe:—These are flights to which we moderns can never dare aspire.

<sup>23</sup> *Cyrus* was the conqueror of Babylon and Chaldaea, whose coming was announced by Isaiah.

<sup>24</sup> *Leviathan*, is another of those wonders of creation, concerning which, so much has been said and written, and is by some supposed to have been the crocodile, and by others the whale; be this however, as it may, these words of Polonius, are very applicable to the subject.

*Like an ozle—very like an ozle;—or a whale—very like a whale.*

While we are upon the topic of these stupendous works of nature, it may not be amiss to quote the *Talmud*, wherein we find an account of the feast to be given by the Jews upon the coming of the Messiah, in which it is stated, that by way of a second course, the female of the fish called the *Leviathan*, is to be served up salted, whose length is *three hundred leagues*, or *nine hundred miles*, while at the same festival is to be roasted a *behemoth* entire, whose bulk is so enormous, that it will consume in one day, all the grain and herbage produced upon a thousand mountains. The *Talmud*, consists of seven folio volumes, containing the body of the Jewish law, and more especially the ceremonial part, composed by their rabbins, and of great authority among them.

<sup>25</sup> *Basilisk*, a most renowned serpent, otherwise called *cockatrice*, said to inflict death by the glance of its eye, which power, we may suppose it to have possessed antecedent to the creation, as no optics have hitherto been able to discern it. For a further account of this wonderful animal, I shall refer my readers to our poet's *Zadig*, or the Book of Fate.

<sup>26</sup> Alluding to the convention which took place after the marriage of *Henry the Fifth* with *Catherine*, daughter of *Charles the Sixth*, whereby the Dauphin her brother, afterwards *Charles the Seventh*, then eighteen years of age, was excluded from the throne; to which Henry succeeded in right of his wife *Catherine*, to the complete annihilation of the Salique law.

<sup>27</sup> *Cephas*, was one of the seventy-two disciples of whom St. Paul speaks in his epistle to the Galatians. Some authors have imagined that *Cephas* was the surname of St. Peter, but they are distinguished by *Clement* of Alexandria, while *Hardouin* and *Marcellin Molkenburgh*, have published very learned dissertations upon the subject.

<sup>28</sup> This is doubtless an allusion to the custom of representing the mistresses of monarchs under the forms of Madonnas, Magdalens, St. Katherines, &c., which was very frequently the case during the reigns of Lewis XIV. and XV., as well as in the time of Charles II. of England.

<sup>29</sup> Bradamant is the celebrated heroine of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.

<sup>20</sup> It must be allowed, that no method can be so efficacious to prevent the power of writing, as the amputation of the *dexter* hand, unless like *Aod* in holy writ, and of whom we have recently spoken, the individual amputated, proves equally as expert with the fingers of the *left hand*.

<sup>21</sup> Alluding to the *Hussards of Death*, as they were termed, who neither gave nor received quarter.

<sup>22</sup> Upon the word *phosphore*, or *phosphorus*, the French editions have the following note. *Phosphore*, bearer of light, *avant-courier* of Aurora, who precedes the chariot of the sun. All was animated and brilliant in the ancient mythology: we cannot too much deplore in poetical flights, the loss of that grand æra of genius, abounding with beautiful fictions and allegories; how dry and sterile in comparison are we, but little removed from barbarians. It is rather difficult to appreciate the poet's exact meaning, unless by *phosphorus*, he alludes to Venus or the morning star, whose light, certainly very much resembles the pale hue of a phosphoric gleam.

The ancients gave a chariot to the sun, an appendage by no means uncommon. *Zoroaster* traversed the aerial regions in a car, and *Elijah* was transported to heaven in a flaming chariot. The four horses of the sun were white, and their names according to *Ovid*, were *Pyrois*, *Eous*, *Æthon*, and *Phlegon*, which is the same as to say, inflamed, oriental, annual, and burning; but according to other learned antiquaries, they were called *Eritheus*, *Acteon*, *Lampos*, and *Philogeus*; that is to say, the red, the luminous, the resplendent, and the terrestrial. Notwithstanding all which, I believe that these sapient personages have deceived themselves, taking the names of the four times of the day for those of the horses:—this is a most egregious blunder, which I shall explain in the ensuing *Monthly Mercury*, prior to my publishing the two dissertations in folio, which I have written upon the subject. The most ancient periodical publication in France, was *Le Mercure François*, which commenced in the year 1605, and continued until 1644. *Vittorio Stri*, entitled his history of France, *Le Mercure*; *Ségoing's* Treatise of Blazowry bore the same appellation; and there was also *Le Mercure Indien de Rosnel*, a silversmith, which treated of precious stones, pearls, and gold. To the *Mercure François*, succeeded *Le Mercure Galant*, which was replaced by that of *Mercure de France*; but in 1672, under the direction of M. de Visé, the *Mercure Galant*, was again published, which in 1710, amounted to four hundred and sixty volumes, after having passed through various hands, and frequently changing its title; the *Mercure*, in 1755, passed by brevet to *Marmontel*, but did not long continue under his auspices, being taken from him in 1760, in order to be given to *Mr. de la Place*, the author of some distinguished productions.

## CANTO XVII.

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### ARGUMENT.

HOW CHARLES THE SEVENTH, AGNES SONET, JOAN, DUNOIS, LA TRIMOUILLE, ALL BECAME FOOLS.—AND THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY REGAINED THEIR SENSES BY THE EXORCISMS OF THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER BONNIFOUX, THE KING'S CONFESSOR.

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OH ! what enchanters does this world display,  
Nothing of soft enchantresses to say,  
No more fond weaknesses my soul engage,  
Of fools, the spring time ; errors charming age.  
But, in each era, we deceivers find,  
Puissant sorcerers enchaining mind :<sup>1</sup>  
Bright glory beaming, and in purple dight,  
First wafting you 'mid Heav'n's all glowing height,  
To plunge you in th' abyss and darksome wave,  
Your draught fell bitterness, your doom the grave :  
Take heed then all, however rich and great,  
Nor ever fondle, dang'rous men of state,

And if some sweet enchantment ye would share,  
To greatest kings prefer your witching fair.

Hermaphrodix, for purpose good thought right,  
To rear this pile enclosing Agnes bright,  
To wreak his vengeance on the Gallic lasses,  
On valiant cavaliers, on saints, and asses,  
Whose modesty enforc'd by Heav'nly rites,  
Had brav'd the power of necromantic flights.

Whoso that enter'd this abode so fell,  
Could not, incontinent, his best friend tell ;  
His senses, wit, and memory all fled,  
Lethean waters, whereof quaff the dead,  
Or bad wine swallow'd by the living soul,  
Condemn him to a far less dire controul.

Beneath grand arch of portico right vast,  
With heavy modern, and antique overcast,  
Was seen a brilliant phantom to parade,  
Light footed, and whose eyes bright fire display'd,  
In gesture quick, with face now prompt—now check'd,  
The mien high rais'd, and form with tinsel deck'd ;  
Unsteady motion, ever mov'd his frame,  
This phantom bore *Imagination's* name :<sup>2</sup>  
Not that bright goddess who from Heav'nly dome,  
O'er Greece presided, and imperial Rome,  
O'er such an host of authors' glowing lays,

Dispensing wide her colours brilliant rays,  
 Her glittering diamonds, and immortal flow'rs,  
 Whose flights to fame aspir'd from brilliant pow'rs:  
 To him who blaz'd the godlike painter bold,  
 Who sang Achilles the renown'd of old,<sup>3</sup>  
 And Virgil chronicle of Dido's praise—<sup>4</sup>  
 Who warm'd alike an Ovid's am'rous Lays;<sup>5</sup>  
 But that same sprite who common sense abjures,  
 Flighty, insipid, served; who fame ensures  
 From crowds of authors, ranging at his side,  
 By him inspir'd, who serves them for a guide—  
 A *Scudery*, *Desmarets*, and *Le Moine*<sup>6 7 8</sup>  
 His gifts receiv'd; such favours too conjoin  
 To grace new op'ra, and romancing strain,  
 And long he exercis'd imperial reign  
 O'er pulpit, bar, and the theatric crew:  
 Close to this pile, *Bombast* the eye might view,<sup>9</sup>  
 A babbling monster in his arms caress'd,  
 Which the *Seraphic doctor* erst express'd,<sup>10</sup>  
 Deep, subtle, vers'd in energy's bold page,  
 Imagination's, commentating sage,  
 Creator of confusion's dire epoch,  
 Of late producing, *Marie a la Coque*;<sup>11</sup>  
 Around him, bad *bon mots* were seen to flit,<sup>12</sup>  
 With *double meanings*, of all fools the wit;  
 The *equivoque*, that aims it shaft awry,<sup>13</sup>  
 The lame *enigma* with its squinting eye;<sup>14</sup>  
 Dreams, blunders, presages, in clouds arise,

And nonsense with a host of silly lies :  
So near some mould'ring pile, with dusky coat,  
Is seen the bat, and heard the screech owl's note.  
This edifice accurs'd, howe'er it be,  
Constructed was, with such dire industry,  
That all who enter'd, were anon bereft,  
Of ev'ry ray of reason they had left.

Now scarce had Agnes with her escort pass'd,  
The Portal's threshold of this palace vast,  
Ere she of Bonnifoux Confessor grave,  
In love became, the veriest faithful slave,  
In him, the cherish'd monarch met her eyes:—  
“ Oh ! thou my hero, and my soul's dear prize,  
“ Just Heav'n my prayer accords in sending thee ;  
“ Hast thou o'er Britons gain'd the victory ?  
“ Some wound perchance thy person hath receiv'd,  
“ Be now from armour's weight by me reliev'd :”  
With tend'rest care, and with affection true,  
Anon she sought to unfrock Bonnifoux,  
And to his arms her willing frame commending,  
With eyes inflam'd, and neck towards him bending,  
A kiss requir'd, that should be given and ta'en :  
What could thy dread, fair Agnes then restrain ?  
As seeking chin from hair but lately clear'd,  
Nought couldst thou feel save tann'd and frowsy beard,  
Long prickly hairs by comb imperfect dress'd !  
Away ran confessor by dread oppress'd,

The fair forgetting who pursued amain,  
Agnes thus finding nothing but disdain,  
Her pace redoubled, breathing suppliant cries,  
As liquid gems flow'd copious from her eyes.

As each amid the vast enclosure sped,  
One signing cross, while tears another shed ;  
Loud sounds were heard and shrieks of dread alarm,  
A touching fair adorn'd with ev'ry charm,  
Appear'd affrighted, holding close embrac'd,  
The knees of knight with limbs in armour cas'd,  
Whose vile intention was with wrathful blow,  
To lay the supplicating beauty low.  
Would any credence yield that such a fact,  
Of La Trimouille could prove the savage act ;  
Who would at other times with heart elate,  
For Dorothy have brav'd death's icy state ?  
Her for the fierce Tyrconnel he mistook,  
Tho' nought resembling, or in trait or look  
That Briton fell : while she her knight then sought,  
Who thus assail'd her with fell fury fraught :  
“ Object of lasting flame, love's glowing pride,”  
His form not knowing, thus aloud she cried :  
“ Have ye not seen him, who can love impart,  
“ The knight who sways my palpitating heart,  
“ Who hither came, that he might rest with me,  
“ Trimouille so cherish'd, whither can he be ?  
“ Where is he now ? ah ! wherefore doth he fly ?”

The knight of Poitou heard this touching cry,  
Unconscious that his mistress breath'd her pain;  
He thought some ruthless Briton roar'd war's strain,  
Who rushing on him, strove his days to end,  
Thus life with sword in hand he would defend  
And tow'rd his Dorothy infuriate hied :  
“ Soon wilt thou change thy tone,” he loudly cried,  
“ Briton disdainful, arrogant, severe,  
“ Bold Islander, drunk ever with strong beer ;  
“ Well it becomes thee now, such speech to frame,  
“ And thus dare menace one of my great name,  
“ I ranking grandson of Poitou's fam'd race,  
“ Whose feats have hurried hence to Hell's black space  
“ So many valiant sons of Albion's crew,  
“ More gen'rous, bold, and noble far than you ;  
“ What ! does thine hand refuse the sword to wield,  
“ To what vile terrors does thy bosom yield ;  
“ In words the braggart—coward in the feat,  
“ Albion's Thersites—England's roebuck fleet ;<sup>15</sup>  
“ Form'd fitly with thy *Whigs* at home to cry,<sup>16</sup>  
“ Quick, draw thy broadsword, we'll our prowess try ;  
“ So then, unsheath I say, or even now,  
“ That front I'll scar as the most recreant brow ;  
“ Or if thou wilt not, that we strive together,  
“ Thy monstrous rump I'll lash with stirrup leather.”  
At this discourse in fearful wrath exprest,  
Pale, fainting, and with fear of death distress :  
“ I am no Briton,” Dorothy cried out—

“ I'm far from such.—How ! what art thou about,  
“ Wherefore am I maltreated thus by thee,  
“ Why have I rush'd into such jeopardy ?  
“ To search for Poitou's knight was my intent,  
“ An helpless female 'tis you thus torment,  
“ Who bathes your noble knee with tears full fraught :”  
Thus she bespoke him, but her words were nought,  
And La Trimouille whose folly knew no check,  
Then strove to seize the fair one by the neck ;  
The Confessor, who in his nimble speed,  
Thus sought from Agnes Sorel to be free'd,  
In running tripp'd, and fell between the pair ;  
The squire of Poitou strove to grasp his hair,  
But finding none, roll'd with him on the ground,  
The arms of Agnes straight his form surround,  
Who on him falling, utter'd shrieks of fear,  
And sobs that stay'd the course of sorrow's tear,  
While Dorothy beneath them struggling lay,  
In sad disorder, and in torn array.

Just in the middle of this novel fight,  
By Bonneau led King Charles appear'd in sight ;  
With Dunois bold, and Joan the maid of Fate,  
Who just had pass'd this castle's dreadful gate,  
With fond intent his faithful fair to view ;  
Oh ! mighty pow'r, Oh ! wonder strange and new ;  
Scarcely from Palfrey had they set foot low,  
Scarce had they pass'd beneath the portico,

When each incontinent was reft of brain :  
Of doctors furr'd in Paris, thus the train,  
With arguments replete 'neath bonnets square,  
Gravely to Antique Sorbonne all repair ;  
Resort of strife, Theology's drear cell,  
Where disputation and loud uproar dwell ;  
Whose sacred temple there they deign'd uprear,  
Which beamy reason never yet went near :  
One after t'other comes true rev'rend wight,  
Steady in mind and air to casual sight ;  
Each when at home a very sage is seen,  
Well might he pass for gentle and serene,  
A foe to quarrelling and rather mute,  
Ne'er yielding to extravagant dispute,  
Nay, even some, as long heads might be treated,  
Fools only when upon their benches seated.<sup>17</sup>

Charles owning joy and tenderness supreme,  
With humid eyes where sparkled ardour's beam,  
As throes impetuous, his warm heart inflam'd,  
In tones of langour and of love exclaim'd :  
“ My Mistress chaste—my Agnes ever dear,  
“ My paradise, sole source of blessings here,  
“ How often have I lost thy form ador'd,  
“ To my desires thou art at length restor'd,  
“ Speak now of love, thy form I clasp, I see  
“ How charming beams that heav'nly face on me ;  
“ But thou no longer show'st that slender waist,<sup>18</sup>

" Which erst by me with ease could be embrac'd,  
 " Pressing my fingers round thy cestus rare :  
 " What stomach *en bon point* !—What *Derriere* !  
 " Such of our converse tender is the test,  
 " Pregnant is Agnes, I shall soon be blest  
 " With lovely bastard, who for us will fight,  
 " I here must graft, 'mid transports of delight,  
 " This dawning fruit impregnated by me,  
 " E'en now upon its tender parent tree ;  
 " Love so ordains it, for the feat I'm wild,  
 " To rush before this sweet expected child."

To whom breath'd thus the monarch's glowing strain ?  
 To whom address'd he this pathetic vein ?  
 Who had he thus within embrace so glowing ?  
 'Twas our fat Bonneau—dusty, sweating, blowing ;  
 'Twas Bonneau ; man to earthly scenes allied,  
 Soul ne'er possess'd, so deadly stupified ;  
 Charles, by an ardent passion hotly press'd,  
 With nervous arms his courtier huge caress'd  
 Down threw him, and our Bonneau pond'rous fell,  
 Upon the troop that scatter'd lay, *pell-mell* :  
 Which feeling with the shock, his cumb'rous load,  
 What yells good Heav'n then fill'd the vast abode ;  
 The Confessor with germ of sense now grac'd,  
 His paunch so corpulent precisely plac'd,  
 Agnes above, and Dorothy below,  
 He rose—then ran as fast as he could go.

While scarcely breathing, Bonneau panting sped :  
Seiz'd by a fit Trimouille just then was led,  
To think his arms sweet Dorothy embrac'd,  
And Bonneau's steps, thus crying out, he chas'd :  
" Restore my heart, thou hangman—life restore,  
" Stop, hear my speech,"—nor words he utter'd  
more ;

But with huge sabre dealt on back rude stroke.  
Bonneau then gall'd by breast plate's pond'rous yoke,  
Resembling too the massive weight he bore,  
Emitted as from forge tremendous roar,  
Just as when batt'ring hammer loud resounds :  
Fear hast'ned of his course th' unsteady bounds.  
Joan thus beholding Bonneau at full trot,  
And the dire strokes he from assailant got ;  
Joan in her helm and armour bright array'd,  
Follow'd Trimouille and with good int'rest paid,  
All that on kingly confidant was pour'd :  
Dunois of gallant knights puissant lord,  
This dire attempt on life could never see,  
Of La Trimouille, his friend in chivalry ;  
For him it was the destiny to fight,  
He knew it ;—but the maid was to his sight,  
A Briton fierce, for blows he 'gan to burn ;  
Her then he bang'd, while she thrash'd him in turn,  
As Poitou's knight spurr'd on, with blows distress'd  
Poor Bonneau's hide, with weight of fat oppress'd.

The worthy Charles amid this din and quarrel,  
In Bonneau still recognis'd Agnes Sorel,  
For monarch this the destiny how dire,  
For lover warm'd by lover's tend'rest fire ;  
No foe his ardent bosom could affright,  
Against an army now prepar'd to fight.  
These warriors coursing Bonneau's rear amain,  
As bloody ravishers by Charles were ta'en ;  
On Dunois, straight he fell with sword in hand,  
Round wheel'd the bastard to oppose his brand,  
And on his visor dealt tremendous blow ;  
Did he Gaul's monarch in opponent know,  
Himself he would regard with horror's eye,  
Struck with remorse and shame he'd wish to die ;  
His sword alike the warrior Joan assail'd,  
Whose glave puissant to requite ne'er fail'd,  
And the bold bastard who no terrors knew,  
At once belabour'd king and mistress too,  
Now right now left his direful weapon wheels,  
And round their heads the rattling tempest peals :  
Stop, charming Dunois —stop all conquering Joan,  
What tears, what fell regrets your breasts will own,  
When ye shall learn who thus your arms assail'd,  
Who 'twas attack'd and o'er whom ye prevail'd.

The knight of Poitou in`this dread alarm,  
Let fall from time to time his doughty arm  
Assaulting beauties of the warrior maid ;

Friend Bonneau follow'd not this soldier's trade,  
His thick head than the rest less trouble felt,  
All he receiv'd but never one blow dealt,  
As running, Bonnifoux impell'd by dread,  
Maintained the van and thus the cohort led.  
The whirlwind on our fellest rage entail'd,  
All against all, assailants and assail'd,  
Beating and beaten each in skirmish vile,  
Crying and bawling travers'd the vast pile;  
In tears sweet Agnes; Dorothy fear-chill'd  
Scream'd out for help, " My throat is cut, I'm kill'd,"  
While the Confessor fraught with contrite deed,  
Still of the strange procession took the lead.

Sudden at lattice he on high descried,  
This mansion's lord, array'd in hellish pride;  
Hermaphrodix, whose glance was gay to see  
Gaul's sons tormented with barbarity.  
With laughter bursting, either side he press'd;  
At this 'fore Bonnifoux then stood confess'd  
The fatal myst'ry of this empire fell,  
Who quick pronounc'd it was the work of Hell;  
A ray of reason beam'd thro' magic foul,  
His tonsure vast, his long and ample cowl<sup>19</sup>  
Had served as cuirass to protect his brain,  
Wherefore he recollection could retain.  
How Bonneau, after mode antique and good,  
So wisely by forefathers understood,

In pouch would carry, ne'er to be in fault,<sup>20</sup>  
 Cloves, nutmeg, pepper, cinnamon and salt ;  
 Our Bonnifoux had always book of mass,  
 Who straight perceiv'd a fountain clear as glass,  
 Whither with salt he sped, and lore full fraught,  
 Resolv'd the foul fiend should by him be caught ;  
 Anon he 'gan mysterious rite so rare,<sup>21</sup>  
 And mutter'd low, the imps of sin to scare  
 With look demure ;—" *Sanctum Catholicam,*  
 "*Papam, Romam, Benedictum Aquam :*"<sup>22</sup>  
 In Bonneau's cup the holy water plac'd,  
 Thus arm'd by Heav'n he onwards cunning pac'd,  
 And ere the fiend guess'd what was to be done,  
 Sprinkled of Alix, the Hobgoblin son.<sup>23</sup>

The burning floods of Styx had less controul  
 In Pagan times o'er ev'ry damned soul :  
 His thick tann'd hide, glow'd o'er with many a spark,  
 A cloud all smoky, dense and low'ring dark  
 The lord enveloped, and his palace too,  
 Our band enc scarfing in night's darkest hue :  
 Still running, each in shades the other sought ;  
 Just then the palace faded into nought,  
 With combat ceas'd mistakes and errors too,  
 They saw aright, their friends each other knew,  
 And ev'ry brain resum'd its wonted place ;  
 Thus to each hero a short second's space,  
 Restor'd the little sense some moments lost.<sup>24</sup>

Folly alas ! or wisdom to our cost  
We find in this our poor terrestrial state,  
Are held as nothing by o'erruling fate,  
Whoso could see and not own pleasure's sway,  
As knights at feet of monk in black array,  
Bestow their blessings, chaunted litanies,  
And pardon crav'd for all their fooleries :  
O ! La Trimouille, and you, O ! Royal Lover,  
Your raptures, who can paint, what brain discover :  
These words alone were heard to rend the air—  
“ My all, my king ; my Agnes chastely fair ;  
“ 'Tis you, 'tis thou ! sweet moments, hours of bliss ! ”  
Embracing then ;—and then the tender kiss ;  
Questions by hundreds, and in haste replies ;  
Faulty their tongues in utt'ring thoughts that rise ;  
The monk aloof and with paternal glance,  
Mutter'd his prayers, and ey'd them all askance :  
The handsome bastard, and fair maiden bless'd,  
In modest terms their tenderness express'd ;  
And the companion of their loves so rare,  
Raising the head as well as voice in air,  
Discordant octave thund'ring, space was torn,  
His throat thus issuing strain from lecher's horn ;  
At this rare braying, heav'n's loud chanticler—  
All was dismay and Nature shrunk with fear  
Quite horror struck, as Joan beheld amaz'd,  
The magic bastions of this palace raz'd,  
An hundred brazen gates and tow'rs of steel :

Thus anciently to serve Hebraic Weal,  
When word was giv'n for trumpets loud to blow,  
Down instant fell the walls of Jericho,  
To powder crumbled, lo ! with the earth they lie,  
For such rare doings now, the time's gone by.

The palace then with brilliant gold enchas'd,  
Sublime in structure and by sin debas'd,  
Became an ample monastery soon ;  
Chang'd was the chapel into grand saloon ;  
The *Boudoir*, where this mighty lord of crimes,  
Wallow'd fell passion's slave, in former times  
Transform'd was to a sanctuary straight ;  
The potent order was, of ruling fate  
That hall of banquetting unchang'd should be,  
Thenceforth entitled, The Refectory,  
There are the viands bless'd, and rosy wine :  
Joan's heart aspiring tow'rd the saints benign ;  
On Orleans bent, on Rheims and Coronation  
Thus Dunois spake :—" Bless'd is each operation,  
" As well in love, as great designs 'gainst evil ;  
" All may we hope rest certain that the Devil  
" Has done his worst, nor can he now do more."  
Yet speaking thus, Joan was mistaken sore.

END OF CANTO SEVENTEENTH.



## NOTES TO CANTO XVII.

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<sup>1</sup> There can be little doubt but our poet in the above lines refers to the fascinating though insidious smiles of princes, which for a certain period buoy us up with the hope of preferment, only to render the shock of disgrace, and a precipitate downfall the more terrible. No one knew better than Voltaire how to appreciate the barometer of courtly favour, or, that when a minion is disgraced--

“ ————— He falls like Lucifer,  
“ Never to rise again.”

<sup>2</sup> The portrait of Imagination above delineated by our poet, differs from the description usually given, when the representation is ordinarily characterized under the form of a youthful nymph decorated with garlands of flowers, her sceptre being of crystal, and her crown formed of a plume of various coloured feathers. Imagination has also been portrayed under the figure of a nymph having wings to her head, while a vivid flame rises above her. In a little German poem, entitled *the Four Hours of the Day*, written by a Mr. Zacharie, is the following fanciful representation of this mental sense. “Imagination takes the feathery plume, her golden tresses, adorned with garlands floating in the breeze, while her sparkling and vivid robe glows with a thousand colours. Wandering with bewildered step, and always erring in her uncertain flight, sometimes she mounts amidst the regions of air, and sometimes precipitates herself in rocky chasms; at others, she darts athwart the roaring flood, or now transported by ecstasy roams over luminous meadows, when listening to the melody of Sirens, she seats herself at the fairies’ table; or else, having roamed through horrid deserts, she gains the mouldering pile when enveloped in crape or funereal trappings, she flits amid the tombs.”

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the Iliad of Homer.

<sup>4</sup> The *Æneid* of Virgil.

<sup>5</sup> Referring to Ovid's three books, *de Amorum*, *de Arte Amandi*, and *de Remedio Amoris*, written with superlative elegance, and abounding with the most flowery descriptions, though the doctrines therein disseminated are dangerous and consequently to be perused with caution, as they appear calculated to vitiate the heart and sap the foundations of virtue and morality.

<sup>6</sup> Magdalen de Scuderi, was born at Havre de Grace, in 1607, and became an author from necessity. At an early period of life she repaired to Paris, where every thing conspired to render her the topic of general conversation. She possessed a liveliness of wit, a countenance extremely deformed, while the quantity of romances wherewith she inundated the press, caused her to be noticed in all the literary circles, those labours being denominated by the satirical Despreaux, *La boutique de verbiage*—*The shop of verbosity*, and which for the most part presented a delineation of every thing that transpired at the court of France during that epoch. Madame Scuderi's correspondence with the leading literary characters of Europe was very extensive, and she was a member of the academy *Ricovrati* of Padua, where she received the surname of Sappho. A discourse upon the subject of *glory*, acquired her the first prize of eloquence, which was bestowed by the French Academy, and at the same time, she received pensions from Louis the Fourteenth, Christina Queen of Sweden, Cardinal Mazarine, and the Chaucellor Bouchemat. The works of this celebrated female are numerous, and she died at Paris, the 2nd of June, 1701, aged 94. In the above line, Voltaire means to attack the epic poem of Madame de Scuderi, which is entitled *Alaric*.

<sup>7</sup> Jean Des Marets de St. Sorlin, was born in 1595, and became one of the first members of the French Academy. The celebrated statesman, Cardinal Richelieu, whom he aided in the composition of his tragedies, named him Comptroller-General Extraordinary of the War Department, and Secretary General of Marine of the East Indies. He died at Paris, on the 25th of October, 1676, at the hotel of the Duke de Richelieu, in his 81st year. The works of Des Marets are numerous, and at the commencement of his literary career, his versification was easy, tender, and fascinating, but he soon changed his style, becoming sombre and melancholic; in consequence of which, the major part of his writings abound with the most ridiculous enthusiasm, and his verses are in general tame, tiresome and incorrect, while his prose effusions are interspersed with such high flown and ecstatic expressions, as render their perusal

even more fatiguing than his poetic flights. Des Marets is coupled by our author with Seuderi and Le Moine, on account of an epic poem which he produced, entitled *Clovis*, an effort of his muse in every respect deserving of the sarcasm intended to be directed against that production.

\* Peter Le Moine was a native of Chaumont in Bassigni, and born in 1602. He entered the company of the Jesuits, and is generally known by his poetical efforts collected 1672, in one volume, folio. His father was the first of the society of Jesus who signalised himself in this branch of literature; nor can it be denied, that he possessed some degree of poetic energy, and a genius at times elevated; but his imagination frequently led him astray, a fault particularly attachable to his poem, entitled *St. Louis*. He died at Paris, the 22nd of August, 1672, aged 70. The satiric Déspreaux, being consulted respecting the merits of the epic poem of *St. Louis*, which Voltaire means to attack in the above lines, remarked—" *Qu'il étoit trop fou pour qu'il en dit du bien, et trop poète pour qu'il en dit du mal;*" and a stranger in speaking of this epic, remarks—" *le St. Louis du pere le Moine, poème hyperbolique, et plein d'un feu déréglé.* To define this poet in a few words. He was a man of the college, possessing an ardent imagination without taste; and who far from checking the impetuosity of his genius, gave himself up to its ebullitions without the smallest reserve.

<sup>9</sup> Concerning *Bombast*, or the *Galimatias* of the French, we may say—*gongeries verborum indigesta, volubilitas inanis, farrago, sermonis obscuritas.*

<sup>10</sup> *Scraphic*, was a title formerly arrogated to themselves, by the learned doctors in theology, presiding at the Sorbonne, who are in consequence portrayed by our poet, as the offspring of *bombast* or *galimatias*.

<sup>11</sup> Marie a la Coque of the Incarnation, was a celebrated Nun of the order of Ursulines, named Marie Guyert, who was born at Tours, in 1599. After the death of her husband she entered the convent at the age of thirty-two, and composed for the Novices a book, entitled *The Christian School*. In 1639 she went to Quebec, and there established a Convent of her Order which she governed with a great degree of wisdom and prudence, and her printed works occupy several volumes. This lady, who was afterwards elevated to the dignity of a Saint, is reported to have had very extraordinary visions, and been honoured by signal favours from heaven; as among other things, it was stated by her adherents, that Christ visited her every night; (a la *Joanna Southcote*) and upon one of these occasions, (so says Monsieur Languet) he took Marie's heart and placed it within his own, where, after burning the

same for one hour in this *brazier of celestial love*, he replaced it in the body of La Coque; saying: " Marie, in remembrance of the grace which I have just accorded thee, thou wilt experience pains at every new moon, with cholics and swellings, wherefore to avert such accidents it will be necessary that thou shouldst lose some blood." Father Gallifet, the Jesuit, in his book of *Devotion for the Sanctified Heart*, printed at Nancy, affirms that God said to Marie: " Daughter, you must always prefer the will of your superiors to mine, above all when they shall command you to do that which I myself order." Was it not blasphemy to make the Supreme Being, the organ of such disgusting nonsense?

<sup>12</sup> Speaking of *Bon Mots*, Despreux says:

*N'attendez bien souvent pour fruits de vos Bon Mots,  
Que l'effroi du public, et la haine des sots.*

But perhaps the best definition ever given of this species of wit is to be found in the following lines:—

*Un Bon-Mot perd son prix en le donnant pour vôtre ;  
Il tombe avec des gens d'esprit,  
Qui l'auront voulu dire, et qui ne l'ont pas dit.  
Rapportez-le comme d'un autre :  
Par-là vous desarmez l'amour propre jaloux ;  
C'en'est pas vous qu'on applaudit en vous ;  
On vous oublie, et l'on rit s'il faut rire ;  
S'il faut admirer, l'on admire.*

<sup>13</sup> This *ludus in verbis*, or miserable display of equivocating wit, is very justly held up to ridicule by Voltaire; such low species of composition was, notwithstanding very much resorted to by the ancient French poets, who called their versification *Rime Equivoques*, an instance of which may be quoted from Marot, where he says—

*En m'ébattant, je fais rondeaux en rime  
Et en rimant bien souvent, je m'enrime.  
Brief c'est pitié entre nous rimailleurs,  
Car ouvez assez de rime ailleurs ;  
Et quand vous'plaist, mieux que moi rimassez,  
Des biens avez, et de la rime assez.*

<sup>14</sup> Enigma is a puzzling jargon equally deserving the attack of our poet, being very properly exploded from the circles of polished society, and only resorted to during Christmas gambols, by the youthful part of the community, together with *Riddles* and *Charades*, some of which however, possess great merit. There existed a species of literary game on the subject of *Enigmas*, as far back as the reign of Charlemagne; several collections of these puzzles have been made, and in particular one by *Cotin*, which does not, however, contain the happiest specimens of Enigmatical composition.

<sup>15</sup> Thersites was the most illiterate and deformed of the Greeks who flourished during the Trojan War.

<sup>16</sup> This sarcasm, levelled at the tongue combats of our Whigs and Tories of Saint Stephen's, is perfectly admissible, as our *right honourable* and learned representatives very frequently make use of an interchange of insulting language in that *very Honourable House*, which by *less honourable men* out of it would be resented with pistols at nine paces, or slugs in a saw-pit.

<sup>17</sup> The Sorbonnic Doctors; against whom our author has upon former occasions directed the shaft of irony; used to imitate, in regard to men who argued rationally, the ancient Kings of Persia; who were accustomed to put out the eyes of the Princes of the Blood Royal in order that they might enjoy their crowns in safety; in short, with the profane Logic is the art of Reasoning; whereas with Theologians, it consisted in confounding one's own reason, or putting to flight the reasoning faculties of others; which was found to be extremely convincing when supported by tortures, the gun and the stake.

Our *Wise Heads* of the *Sorbonne*, during their sittings, were very much upon a par with the *Long Heads* of the *University of Paris*; concerning whom, we find on referring to the trial of *Joan of Arc*, that on the second of April, one thousand four hundred and thirty-one, being the day after Lent, and during several subsequent days, the thirty-eight articles brought against her, were reduced to twelve. These chief points of accusation, which are given at full length in the valuable history of *Laverdy*, (page fifty-one to ninety-eight,) and which he takes the trouble to refute, consist of *apparitions* and *revelations*, respecting her having assumed a man's attire; the precipitating herself from a tower, (which was done in order to escape from confinement,) and the inserting the form of a cross, at the commencement of her letters.

These most culpable articles, were sent to the Doctors, Licentiates, Bishops, and the *University of Paris*, to collect their advice, and to ascertain

from them if the propositions therein contained, were in opposition to the Faith. The University assembled the latter end of April, and early in May, decided that those apparitions, &c. proceeded from *Belzebub, Soton, and Belial*; that Joan, inasmuch as she adopted the male costume, *might be chargeable with idolotry, having delivered up her person and her dress to the Demon,* by imitating the custom of Pagans, &c.

During this interval the trial continued, and Joan underwent divers admonitions and remonstrances, being also menaced with the Torture; at length, on receiving the decision of the *Sapient University*, on the nineteenth of May, Joan was condemned, and five days afterwards, in presence of a vast concourse of people, and in a burying ground where a stake was dressed, a *Theologian* indicated to *La Pucelle*, the crimes imputed to her, and indirectly summoned her to avow them.

After declaring aloud, that she submitted to the Church and the Pope, Joan answered—" *Qu'aucun de ses faits et discours ne peut être à la charge de son Roi ni d'aucun autre! que s'il y'a quelques reproches à lui faire (à elle,) ils viennent d'elle seule et non d'aucun autre.*" "*That none of her acts or discourses could be chargeable to her King or any one else; that if blame was in any way attachable, it was due to herself, and no one besides.*" Which *Laverdy* justly affirms was an admirable example of unshaken fidelity, under the most terrible and trying of circumstances.

As it may however afford my reader some amusement to learn what species of questions were proposed by the Sorbonnic community, and the points upon which they argued, the subjoined specimens, it is hoped, will amply elucidate the subject. First—If Adam had or had not a navel. Second—If the apple whereof he ate in Eden was a Pippin or a golden Rennet. Third—If it is requisite to believe that *Tobit's* dog wagged his tail; and fourthly—Whether the son of God could have metamorphosed himself into the form of a cow? Notwithstanding all this, it must be allowed, that in speaking of these theologians and casuist doctors, *Voltaire* only portrays them as *non compos mentis*, when convened for the purposes of disputation, allowing that once divested of their robes and square caps, they were wont to conduct themselves in every respect, like other social and reasonable beings.

<sup>18</sup> The powers of *Venus* over the heart were supported and assisted by a celebrated girdle, called *Zane* by the Greeks, and *Cestus* by the Latins; a mysterious girdle, supposed to have given beauty, grace, and elegance when worn even by the most deformed, and not only excited, but rekindled extinguished flames.

While speaking of the slender waist of Agnes, the writer cannot refrain from advertng to a curious portrait formerly belonging to *Monsieur Bonne-maison* of Paris, whose valuable gallery of paintings was sold to the King of Prussia when the Allies were in the possession of the French capital, after the second abdication of the Emperor Napoleon. The picture here alluded to, is an undoubted resemblance of *Agnes Sorel*, portrayed down to the knees, she being delineated as excessively *mignone* and slender about the waist, with a physiognomy archly pleasing; but the peculiar singularity attachable to this performance, consists in the persons of infants who surround her, under the semblance of cherubs attending upon the Virgin Mary, the urchins in question being portrayed with wings of divers colours to represent their respective ranks in the heavenly hierarchy. It must be confessed in opposition to the Chroniclers of the period of Charles the Seventh, who would willingly make us believe that the loves of that monarch and Agnes were truly Platonic, that the personages so displayed bear very strong marks of being intended to represent the progeny of *La Dame de Beauté*. In the same collection was another curiosity of so singular a nature, that I cannot refrain from recording it, though unconnected with the present work. It is an original portrait of the natural size and down to the middle of the renowned *William Tell*, the design being very correct, and painted in colours mixed with the white of eggs, as the use of oil was not then discovered. The countenance is remarkably stern and expressive, the costume that of a peasant, and in his hand he holds a bow and an arrow. A small gothic clock is represented pendant to the wall, the hand of which points to the hour agreed upon for executing the conspiracy; and upon a scroll over the head of *Tell*, who wears a singular covering somewhat resembling a Turban, but excessively wide at the sides, appears the following inscription in gold characters. '*Hora est tandem nos de somno surgere: tandem novissima hora est.*' I have ventured to intrude the above description upon the notice of the public, in order that a record may be preserved of so singular a curiosity as connected with the early period of the pictorial art, and more particularly as relating to the glorious cause of Liberty and Independence.

<sup>19</sup> Of the priestly *Tonsure* we have spoken upon a former occasion, and with respect to the cowl, it consists of a piece of woollen stuff, suspended from the nape of the neck, and destined to cover all the stock of science contained in a monkish scone; yet, however trifling may appear this small appendage to the monastic garb, it nevertheless gave rise in ancient times to the most furious disputes between the Cordeliers, whose order was in consequence divided into two factions, named the *Spiritual Brothers*, and those of the *Community*, the one maintaining that the cowl ought to be narrow, and the other wide in its dimensions, which knotty point occupied a century of disputation, and was with infinite difficulty terminated by the bulls of four pope's, viz.—*Nicholas the*

*Fourth, Clement the Fifth, John the Twenty-second, and Bennet the Twelfth*, during which period, some hundreds of its wearers suffered at the stake, for the maintenance of their respective opinions. To the cowl, we might add the *sleeves* of the *Augustin Monks* and the *Feuillant Brothers*, which created infinite trouble, as appears upon consulting the annals of ecclesiastical history.

<sup>20</sup> One would imagine, that Voltaire when describing Bonneau's pouch, had borne in mind Butler's description of the utility of his hero's *trunk-hose*, which our satirist converts into a cupboard, for the purpose of receiving stomach-ammunition.

<sup>21</sup> The mystic rites of Catholics, frequently consist in operations, not only incomprehensible to the Laics, but which are not understood by the performers themselves; thus Bonifoux's exorcism being an act of authority over the demons, was a rite exclusively appertaining to him, as Priest of the Bomish persuasion, and the secret consequently entirely his own.

<sup>22</sup> It is of little consequence to the multitude, whether a priest's Latin be chaste, as the style of a Cicero, or what is termed the basest of Dog Latin; as it is a very sage custom, and necessary to priests, that their flocks should resemble parrots, who never understand a syllable of what they are taught to utter. The French say, when speaking of the style of an ignorant ecclesiastic: "*C'est du Latin de Breviaire*," and to express bad Latin: "*C'est du Latin de cuisine, il n'y a que les marmitons qui l'entendent*."

<sup>23</sup> The custom of sprinkling with *holy water* is very ancient, as mention is made of it by *Saint Jerome*, as well as in the life of *Saint Hilarion*, and in *Gretser de Benedict*: C. X. to XX. The origin of holy water is attributed to Pope *Saint Alexander*, who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Adrian. There is extant a dissertation printed at Lelpsic, and written by a German, named *Urban Godefroy Siber*, tending to demonstrate by proofs drawn from Ecclesiastical history, that it is permitted us to administer *holy water* to the animal creation.

<sup>24</sup> It appears obvious, from the small stock of sense possessed by Charles and his party, that all the above heroes and heroines of our poet, were excellent christians; since a catholic should never rely upon the testimony of his own senses which might mislead him, but place the most implicit reliance upon his Priest, who will take especial care to render his reason so completely the slave of his faith, that whatsoever fund of good sense he might originally possess, his mind will ultimately believe, that four times one make two, if he has but the *ipse dixit* of his Priest to support him in such opinion.

<sup>35</sup> (p. 155, l. 10.) The *boudoir*, is a small narrow cabinet adjoining the apartment usually frequented, and apparently so called, from its proprietor being in the habit of retiring thither when out of temper, in order to sulk or (*bouder*) according to the French term, without being observed.

“ *Tantôt sombre et récusé, et comme en ton BOUDOIR,*  
 “ *Turenfonçois ton gris, et ne montrois ton noir.*      DU CERCEAU.

<sup>36</sup> (p. 155, l. 15.) Bonifoux displayed his priestly acumen, in still preserving the Banqueting Hall of Hermaphrodix, to be the refectory of the convent ; for whether in a palace or a monastery, it must always be regarded as the most desirable apartment of the edifice, so long as good eating ranks a prime desideratum in the catalogue of man's terrestrial enjoyments.



## CANTO XVIII.

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### ARGUMENT.

DISGRACE OF CHARLES AND HIS GOLDEN TROOP.

---

I KNOW not in this world's historic page,  
Nor hero, man of wealth or even sage,  
Prophet or christian, ranking faith his fort,  
Who has not of some rascal been the sport,  
Or now 'tis jealousy that scowls on merit,  
Or else the workings of an evil spirit.

Thus, dreaded fate, at all times put to trials,  
Good monarch Charles by unforeseen denials;  
Sadly from cradle was he rear'd in sooth,  
Pursu'd by the Burgundian from his youth;<sup>1</sup>  
By sire depriv'd of rights, he felt distress;  
The Parliament Parisian, near Gonesse,<sup>2</sup>

Tutor of Kings, adjourn'd their pupil there,  
And bound on English brow Gaul's lily rare.  
Of mass and weal depriv'd, he'd errant stray,  
And scarcely ever would prolong his stay  
At one fix'd spot.—Friend, mistress, uncle, mother,<sup>3</sup>  
Always by one betray'd or else the other.  
An English page partakes his Agnes' smiles ;  
Hell sends Hermaphrodix with fateful wiles,  
Dire magic spells to turn his store of brains :  
On ev'ry side he shuns misfortune's banes,  
Yet suffers all to heav'n's decree resign'd,  
Thus fate forgives his sins, humanely kind.

Alert and brave of lovers was th' escort,  
Far journeying then from fell bewitching fort ;  
Where Beelzebub caus'd senses all to veer,  
Of Bonneau, Agnes, and each cavalier ;  
By skirts of sombre forest rode each knight,  
Which by the name of Orleans since is hight.  
Tithonus' spouse had scarcely risen so high,<sup>4</sup>  
To mingle matin gleams with night's drear dye,  
When from afar are seen some Sergeants there,<sup>5</sup>  
With short cut aprons and in bonnets square,  
On corselet half way down, the eye might see,  
Quarter'd with powder'd lily's, leopards three :  
Halting, the monarch then with care survey'd,  
A troop, that squatting near the forest laid ;  
Some paces onward mov'd Dunois and Joan :

Agnes whose bosom throb'd with love alone  
Charles thus bespoke, " Let's go, let's fly, my sire ;"  
Joan onward sped still nearer to enquire,  
And saw a wretched troop in couples bound,  
With fronts abash'd and eyes enchain'd to ground.  
" Alas ! some knights I view," quoth heroine beauty,  
" Who captives are, and therefore 'tis our duty,  
" From bondage straight to free this faithful train ;  
" Come, Bastard, come ; and let's anon make plain,  
" What Dunois is, and Joan of Arc the maid."  
With lance in rest—these words were quick obey'd ;  
Rushing on troop that guarded heroes true,  
Joan's aspect fierce no sooner struck their view,  
With dauntless Dunois, and still more the ass,  
Than with light steps scour'd nimbly o'er the grass,  
These would be brave, like hares that timid glide ;  
Joan instant own'd transporting flush of pride,  
And thus extoll'd outright the hand-cuff'd train :—  
Bold knights that droop'd, oppress'd by Albion's chain,  
" Your monarch thank who saves ye from this thrall,  
" His hand salute, then follow one and all,  
" And vengeance wreak on Briton's stubborn band."  
The troop tho' thus address'd with offer bland,  
With eyes bent low a sullen air proclaim'd ;  
Impartial readers would you have them nam'd,  
Would ye enquire what was this noble crew,  
By Joan impell'd such valiant feats to do?  
These knights were wretches fram'd to grace the cord,

Who reap'd in Paris, for deserts, reward,  
Marching on back of Amphitrite to row,<sup>6</sup>  
Whose trappings form'd were their old trade to show ;  
Good Charles the pitying sigh could not control :  
“ Alas ! ” said he, “ these objects in my soul  
“ Have deep implanted the keen shaft of pain ;  
“ What ! shall the Britons in my empire reign ?  
“ 'Tis their decrees my subjects now obey,  
“ For them alone the multitude must pray ;  
“ Their fiat every cruel edict rallies,  
“ Thus doom'd, poor souls, from Paris go to gallies : ”  
Charles who compassion's thrill could not restrain,  
Mov'd courteous tow'rd the leader of this train,  
Who at the front appear'd of cavalcade ;  
No scoundrel better could depict his trade ;  
His long chin shaded by a beard uncouth,  
His rolling glance, more lying than his mouth,  
To earth directed with ambiguous squint ;  
His red join'd eye-brows, full of cunning's dint  
Were indexes of fell deceit and fraud,  
Abuse and boldness stamp'd his forehead broad ;  
Remorse and laws despis'd no duty bound,  
Foam dew'd his mouth, as teeth he constant ground.<sup>7</sup>

The sycophant beholding thus his prince,  
Seem'd humbly his devotion to evince,  
Bent low his gaze, then soften'd and compos'd  
That visage, which his haggard crimes disclos'd :

Just so the mastiff that with daring gaze,  
 Its thirst of blood with sudden growl betrays,  
 Which master viewing fawns about him gay,  
 And licks his hand discoursing in this way,  
 Lolling for bread, carniv'rous thoughts asleep,  
 As sweetly docile as the harmless sheep :  
 Or such, as to our mental eyes pourtray'd,  
 The Dæmon 'scaping from Tartarian shade,  
 Alike concealing talons and the tail,  
 With false mien striving o'er us to prevail,  
 In whom yon Anchoret fresh cropp'd we greet,\*  
 Better to tempt Nun Rose, or maid discreet.

By artful felon thus, Gaul's monarch cheated,  
 With kind commiseration then was greeted ;  
 Such converse affable all fears allay'd :—  
 “ Tell me,” quoth Charles, “ poor Devil, what's thy  
     trade,  
 “ Thy name, thy birth-place, and for what foul deed,  
 “ The Chat'let has indulgently decreed,<sup>9</sup>  
 “ That thou henceforth shouldst row on Provence' main ?”<sup>10</sup>  
 Whereto the culprit thus made known his pain :  
 “ All bounteous Sire, who heed'st the sufferer's cry,  
 “ My name is *Freron*, and of *Nantz* am I,  
 “ I love the Lord with ardour nought can smother,  
 “ For certain time I rank'd a convent's brother ;  
 “ Their morals as of old my mind retains,  
 “ To save young children I took wond'rous pains ;

“ Pass’d were my days in virtue’s pure intents,  
“ ’Neath *Charnel house* yeleft of *Innocents*:<sup>11</sup>  
“ Of my rare genius, Paris saw the feats,  
“ Dearly to *Lambert* I sold all my sheets;  
“ Full well I’m known in *Maubert’s* famous square,  
“ And justice above all was done me there;  
“ Some who devotion lack’d gave truth dread shock,  
“ Reproaching me with vices of the *frock*,<sup>12</sup>  
“ With mundane sins:—swindling to theft allied—  
“ But I have always conscience on my side.”

The monarch heard with pity all he said :

“ Console thyself,” he cried, “ and nothing dread :  
“ Now tell me friend, if comrades who with thee,  
“ For *Marseilles* speeding on like embassy,  
“ Were all as thou art, good and honest race ?”  
“ Ah !” *Freron* cried, “ I swear by christian grace,  
“ As for *myself*:—for *each* I’ll answer bold,  
“ Since ev’ry one is cast in self-same mould.<sup>13</sup>  
“ The *Abbé Guyon* marching at my side,<sup>14</sup>  
“ Is worthy love, that cannot be denied ;  
“ To him no mischief-making lies ’pertain,  
“ Ne’er vile, nor dealing out detraction’s strain.  
“ Brave Master *Chaumiez* ’neath his visage low,<sup>15</sup>  
“ A proud heart bears fraught with audacious glow,  
“ For doctrine too, he’d suffer whipping sound ;  
“ There’s famous *Gauchot* who might well confound<sup>16</sup>  
“ Jew rabbies all—on text and note, rare chief :

" See yonder advocate without a brief,  
 " Who left for heav'nly bliss the wrangling bar,  
 " That *Sabittier*, than honey sweeter far;<sup>17</sup>  
 " Ah ! choicest wit ! saint, priest, and tender heart ;  
 " 'Tis true he play'd his master trait'rous part  
 " But void of malice, little glean'd from coffer :  
 " He sold his faith to him who most would offer,<sup>18</sup>  
 " He traffick'd, just like me, in libel writs,  
 " And where's the harm, we live but by our wits,  
 " Employ us, and we all will faithful be,  
 " Laurels and glory in these times we see  
 " To authors have devolv'd of *Charnel Houses*,  
 " Our great success vile envy's wrath arouses,  
 " Of scribes, of heros, such the fate we view,  
 " Of brilliant wits, and Devotees a crew,  
 " Since virtue ever was lampoon'd, poor thing,  
 " Who knows this better than my noble King."

While breathing thus his soft seductive lays,  
 Two melancholy forms met Charles's gaze,  
 Whose hands conceal'd huge fronts : the monarch cried,  
 " Name those so bashful doom'd to stem the tide."

" You there behold," Quoth scribe of *Weekly sheet*,<sup>19</sup>  
 " Two, the most virtuous and the most discreet  
 " Of those condemn'd on wave to tug the oar ;  
 " *Fantin* is one, preaching too great his lore,<sup>20</sup>  
 " Humble with them :—to small folks *Debonnaire*,

“ His piety the living chose to spare,  
“ And store of goodly deeds at once to hide,  
“ Those he confess’d and robb’d, just as they died.  
“ The other’s *Grizel*, who young nuns directed,<sup>21</sup>  
“ Who secret favors of his flock neglected,  
“ But sagely pil’d up hoards for Heav’n above,  
“ His soul replete with pure and saintly love  
“ The pelf despis’d, yet own’d of fear the thrall,  
“ Lest to ungodly hands the gold should fall.”

“ As for the noble wight you see in rear,  
“ He’s my support, *La Beaumelle* ever dear;<sup>22</sup>  
“ Of scoundrels ten, who sold their wits to me  
“ Tho’ vilest, yet most faithful found, was he :  
“ Absent in mind, yet sometimes ’tis averr’d,  
“ When to support the christian tenets spurr’d,  
“ He, for his own, a neighbour’s purse mistook ;  
“ Besides, you find such wisdom in his book,  
“ For feeble wits, he also knows so well,  
“ How dangerous ’tis the naked *truth* to tell,  
“ That *light*, deceptive is, to foolish eyes,  
“ Which thus are hoodwink’d ; wherefore scribe so wise,  
“ So horrible, beholding her to sight,  
“ Resolv’d he never would her themes endite :  
“ For me, I here aver most gracious sire,  
“ In you I see an hero I admire ;  
“ This, from my pen posterity shall learn,  
“ Save those whom calumny would make you spurn,

" And with her breath pestif'rous blacken o'er ;  
 " From nets of impious men the good restore :  
 " Avenge us, save us, pay us ; and outright,  
 " Honour of *Freron* :—we for you will write."<sup>23</sup>

From him, pathetic speech applauding burst  
 For Salic law ; the British race he curs'd,<sup>24</sup>  
 Proving that soon without war's slaughtering ill,  
 The state he'd rescue with a goose's quill.  
 Sage Charles admir'd this doctrine so profound,  
 Dispensing sweetest smiles on all around,  
 And with compassion too assurance gave,  
 That each might thenceforth his protection crave.

Agnes who heard this touching interview,  
 Felt tenderest sympathy her soul imbue :  
 Her heart was good : The fair to love resign'd,  
 To gentleness is ever more inclin'd  
 Than heroic or *belle* to prud'ry prone :  
 " My King," quoth she, " this day you needs must  
     own,  
 " Propitious proves to this most wretched race,  
 " Since on contemplating your royal face  
 " Bliss they enjoy, and broken are their chains ;  
 " Your's is a front where grace celestial reigns,  
 " Of legal men, how daring is the band,  
 " For masters acting who usurp your land.  
 " 'Tis thee, my love, they should alone obey,

“ They’re pedants all in judges’ false array ;  
“ I’ve seen the race of these same ink-stand heroes,  
“ Who for the good of Kings are tut’ring Neroes,  
“ Proud race and tyrants vile, in sable dight,  
“ Who revenues of pupil thief outright ;  
“ Before them citing him with daring frown,  
“ And gravely thus confiscating his crown :<sup>55</sup>  
“ These worthy people crouching at your knee,  
“ Like you are treated by their bold decree,  
“ Protect them all ; your’s is a common cause,  
“ Avenge their wrongs, proscrib’d by self same laws.”

This tender speech touch’d deep the monarch’s mind,  
His soul to clemency’s bright thrill inclin’d :  
The heart of Joan by feeling ne’er unstrung,  
To Charles maintain’d that each one should be hung,  
That *Freron*, and all those of such a trade,  
Were but to ornament the gallows made.<sup>56</sup>  
Dunois on wisdom more profoundly bent,  
Thus spake, as able soldier, mind’s intent :  
“ We oft lack troops,” quoth he, “ in war’s alarms  
“ We stand in need of backs, of legs, and arms,  
“ These fellows have them : in adventures fell,  
“ Assaults, long marches, combattings *Pell-mell*,  
“ We little stand in need of such as write,  
“ Enlist them all, and by to-morrow’s light,  
“ Instead of oar let each a musket bear ;  
“ Paper to daub in city was their care,

“ Let them prove useful now on Mars’ plain :”  
The monarch relish’d well great Dunois’ strain,  
As at his knees appear’d this worthy crew,  
Sighing and bathing them with sorrow’s dew ;  
To pent-house of the fort they went enroll’d,  
Where Agnes, Charles, and all his *Troop of Gold*,  
The dinner o’er, delicious evening spent ;  
With Bonneau, Agnes on good deeds intent,  
Took heed that each should share of food an hoard,  
The ample refuse of the royal board.

Charles at the supper having gaily fed,  
Anon with Agnes hied him to his bed ;  
When each awak’ning, from the couch arose,  
Supris’d were seen, nor doublet, gown, nor cloathes,  
For ruffles, Agnes vainly turn’d the eye,  
Her necklace boasting pearls of yellow dye,  
Portrait of royal love she found no more :  
Fat Bonneau, Treasurer of all the store,  
In narrow purse, (sure gold was ne’er kept faster,)  
No longer found the treasures of his master.  
Cloathes, vessels, linen, vanish’d to a rag,  
The scrawling cohort ’neath the unfurl’d flag  
Of Nantz fam’d gazetteer—with zealous pain,  
Had, during night, perform’d Legerdemaine ;  
Easing of equipage thus light, their sire,  
Pretending warriors fraught with real fire,  
As Plato says, no luxury e’er needed :

To 'scape secure thro' bye ways they proceeded,  
And at the pot-house then divided spoil,  
Where written, they produc'd with sagest toil,  
Of christian moral treatises, the treasure,  
Upon contempt of wealth and mundane pleasure :  
'Twas prov'd as brothers, men were all allied,  
Born equal, and all good things to divide ;  
And miseries too, dispens'd from Heav'n above,  
Living in common, to share social love.<sup>27</sup>  
This saintly book, which since has met our eyes,  
Contains a commentary, wond'rous wise  
To tutor and direct the heart and mind,  
With preface, and to reader, counsel kind.

With dread assail'd, the troop of clement sire  
Became alike a prey to troubles dire,  
O'er plain, thro' wood, the band they strove to trace,  
As good Phineas erst the prince of Thrace :  
Eneas too renown'd for pious mind,  
Who quite aghast with fright, betray'd short wind,  
When to their very teeth, just at mid day,  
The glutton Harpies rav'nous for their prey,<sup>28</sup>  
From caverns rushing, borne on outstretch'd wings,  
Pouncing devour'd the dinner of these kings.

Timid was Agnes, Dorothy in grief ;  
To veil their charms appear'd no kind relief,  
While Treasurer so loud roared out his pain,

From peals of laughter they could not refrain ;  
 “ Ah !” Bonneau cried,—“ A loss so fell before,  
 “ We ne’er experienc’d amid combat’s roar ;  
 “ The rascals all have ta’en,—I die with grief ;  
 “ Why did my king accord them kind relief ?  
 “ Such is the recompense indulgence gains,  
 “ ’Tis thus we’re paid by men of brilliant brains.”<sup>29</sup>  
 Agnes commiserating, Agnes kind ;  
 For ever courteous, always bland of mind,  
 Anon replied :—“ My dear and fat Bonneau,  
 “ ’Fore Heav’n take heed, nor let this ill starr’d blow,  
 “ With new disgust inspire you ’gainst these men,  
 “ Who wield of authors the prolific pen.  
 “ Good writers have I known, of that I’m sure,  
 “ Possessing hearts just like their hands as pure ;  
 “ Who, without robbing, love their master dear,  
 “ Doing all good, nor suff’ring soul to hear ;  
 “ Lauding bright virtue, or in prose or verse,  
 “ Her feats in acting, abler to rehearse ;  
 “ Fruit of their labours is the public weal,  
 “ As pleasures soft, the weight from labours steal,  
 “ They touch the heart, ears own the dulcet sound,  
 “ Cherish’d are they, and if Frerons are found  
 “ In this our era, bees alike abound.”

“ Alas !” quoth Bonneau, “ what care I for these,  
 “ Such trifles vain, your *Frelons* and your bees,<sup>30</sup>  
 “ ’Tis meet we dine, and I my purse have lost :”

Each now essay'd, to calm his temper cross'd,  
Like heroes to all hardships fell inur'd,  
Prepar'd to soften all the ills endur'd ;  
Sole remedy no doubt, in such disgrace,  
Was safely to regain anon the place,  
Well stock'd with magazines of Charles benign,  
And amply stor'd with tons of rosy wine.  
Our gallant cavaliers but half equipp'd,  
And fair ones too, of richest vestments stripp'd,  
Weary and scant array'd, rode Fort to view,  
One foot half clad, the other void of shoe.

END OF CANTO EIGHTEEN.

## NOTES TO CANTO XVIII.

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning the *Duke of Burgundy*, one of the most potent princes in Europe, who caused the *Duke of Orleans* to be assassinated, which crime was amply avenged by our good king Charles, at that period, Dauphin of France, who at the Bridge of Montereau, under the feigned appearance of an amicable interview, caused the *Duke of Burgundy* to be stabbed; an event which occurred in 1419.

<sup>2</sup> *Gonesse*, a small town situated on the *Crould* in the Isle of France, nearly twelve miles from Paris, and remarkable for having been the birth place of *Philip Augustus*, as well as for the excellence of its bread, of which a considerable quantity is transported to the capital twice a week. At the period above adverted to, the Parliament of Paris held its sittings near this town, in the neighbourhood of which, were also fought several great and sanguinary battles.

<sup>3</sup> Isabella of Bnvaria, mother of Charles the Seventh, was one of his most inveterate persecutors, leaguings against him with the son and heir of the Duke of Burgundy, who so far fomented the hatred of the Queen against the Dauphin, her son, that she exerted all the power she possessed, over the weak mind of her husband Charles the Sixth; in consequence of which, the treaty of peace with England was signed, Princess Catherine affianced to Henry the Fifth, the right of the Dauphin's succession to the crown publicly proclaimed invalid, and a regular act signed by the King to that effect.

\* *Tithonus*, a son of *Laomedon*, King of Troy, by *Strymo* the daughter of *Scamander*. He was so beautiful, that *Aurora* became enamoured of him and transported him away, when he solicited her to render him immortal, which request the goddess acceded to; but as he had forgotten to ask the continuation of the vigor, youth, and beauty he then enjoyed, he soon experienced the effects of age, infirmity, and decrepitude; so that life becoming insupportable, he prayed *Aurora* to remove him from the world, and as he could not die, the goddess changed him into a *cicada*, or grasshopper.

† *Serjeants*, were a species of archers, carrying the *hoqueton*, or tunic of the grand Provost of Paris, upon which were embroidered the fleur-de-lis, with three leopards. These persons were subaltern officers of justice, appointed to perform arrests, seizures, &c., and conduct culprits to the place of their destination, like our bailiffs; they do not, however, appear to have ranked in high estimation, since we find in an old author, the following couplet.

“ *De trois sergens pendez-en deux,*  
 “ *Le monde n'en sera que mieux.*”

‡ Voltaire here designates the Ocean under the name of *Amphitrite*, the spouse of *Neptune*, upon whose billows are condemned to toil, that class of culprits doomed to the Gallies, whose appearance we conjecture, excites in the goddess a feeling diametrically opposite to that conveyed in the following couplet, though her action of diving to the bottom, may be conceived very natural upon such an occasion.

“ *Jalouse de l'éclat de ces honneurs nouveaux,*  
 “ *Amphitrite se cache au plus profond des eaux.*”

§ From the above accurate description, some readers might be led to imagine that our poet was skilled in the art of reading physiognomies, and that he had made a *Taisnerus*, a *Cocles*, a *Balbus*, a *Porta*, &c. his studies; we know not how far the lineaments thus portrayed, are in unison with the rules established by *Lavater*, but we must allow him to have painted as hideous a scoundrel as ever appeared to disgrace humanity: had Voltaire existed at the present period, he might however have heightened the representation by informing us according to the system of *Doctor Gall*, what *Bosses* were predominant in the skull, which, as propelling to iniquity, would have rendered but negative the vices of our criminal.

<sup>8</sup> It appears that our author had no very great predilection for *Anchorites*, since he above depicts one under the form of Lucifer concealing his claws and tail; he perhaps thought that these hermits retired into deserts from the commerce of mankind, fearful that they might have the misfortune to be useful to the community at large.

<sup>9</sup> In a very ancient edifice called the *Châtelet*, used as a prison, where formerly united all the jurisdictions of Paris: it was there that culprits were tried, and sentence pronounced in all civil as well as criminal cases.

<sup>10</sup> It is to the city of Marseilles, a famous sea port of Provence, that criminals are sent, condemned to labour on board of the galleys.

<sup>11</sup> According to the chronicles of those times, there was a miserable creature so called, who produced his periodical sheets at the *Charnel Houses* of the *Saints Innocents*. This individual performed some slippery tricks, for which he was several times confined in the prisons of the *Châtelet*, *Bicetre*, and *Fort L'Eveque*. He had been for a certain period a Monk, but was driven away from his convent; after which he succeeded well in the mode of life he adopted, namely, that of author, and found several writers who came forward to do him justice. He was originally a native of Nantz, and exercised at Paris the function of a satirical gazetteer. No man was ever more despised and detested than this Freron, according to the chronicle of Froissart.

<sup>12</sup> This habiliment is sacred to monks, who are sanctified men, and to whom by an astonishing miracle, the *Frock* communicates the gift of continence the moment it is put on, if we may accredit their assertion. No less a personage however, than Richard the First of England, was of a different opinion; for, waging war in France against King Philip, a French priest called *Fulco*, came to him, saying, *that he had three bad daughters which he wished to bestow from him in marriage*. Upon this the monarch marvelling greatly who they should be, knowing he had none, the churchman made answer—yes, thou cherishest three daughters, Pride, Covetousness, and Lechery; which the King seeming to take merrily, said to his Lords, “This hypocritical priest hath found that I have these three daughters, whom he would forthwith I should bestow, so if any such I possess, I have found out fitting husbands for them. My daughter Pride, I bequeath to the haughty Templars and Hospitalers, who are as proud as Lucifer himself; my daughter Covetousness, I give to the White Monks of the Cistercian Order, for they covet the very Devil and all; and

as for my daughter Lechery, I can bestow her no where better than upon the monks, priests, and prelates of our time."

<sup>13</sup> This assertion, though proceeding from the lips of a scoundrel, is so fully fraught with *truth*, as to belie in its effects, even the great Corneille, when he says:—

" ————— *Quand un menteur la dit,*  
*En passant par sa bouche, elle perd son credit."*

<sup>14</sup> *Guyon* or *Goyon*, a writer of the period of Charles the Seventh, composed a *Roman History*, detestable in itself, but which was rendered passable considering the period when he lived. He was also author of *l'Oracle des Philosophes*, being a tissue of the most ridiculous calumnies, whereof he repented at the end of his life, as we are given to understand by Monstrelet.

<sup>15</sup> *Abraham Chaumeix*, the greatest hero of literature, was born at Orleans on the feast of St. Mathurin in 1713; he came into the world with a bewildered intellect, and lungs which were not of straw. He made a rapid progress in literature, and at seventeen years of age knew his *Croix de Dieu*, as well as his own hands; at twenty-seven he signed his name with all the elegance of a parish bandle, and at forty he reasoned as no one ever reasoned before. It was at this period he wrote against the *Encyclopedie* and M. de Voltaire.

The high and puissant genealogy of *l'Ane Litteraire*, the *Literary Ass*, is very ancient: *John Blaise Catherine Freron* is not originally of Quimper Corentin, as announced. The sublime historiographer of France seems to think that this family sprang from the *Orleanois*, and that it was at the habitation of a Canon of Cleri, who protected pregnant females that his great ancestor first saw the light, being twin born, having an elder brother called *Giles Chaumeix*, while he was called *Martin Freron*. The first born remained in his own country, and in the year 1713, one of his descendants inundated the world with the ponderous burthen of *Abraham Chaumeix* who has for some time past made a terrible noise. His younger brother *Martin Freron*, established himself at Paris in the *Rue Sabot*, at the end of the narrow *Rue Taranne*, where he performed the distinguished part of a water carrier, in which employment he acquired some money and so much eddicted himself to wine, that all his descendants were marked with that liquor. Distress forced him to quit the capital,

when he repaired to Quimper, and cried mustard for sale, and the descendants of this man have handed down, even to us, that *Cartouche* who composes the *Année Littéraire*.

" *Freron* disait : j'ai dans plus d'une veille,  
 " Avec succès fait d'un stile ennuyant,  
 " A mon compere un sonnet innocent ;  
 " Dans mes chifflons j'ai décrié Voltaire . . .  
 " Le flet *Chaumeix* en rampant terre à terre,  
 " Disait : ma foi, j'ai vaincu Diderot."

LE BALAI Poeme Heroique, 1774, page 86.

<sup>16</sup> *Gauchet*, was another of our poet's vile calumniators.

<sup>17</sup> *Sabatier*, author of two dictionaries, containing the *pour* and the *contre* ; was a most daring calumniator, and all upon the principle of lucre. He betrayed his employer, M. Le Comte de L———, and for this ingratitude, was driven away in a manner the most disgraceful, the poignant effects of which he experienced for a considerable length of time.

<sup>18</sup> There be poets, who altogether unmindful of former flights and of former opinions, coincide with *Freron* and affirm, that men should live by their wits *conte qui conte*, and who for the sake of a butt of sack, an annual stipend, and the enviable title of a *Laureat*, will compose *Birth Day* and *New Year's Odes*, as the drudging shoe-maker executes the order of his employer for which he is to be paid.

" *I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,*  
 " *Than one of these ODAIC metre-mongers ;*  
 " *I'd rather hear a brazen candle-stick turn'd*  
 " *Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,*  
 " *And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,*  
 " *Nothing so much as LAUREAT poetry :*  
 " *'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag."* SHAKESPEARE.

<sup>19</sup> *Freron* produced a weekly sheet wherein he sometimes hazarded little untruths, calumnies and injuries, for which he was legally pursued, as we have already stated.

<sup>20</sup> It appears that the present canto of the *Abbé Tritemus* is a complete prophecy, since it is well known that one *Fantin*, a Doctor and a Curate of Versailles, was surprised in the very act of purloining a *Rouleau* of fifty *Louis D'ors* from a sick person whom he had confessed, and for which larceny he was ignominiously expelled, but not hanged.

<sup>21</sup> This is another prophecy, as all Paris knows one *Abbe Grisel*, famous director of women of quality, who dissipated in secret debaucheries the sums of money swindled from his devotees, and which were deposited in his hands for the purpose of rendering assistance to the poor and the unfortunate. It is more than probable, that some individual, well acquainted with the morals of our age has inserted a portion of the present attack in his new edition of the divine poem of the *Abbe Tritemus*. It might have been as well had our poet stated something respecting the *Abbe la Coste*, condemned to be branded upon the shoulder with a burning iron, as well as to perpetual hard labour as a galley-slave, in the year 1759 for having committed many forgeries. This same *Abbe la Coste* was a fellow labourer with *Freron* in his work entitled *Année Littéraire*.

*Pour vous instruire, il vous faut la dessus,  
Vous adresser a L'Abbe de Grisel ;  
C'est un bon homme, il a beaucoup de zele :  
Confidemment montrez lui votre cas,  
Ne craignez rien, il est comme Pontas,  
Expert, habile et secret comme un ange.*

LE BALAI Poeme Heroique, page 90.

L'Abbe Griselle was Grand Penitentiary of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris.

<sup>22</sup> *La Beaumelle*, sometime preacher at Geneva, afterwards preceptor at the mansion of *Monsieur le Boisi*, then took refuge at Copenhagen, from whence being expelled he repaired to Gotha, at which place a lady's toilette being stripped of her lace, he fled from thence with the chamber maid who had been guilty of the theft, a fact perfectly well known to all the Court of Gotha. He was twice imprisoned in dungeons at Paris, and subsequently banished, notwithstanding which, the wretch ultimately found protection. *La Beaumelle* is the author of a poor work entitled *Mes Pensées*, wherein he lavishes the most cowardly abuse against the major portion of personages high in office. It is this same individual who has adulterated the letters of *Madame de Maintenon*,

and caused them to be printed with the most scandalous and defamatory notes ; he also published at Frankfort the age of Louis the XIVth in four volumes, which he falsified and burthened with annotations, not only disgusting on account of their low ignorance, but rendered punishable by law for the atrocious calumnies, which they disseminated against the Royal Family and the most illustrious houses of France.

All the above cited persons have produced filthy volumes against the poet who thus deigns to usher them into publicity. There are individuals that experience a secret satisfaction on beholding celebrated characters insulted and calumniated by arrant scoundrels whose constant cry is :—" Pay no attention, let the miserable reptiles spit their venom, that we may enjoy the satisfaction of seeing rascals bespatter you with mud." We are not however, of the same opinion ; conceiving it but just to punish vagabonds, if they prove insolent rogues, and above all when they become wearisome. These anecdotes, too well grounded in fact, are to be found in twenty places, and should therefore be rendered equally as public as the actions of culprits, which are placarded at the corner of every street.

*" Oportet cognosci malos."*

<sup>23</sup> It is melancholy to remark how venality will corrupt the minds of the most clever and enlightened geniuses, whose motto consists in the following words : "*Pay us, and then no matter for whom, or in support of what opinions they write,*" for the mind so enslaved mechanically toils, and thus the goose's quill records the accumulated shame of the author, as publicity increases in a ratio with the worth of his talent ; so that his time-serving meanness, only renders him at length the object of universal contempt and obloquy.

<sup>24</sup> A famous code of laws, the author of which is not ascertained ; some attribute it to Pharamond, and others to Clovis, having its origin at the period when the Franks entered the territory of the Gauls. It consists of seventy-two articles, the sixth of the 62nd head excluding females from inheriting the Salique lands ; for it is an erroneous opinion to suppose that this law applied solely to the inheritance of the crown, as it extended to the lineal possession of lands by the females of every rank in society, though it was afterwards restricted to the possession of the Royal Dignity. Some historians alledge that the term *Salique* is derived from a river called *Sala* in ancient Germany, the borders of which were peopled by the Franks, who bore that name ; others attribute it to an ancient Teutonic word signifying *Salutary*, while a third opinion entertained is that this title proceeds from the words *Si aliquis* or *Si aliqua*, with which most of the articles contained in this code are headed.

<sup>25</sup> On the third of January, 1420, the act of banishment in case of non-appearance within three days was proclaimed by sound of trumpet at the Marble Table against *Charles the Seventh* then Dauphin, by order of *Desmarets*, solicitor-general of his father *Charles the Sixth*, for the alledged murder of the *Duke of Burgandy*, which act had been committed at the instigation of the Dauphin.

<sup>26</sup> Whether the martial spirit of our Joan, estimating at such a mediocre price the lives of her brethren, prompted her to make this trim reckoning, or whether she was of opinion, that benefits when ill bestowed, are the sources of ingratitude, we will not pretend to determine; be therefore the sequel of our tale, the touchstone of her sagacity.

<sup>27</sup> These supposed doctrines of *Freron* precisely coincide with the speculative philosophical opinions wherewith we were amused some twenty years back, by Messrs. *Godwin*, *Holcroft* and Co. not forgetting *Rousseau* of an antecedent date, whose perturbed and jaundiced imagination gave rise to visionary scenes of terrestrial beatitude, that are only realized when our minds, dwelling upon his fascinating pages, own the powers of his matchless eloquence, and yield for a period to the entrancing infatuation.

<sup>28</sup> *Harpyiæ* were winged monsters having the faces of women, the bodies of vultures, and the feet and fingers armed with sharp claws. They were three in number, namely, *Aello*, *Ocypete*, and *Celeus*, who were the daughters of Neptune and Terra. They were dispatched by Juno to plunder the tables of *Phineas* King of Thrace, from whence they were driven to the islands called *Strophades* by *Zethes* and *Calais*. They emitted a most infectious smell, and spoiled whatsoever they touched by their filth and excrements, and afterwards treated *Aeneas* during his voyage to Italy as they had previously done the King of Thrace, yet are they raised by Virgil to the dignity of Prophetesses.—Agreeable objects these to be inspired by the divinities!

*Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdissima ventris  
Proluvies, unæque manus, et pallida semper  
Ora fame.*

VIRGIL'S *ÆNEID*, Book III.

They complained to *Aeneas* that he sought to make war against them on account of some pieces of beef, and in consequence predicted for his pains that he should one day be compelled to eat his plates in Italy. Your sticklers for antique lore, alledge that this fiction is *sublimely beautiful*.

<sup>20</sup> However this attack against writers may appear harsh, it is nevertheless too certain, that no class of individuals is so well enabled to repay favours with ingratitude as men of genius, if so inclined; as a stroke of the pen has too frequently held up a generous benefactor to ridicule, while the source from whence the sarcasm has originated, was never even suspected by the injured party, who has received the condolences of his insidious assassin, while partaking of the luxuries of his hospitable board.

*Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,  
Thou art not so unkind,  
As man's ingratitude.*

<sup>20</sup> *Frelon* is intended as a *jeu d'esprit* upon the name of *Freron*, and signifies an *Hornet*, famous only for the venom of its sting, and an instinctive predilection for plundering honey from the hive of the industrious Bees.



## CANTO XIX.

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### ARGUMENT.

DEATH OF THE BRAVE AND TENDER TRIMOUILLE AND OF THE CHARMING DOROTHY—THE OBDURATE TYRCONNEL BECOMES A MONK OF THE ORDER OF CHARTREUX.

---

O DIREFUL war, of death the sister dread,  
The cut throat's right—or Hero's as 'tis said ;  
Thou monster bloody from the loins deriv'd  
Of Atropos :—how have thy crimes depriv'd,  
This earth of souls—"Tis thou inspir'st those fears  
Wide spreading devastation, blood and tears.  
But when the pangs of gentle love combine  
With those of Mars—Ah ! when the hand benign,  
Of lovers kind, by favours quite subdu'd  
With stream from heart ador'd, becomes imbru'd,  
And that her breath to save, he'd life lay low,  
As ill directed dagger deals the blow,

Piercing that bosom, glowing lips so oft  
Have seal'd with love's ecstatic transports soft ;  
Thus seeing clos'd on light of radiant day,  
'Those eyes that erst beam'd naught but love's pure  
ray ;

A scene like this more terror far imparts,  
To bosoms bless'd with sympathetic hearts,  
Than hosts of warriors, earning mundane doom,  
By monarchs fee'd, to gallop to the tomb.<sup>2</sup>

Charles thus encircled by his royal train,  
The fatal gift of reason had reta'en,<sup>3</sup>  
(Present accurs'd which men so loudly boast :)  
But to seek combats 'mid opposing host ;  
To city's bulwarks now they wend their way,  
This castellated pile their surest stay,  
Wherein of Mars the magazines were stor'd  
Of glittering lances pointed spears an hoard,  
And cannon cast by Hell's infernal spite,  
To hurl us headlong to the realms of night ;  
In distance turrets greeted now their view,  
Fast trotting thither Knights their course pursue,  
Replete with hope and warm'd by valour's glow ;  
But La Trimouille, in whom the chief we know  
Of Poitou's knights, and lover the most kind,  
Now slowly ambling with his fair behind,  
And of his flame conversing on the way,  
'Thus from the path direct was led astray.

In valley water'd by a limpid flood,  
Deeply embosom'd in a cypress wood,  
By nature rear'd in Pyramidic form,  
Whose tops a century had brav'd the storm,  
Was seen a cave where oft the Naiads fair<sup>4</sup>  
And the Silvani tasted cooling air,<sup>5</sup>  
A chrystal stream, which subterranean stray'd,  
There forming sheet where twenty cascades played,  
Near which was spread a carpet ever green :  
The wild thyme there, and balmy mint were seen,  
The fragrant jonquil, and the jas'mine white,  
Seem'd all the neighb'ring shepherds to invite ;  
Whispering : " Upon this couch of Love recline."  
Our youth of Poitou heard the call benign  
From heart's recess, sweet Zephyr's sighs engage—  
The time, the place, his tenderness, his age,  
But more than all his charmer fann'd the fire :  
Their steeds they left, both glowing with desire,  
And side by side on turf their transports lull'd,  
As now sweet flowr's, now kisses rich they cull'd  
Venus and Mars regarding from above,  
Objects, ne'er saw more worthy of their love ;  
From forest's deep recesses, echo'd round,  
Of gazing wood nymphs the applauding sound,  
The sparrows, pigeons too, link'd in warm fetter,  
Example took, and learn'd to love the better.

In this same wood, a chapel's structure rose,  
Sacred to such as in death's arms repose ;  
Whither foregoing eve, to grave was borne  
The corpse of Chandos, from earth's region torn ;  
Two parish clerks in surplices all white,  
Of *De profundis* long rehears'd the rite ;<sup>6</sup>  
To this sad service, Paul Tyrconnel sped,  
Not from a taste for pure devotion led,  
But through attachment for departed knight ;  
Brother he rank'd of Chandos, bold in fight,  
Haughty like him, debauch'd and void of fear ;  
Stranger to love, nor ever shedding tear,  
He still for Chandos cherished friendship's germ,  
And in his wrath to this incitement firm,  
Swore by just heav'n his vengeance should be wrought,  
More spurr'd by passion, than with pity fraught.<sup>7</sup>

He, thro' the corner of a casement spied,  
The palfreys 'twain then grazing side by side ;  
Tow'rd them he moves : they kicking hied away,  
Direct to fountain where our lovers lay  
Yielding in secret to the soft control,  
Themselves excepted—seeing not a soul .  
Bold Paul Tyrconnel, whose inhuman mind,  
To neighbour's pleasures, ever prov'd unkind ;  
Grinding his teeth exclaimed : “ Ye souls most vile,  
“ 'Tis thus then, ye with transports base must defile  
“ An Hero's Tomb—insulting his remains,

- " Refuse of courts, which nothing pure retains,  
 " Base foes, when some brave Briton yields to fate,  
 " 'Tis thus the rare event ye celebrate ;  
 " To outrage his lov'd manes you presume,  
 " And act your wanton frolics on his tomb.  
 " Speak recreant knight, in thee do I behold,  
 " Made for a court—by softest spells enroll'd,  
 " The man whose weak arm ;—chance—directed gave  
 " Death, to the *bravest warrior of the brave* ?  
 " What, no reply, and ogling still the fair,  
 " Thy shame thou feel'st, thy heart can nothing dare ?"

To this address Trimouille at length replied :

- " No sword of mine with his life's blood was dyed,  
 " Heav'n that conducts all heroes to renown,  
 " Can, as it lists, accord the victor's crown ;  
 " 'Gainst Chandos I, with honour strove to shine,  
 " Fate will'd an hand more fortunate than mine  
 " Should seal on plain of Mars its dread decree,  
 " And there cut short at once his destiny,  
 " Thus I perhaps, ere morning's ray we view,  
 " May punish in my turn, some Briton too."

As fresh'ning breezes which in murmurs creep,  
 And whistling ruffle surface of the deep,  
 Swell high their roar, and wrecking barks on strand,  
 Spread horror o'er the surface of the land ;  
 So fierce Tyrconnel and Trimouille in rage,

Prepar'd in direful duel to engage.  
Urg'd by these terms of wrath and menace dread,  
Of cuirass each bereft, nor helm on head,  
The Poitou knight upon the flow'ry glade,  
Had near his charming fair of Milan laid  
Lance, morion, breast plate, glave, his limbs to free  
And trappings all the more at ease to be.  
Who in amours requires a pond'rous blade?  
Tyrconnel always march'd in armour ray'd,  
But he within illumin'd fane had plac'd  
His polish'd cuirass—helm with gold enchas'd  
In charge of squire—with costly brassets too,<sup>9</sup>  
The shoulder belt alone appear'd in view  
Appendant, bearing his broad glittering brand;  
He drew it—La Trimouille was quick at hand,  
Prepar'd the brutal Islander to brave,  
Springing with lightsome bound, he grasp'd his glave;  
Then wav'd it high with choler boiling o'er,  
Crying: "Thou monster cruel, list my lore,  
"What merit thy deserts, thou soon shalt feel,  
"Cut throat, that in hypocrisy can deal;  
"Thus coming with impertinence in view,  
"Of lovers to molest the *Rendez-vous*."  
So speaking, on the Briton bold he burst:  
In Phrygia, Menelaus and Hector erst,<sup>10</sup>  
Roar'd menaces and dealt death dooming blow,  
'Fore Helen guilty, and o'er fraught with woe.

From cave, air, heav'n, and forest echos rose,  
Responsive to sad Dorothea's woes,  
Love never with such thrills her breast had fir'd,  
Nor had she felt her tender heart inspir'd  
With equal pain :—what, on the very green,  
Of pure voluptuousness so late the scene :  
“ All potent Heav'n, and must I even here,  
“ Lose what I hold on earth, supremely dear ?  
“ Ador'd Trimouille ! barbarian stay thy rage  
“ And let my timid breast this wrath assuage.”

Exclaiming thus, from dread of fear beguil'd,  
She flew with outstretch'd arms, eyes sparkling wild,  
And rushing 'twixt the combatants distress'd,  
The gallant lover's alabaster breast,  
Soft as the satin, idoliz'd, ador'd,  
Was by a grievous wound already gor'd ;  
From blow terrific, parried off with pain,  
The knight thus gall'd, his rage could not restrain,  
And headlong rush'd the Briton to subdue,  
But Dorothy was just between the two.  
O ! God of love ! O ! Heav'n ! O ! direful blow,  
What faithful lover e'er the truth shall know  
And not with floods of tears bedew my flight,  
When the most tender, true, and lovely knight,  
Bless'd with unnumbered favors of his fair,  
Of *belle* could strike the breast beyond compare ;  
That fateful steel, that dread ensanguin'd blade,

Transpierc'd the heart for love's warm transports made,  
Which ever burnt for him, her soul desir'd,  
She stagger'd, sighing forth, as she expir'd ;  
" Trimouille, sole monarch of my heart."—But death,  
Grim spectre, seiz'd upon her fleeting breath,  
She felt it, glancing once more on the light  
Those eyes unclos'd, which an eternal night  
Was soon to seal :—her feeble hand,—the breast  
Still of her lover with warm ardour press'd,  
Vowing to cherish an immortal glow,  
Forth ebb'd her life, in sighs and sobbings low,  
" I love !—I love !"—In fault'ring accents broke,  
Such the last words this faithful fair one spoke.  
'Twas all in vain—Alas ! Trimouille rever'd  
Heard nought—for now to him death's shades appear'd  
His form surrounding, as beside her charms,  
Of mem'ry 'rest, he slumber'd in her arms,  
Bath'd in her blood, and yet not knowing aught :  
At sight so tender, yet with horror fraught,  
Aghast and chill'd, awhile Tyrconnel stood,  
His senses fled, and frozen was life's flood :  
So erst, if heathen records tell us true,  
Was Atlas, whom no feeling could subdue,<sup>11</sup>  
When for obduracy, 'twas Heav'n's decree,  
Chang'd into flinty rock his form should be.

But pity, gentle nature's soft behest,  
Dispens'd to quell the fury of the breast,

Awoke at length within his harden'd heart,  
He join'd the fair, assistance to impart,  
And found two miniatures on neck so fair,  
Portraits preserv'd by Dorothy with care  
Thro' all adventures, and for times long past,  
In one Trimouille, with azure eyes was cast  
And flaxen locks, possessing beauty's trace,  
With softness, energy—with courage, grace,  
United there ; combining each soft art :  
“ Ah !” quoth Tyrconnel, “ he deserv'd an heart :”  
But at the other semblance loud his cry,  
For lo ! his portrait there enchain'd his eye ;  
He gaz'd, beholding trait for trait design'd ;  
O ! what surprise !—as straight he call'd to mind,  
That journeying once to Milan's famous town,  
He Carminetta knew of high renown,  
Gallant and noble, kind to Albion's race ;  
When quitting, after months elaps'd, that place,  
She pregnant proving, complaisantly he,  
Gave, to destroy of absence the *ennui*,  
This portrait, trac'd by the all skilful hand  
Of great Bellini, chief of Lombard band :<sup>12</sup>  
’Twas Dorothy's own mother :—truth how dire,  
All was reveal'd :—Tyrconnel prov'd her sire.

Tho' haughty he, indifferent and cold,  
His heart if prob'd would gen'rous germs unfold ;  
When by such characters the bitter draught

Of poignant agony is amply quaff'd,  
Its dire effects impressions strong impart,  
Which ne'er assail an ordinary heart  
Too open to receive warm passion's flow ;  
As brass or steel more powerfully glow  
Than rushes burnt, when trifling flame they meet—  
Our Briton view'd his daughter at his feet  
Who death had glutted with her cherish'd blood,  
Her he consider'd, as from eyes a flood  
Of tears fast flow'd, he ne'er had wept before ;  
With streams he bath'd her, kissing o'er and o'er,  
His loud cries echoing thro' the woods around,  
As fraught with anguish, he breathed grief profound ;  
And cursing fortune, war, and direful death,  
Fell quite o'ercome, bereft of voice and breath. 13

Thy lids unclos'd at sounds so fraught with fate,  
Trimouille once more thou saw'st the day, and straight,  
For the remaining light possess'd no charm,  
Shudd'ring thou didst withdraw thy murd'rous arm,  
Which had with agonising fervor press'd,  
The lily beauties of that cherish'd breast ;  
Thy sword hilt placing on th' ensanguin'd plain,  
Upon its point then rushing on amain,  
Transpierc'd by mortal blow, with crimson tide  
Of heart's warm blood, soon was thy mistress dy'd.

At screams thus utter'd by the chief distress'd,  
The squires and priests enquiring, round him press'd,  
Affrighted gazing at the cruel deed,  
Their stony hearts, as well as his could bleed, <sup>14</sup>  
And, but for them, Tyrconnel by self doom,  
Lovers had follow'd to the silent tomb.

At length the horror of his anguish o'er,  
And master of his faculties once more,  
He caus'd clay-cold lovers to be plac'd  
On litter, form'd by lances interlac'd ;  
Thus were they borne by knights in sad array,  
To royal camp, moist'ning with tears the way.

Tyrconnel, who made violence his guide,  
And ever prompt on matters to decide,  
From the dread hour this fatal deed took place,  
Detested woman, maid, all nature's face ;  
His beard grew long, no valet with him sped,  
Mournful his eye, nor word he ever said ;  
His heart sore pent, and in this sombre mood,  
To Paris roam'd, leaving Loire's limpid flood :  
Ere long he gain'd at Calais ocean's strand  
Embark'd, and safely trod his native land,  
There took the frock, in sainted pile to dwell,  
Of Bruno's monks, his *ennui* to dispel. <sup>15</sup>  
Himself and mundane joys, for Heaven resign'd,  
Spurning his state, as well as all mankind ;

And thus with thoughts on melancholy bent,  
 His days were pass'd in everlasting Lent,  
 'Twas there he liv'd, no sentence e'er breath'd he,  
 And yet, he never prov'd, a devotee.

As monarch Charles, and Joan the warrior maid,  
 Beheld thus pass the mourning cavalcade,  
 No sooner they the gen'rous pair espied,  
 Happy so long, and erst bright beauty's pride ;  
 All bath'd in blood, their forms with dust besmear'd,  
 Then struck with dread, each personage appear'd,  
 While ev'ry eye the glist'ning drops distill'd,  
 Each sympathetic heart, with anguish thrill'd.  
 In 'Troy they wept not thus, the bloody day,  
 When Hector of grim death became the prey ;  
 As when Achilles, crown'd by victory,  
 So justly famous for his *modesty* ;  
 Caus'd him *with gentleness to be dragg'd round*,  
 His feet made fast, head trailing on the ground  
 Behind his car ; that o'er the slaughter'd roll'd—  
 For fair Andromache, at least we're told  
 A living widow was, when spouse pass'd o'er  
 The Styx—to visit Hell's infernal shore.

Agnes, the lovely Agnes, shook by fears,  
 Whose arms the King entwinn'd, subdu'd by fears,  
 Exclaim'd :—" Alas ! my love, we thus—some day,  
 " May both to Charnel house be borne away ;

“ Ah ! that my soul, as well as body too,  
“ May ever be, united dear, to you.”

At these soft words, each heart felt weight oppress  
Of timid sorrow, feminine distress ;  
When lo ! the maid assuming martial tone,  
Male organ, proof of courage all her own,  
Cried out :—“ ’Tis not by wailings, and by sighs,  
“ By tears, by sobbings, and such doleful cries,  
“ That we may vengeance for love’s sufferers take,  
“ ’Tis blood, lets arm to-morrow for his sake ;  
“ Behold Oh ! King, of Orleans yonder walls,  
“ Sad ramparts, subject now to Britain’s thralls,  
“ Its plains still smoking, by fell carnage fed  
“ Of those, who by your royal prowess bled,  
“ As in your suite the Gallic legions went ;  
“ Let us prepare, pursue the grand intent ;  
“ This debt is due to bleeding shades we see  
“ Of La Trimouille, and his lov’d Dorothy ;  
“ ’Tis meet a king should conquer and not weep,  
“ Sweet Agnes, in oblivion quick ensteep  
“ Those soft emotions of a gentle heart,  
“ Agnes, to royal lover should impart  
“ Thoughts worthier of his crown and station high,”  
“ Leave me alone !” quoth Agnes, “ *let me cry.*”

"A...  
"Let me...  
"This...  
"Of the...  
"The...  
"Sweet...

## NOTES TO CANTO XIX.

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1 *Atropos*, is very justly pictured as the mother of *Bellona*, being the third of the *Parcæ*, and represented by the ancients, as holding the scissors destined to cut the thread of life.

" *La main des parques blêmes,*

" *De vos jours et des miens se joue également.*"

LA FONTAINE.

\* When we contemplate the dreadful trade of war, it is impossible to refrain from shuddering, and particularly if we call to recollection, that the caprice, passion, or jealousy of a single crowned head, may cause the marshalling of thousands from a state of rude wealth, to premature mortality. Rousseau, in his Ode upon the Birth of the Duke of Burgundy, has well depicted warfare in the following lines.

" *Quel monstre, de carnage avide,*

" *S'est emparé de l'Univers ?*

" *Qu'elle impitoyable Euménide,*

" *De ses feux infecte les airs ?*

" *Quel Dieu souffle en tous lieux la guerre,*

" *Et semble, à dépeupler la terre,*

" *Exciter vos sanglantes mains ?*

" *Mégère, des Enfers bannie,*

" *Est elle aujourd'hui le Génie,*

" *Qui préside au sort des humains ?*"

\* Voltaire is perfectly correct in designating Reason a fatal gift ; since he who makes the most use of it, becomes the direct enemy of priestcraft, whose dogmas will then no longer pass for holy writ. *Andrea Solaris*, in an allegorical picture of Reason, represented as her attribute a lighted lamp, whose feeble rays were nearly obscured by the bright radiance of a torch borne in the hand of *Faith*, who preceded her.

\* The Naiads were young and beautiful divinities, who presided over fountains and rivers, whose flaxen locks luxuriantly flowing over their shoulders, are represented as crowned with coronets of reeds.

\* Sylvanus, the rustic god of the ancients, presided over forests and herds, who, together with Pan, was pictured under the form of a satyr.

Zephyr. " *Sur un lit de roses,*  
 " *Fraichement écloses,*  
 " *Flore du grand jour,*  
 " *Attend le retour ;*  
 " *Le jeune Zéphire,*  
 " *A ses pieds soupire :*  
 " *Et le Dieu badin,*  
 " *Volant autour d'elle,*  
 " *Du bout de son aîle*  
 " *Découvre son sein."*

\* *De Profundis*, the commencement of a Latin psalm, recited over the dead, which is now employed by the French as if it constituted part of their language, as they thus express themselves in conversation—" *Dire un de profundis. Chanter le de profundis ; on ne chante ici que des de profundis ;*" meaning to say, that there is a great mortality in such a place, or, that nothing but funerals are seen.

" *Suspendons le cours de nos larmes,*  
 " *Faisons trêve aux de profundis."*

\* As an unfeigned glowing zeal for religion appears to have formed no feature in the character of Tyrconnel, he might well have exclaimed, addressing the shade of his departed friend Chandos, and applying the words of *Moliere*, in *his Tartuffe*.

" *J'aurai toujours pour vous, ô suave merveille,  
Une devotion à mille autre pareille.*"

\* The above line draws forth a sigh to the memory of *Marshal Ney*, who, be his political faults what they might, most undoubtedly merited by his acts of dauntless bravery, the epithet bestowed upon him by *Napoleon*, when he styled him *Le Plus brave des braves*.

" ————— *This earth that bears thee dead  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven ;  
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph."*

The almost incredible intrepidity and coolness of *Marshal Ney*, in the most trying periods of danger, was not only proverbial throughout the French army, but even excited the most unqualified applause in his enemies, a feeling that was never more exemplified than upon the first entry of the Allies into Paris, upon which occasion, the Marshal having given a splendid ball, where the Sovereigns and their Generals were present, and among the rest, the famous *Hetman Plutoff*, the latter was so forcibly struck at being in the presence of this magnanimous chief, that he remained nearly the whole of the evening, attentively scrutinizing his person, a circumstance generally noticed, and detailed to the writer, by *Monsieur Gamot*, his brother in law, an eye witness of the fact. It is almost superfluous to add, that the heroic conduct subsequently displayed by this extraordinary man after the affair of Moscow, in rescuing thirty thousand men, with a train of ten thousand sick and wounded, amidst an enemy's country, and incessantly harassed by an army of an hundred and forty thousand victorious Russians and Cossacks, did not a little tend to encrease the former feeling of admiration which he had raised in the bosom of every brave and honorable soldier.

\* *Braslet*, is that part of ancient armour, which served as a covering for the arm of the warrior.

<sup>10</sup> You are doubtless acquainted with the combat which took place between *Hector* and *Menelaus*, and that the fair *Helen* looked upon the conflict with a

most tranquil eye. Our Dorothy, you must allow, possessed much more virtue ; indeed our action surpasses by far that of the Greeks in point of morality. Our women are gallant, but at the bottom they possess infinitely more of tenderness, as I have demonstrated in my *Philosophie Chrétien*, volume the twelfth, page 169.

<sup>11</sup> It is presumable that our author in the above line alludes to the hardness of heart displayed by *Atlas* in refusing his hospitality to *Perseus*, who after his conquest of the *Gorgons*, in vain demanded admittance to that Monarch's palace, for which obduracy he was punished by order of Jupiter, being transformed into a mountain, as every one knows on beholding *Medusa's* head, which was presented to him by the injured *Perseus*.

<sup>12</sup> *Gentile Bellini*, was the eldest son of *Giuseppe Bellini*, born at Venice in 1421, and instructed by his father in the art of painting in distemper as well as in oil. He was accounted the greatest proficient of his time, and was employed by the Doge to paint the Hall of the Grand Council. The reputation of this artist was at that time so extensive, that it reached the Ottoman Court, and the Emperor Mahomet the Second, having seen some of his performances, invited him to Constantinople, received him with great respect, sat to him for his portrait, and engaged him there for some time, loading him with rich presents and many marks of his peculiar regard. This Emperor, however, having ordered the head of a slave to be cut off before *Gentile*, in order to convince him of an incorrectness in a picture of the decollation of Saint John, he was so affected and terrified at the sight, that he never enjoyed peace of mind till he obtained permission to return to his own country. *Mahomet* honoured him by placing a gold chain round his neck, and wrote to the Senate in his favour, which at his return procured him a pension for life, and the honourable distinction of the order of Saint Mark. He died in 1501, at the age of eighty.

*Pilkington.*

<sup>13</sup> "*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.*"

HORACE.

<sup>14</sup> A most virulent attack upon the priestly character, for which our poet well deserves all the obloquy reflected on his memory by the sons of the Church, and the intended expulsion of his remains from consecrated ground.

<sup>13</sup> *Saint Bruno* was founder of the Carthusian order, in 1040 from a very extraordinary event, if we may credit the historians of that period; the circumstance being as follows:—A Professor of the University of Paris, very commendable as well for his doctrine as the apparent integrity of a well spent life, died, but as the burial service was performing, he suddenly sat upright upon the bier and cried with a lamentable voice, “*I am accused by the just judgment of God.*” This circumstance put all the spectators into a dreadful consternation, so that the interment was deferred until the ensuing day, when the defunct again cried out, “*I am judged by the just judgment of God;*” in consequence of which the burial was postponed for another day, on the arrival of which, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators assembled, the dead man a third time exclaimed in a terrible voice, “*By the just judgment of God, am I condemned;*” which event being witnessed by one *Bruno*, who happened to be present, he was so forcibly penetrated by the spectacle, that he delivered a long harangue to the assembly, and concluded by remarking that it was utterly impossible for them to enjoy salvation, unless they renounced the world and retired into the deserts; a line of conduct he immediately adopted, departing forthwith accompanied by six of his companions to a desolate place named *Chartreux*, amidst the mountains in the Diocese of Grenoble. In this desert, the resort of wild beasts, they constructed small cells at some distance from each other, where they lived in a state of silence, following a most rigid course of life, from which circumstance was afterwards founded the celebrated monastery of the *Chartreux*.

<sup>16</sup> If Tyrconnel had the same opinion of a devotee as is expressed by Desboulriers in the subjoined lines we cannot altogether blame his obduracy upon this point.

*On peut impunement, pour l'intérêt du Ciel*  
*Etre dur, se venger, faire des injustices ;*  
*Tout n'est pour les Devots, que péchés veniel.*

<sup>17</sup> Our grave Author appears to be ironical upon the subject of the *modest* and *gentle Achilles* trailing round the walls of Troy the dead body of the gallant *Hector*, most ignominiously attached to the hinder part of his chariot, leaving the tender *Andromache* to witness this exposition with all the characteristic refinement of *true Grecian gallantry*.

<sup>12</sup> Additional matter concerning Agnes Sorel and her royal lover not known to the translator, until after the notes of the First Canto, relating to the *Dame de Beauté*, were committed to press.—It has very frequently afforded matter of astonishment to observe, the peculiar apathy displayed by the French nation in regard to every thing that is connected with the romantic and splendid remnants of antiquity, which are so profusely scattered over the Gallic soil. Since the valuable labours of *Montfaucon*, nothing of moment has appeared upon this subject, and we have therefore to hail with an increase of pleasure the splendid and interesting work of Messrs. *Nodier*, *Taylor*, and *De Cailleux*, from which the following extract is taken, the work being entitled, "*Voyages pittoresques et Romantiques dans l'Ancienne France*," in folio, printed by Didot, and ornamented by plates of the most celebrated French engravers.

"The monastery of *Jumieges*, established under the rule of Saint Bennet, was founded in six hundred and forty. After the expiration of a few years, *Dagobert* paid a visit to this republic of Saints, and ceded to it all the territory which it occupies, as if a divine foresight had announced to him, that it would one day become the asylum of some unfortunate Princes of his family. It was in this sanctified spot, that the two eldest sons of *Clovis* the second and Saint *Bathilda*, were destined by heaven to pass their days in penitence. This touching episode in the history of France, has not been neglected by the poet *Ronsard*, who has given it a place in the fourth canto of *La Franciade*, and *Jumieges* having been rendered illustrious by the miracles of saints, and enriched by the munificence of Kings, became by degrees one of the most important monuments of ancient France. It was several times devastated during the wars, and as frequently arose anew from its ruins. This Abbey was burned by the Danes in the year eight hundred and forty, in remembrance of which invasion and the horrible excesses committed, nothing now remains but a painting in fresco upon its walls, whereof no vestige will soon be perceptible." At a much later period, Charles the Seventh here sought an asylum, and Agnes Sorel a sepulchre; and we shall soon contemplate, in the adjacent picturesque hamlet of *Du Mesnil*, the modest Mansion house of *La Belle des Belles*.

"On arriving at the grand arch of the choir of the monastery, at this portico of the sanctuary, whereof all the supporting buttresses are fallen, a sensation of dread operates upon the mind, lest the very echo from a foot-fall should loosen a grain of sand that might draw down the whole remaining fabric in its overthrow. It is near this spot, behind the northern branch of the cross, that the

mausoleum of Agnes was placed ; or rather if we are to credit a tradition which seems better founded, a small monument enclosing her heart. When the furies of revolutionary fanaticism, devoted like vampires to the violation of sepulchres, raised up the stone which covered this <sup>1</sup>depository, in the hope of finding some hidden treasure with the remains of *La Dame de Beauté*, it is said that nothing was discovered but a few ashes, which were immediately dispersed among them by the wind. Such were the remains of the heart of Agnes ; that heart once animated by so much love, and a passion so noble, that France was not perhaps less indebted to her for its salvation, than to the intrepidity of Joan of Arc. A well informed and feeling gentleman was lucky enough to rescue this tomb from the saw and the hammer ; yes, the cenotaph of the mistress of a monarch, whose noble counsels greatly contributed to save her country from the English yoke, is now become the ornament of a private garden. O ! may the simplicity of its materials and the obscurity of its asylum henceforth preserve it from the attacks of barbarism !! Above the spot where the mausoleum stood, is an high arched narrow window, through which the rays of the setting sun were wont to dart upon this naïve and charming epitaph of the ancient poet."

" *Hic jacet in tumba mitis simplexque columba.*"

" *Ici repose dans la tombe,  
Une douce et simple colombe.*"

"I have before stated that the residence of Agnes still exists, for to what good purpose could its ruins have been applied? Between east and south of the Abbey, near the margin of the river, rises the small mansion of Mesnil. Its aspect at the same time mysterious and enchanting, immediately fascinates the attention of the stranger, before he is made acquainted with the original proprietors of the dwelling. In the front court is an ancient chestnut tree, coeval with the period when the structure was raised, and a witness of nil the secrets of the Manor House. The interior of the building is only remarkable for a long gallery with which several apartments communicate, whose projecting beams, at certain intervals, still display the traces of Agnes Sorel's cypher, and at the extremity is a chapel, above which appears a tribune for the Lord of the Manor. The Gothic windows are still preserved, with the stone benches fixed in their wide embrasures ; those very seats, whereon rested beneath the purple coloured glass enriched with gold and fret work, the dames and knights of those days, and upon which Agnes herself has so often reclined, while without

appear the traces of a mysterious pathway conducting from the retreat of Charles the Seventh to the Manor house, having never since been frequented."

Translated from the original of Monsieur Ch. Nodier, inserted in the *Archives de Littérature et des Arts*, No. 4, as a specimen of the literary style of the *Voyages Pittoresques*, &c. mentioned in the introductory lines of the present note.

<sup>20</sup> This naïve and affecting reply of Agnes Sorel, affords a matchless contrast with the bold style of the belligerent Joan of Arc, and it must certainly be allowed that never were two characters more exquisitely portrayed to grace an epic; they act as light and shade beautifully blended in a fine picture, whose tints imperceptibly softening, form a *tout ensemble* chastely correct and harmoniously pleasing.

In order however, to demonstrate that Joan of Arc was not only masculine in speaking, but equally so upon the eve of acting, we are told in history, that upon preparing for a *coup de guerre*, and when the soldiers were ranged in order of battle, she, by her harangues knew how to inspire them and invigorate their spirits for the action; and that whensoever the cry was To Arms; "*Elle étoit la première et la plus diligente, fut à pied ou à cheval.*" "She was the first and the most active whether on foot or on horseback." In addition to which a contemporary historian, speaking of her equestrian prowess states:

*A principio ætatis suæ . . . . pascendo pecora . . . . sapius cursum exercebat; et modo hæc atque illuc illi frequens cursus erat; et aliquando currendo hastam ut fortis eques manu capiebat et arborum truncos . . . . percutiebat &c.*

See *Phillipe de Bergame*, in *Hordal*. page 40. who according to *Moréri*, under the head *Foreati*, was born in 1434.

It must be allowed that in the researches and interrogatories relative to our Pucelle, no mention is made of this particularity, neither does any thing therein contained tend to invalidate the supposition; *Phillipe* adduces an *ocular* witness, from whom he heard it; and the *Duke of Alençon* indirectly confirms it; "For no sooner had he learned the arrival of Jeanne at Chinon, than he forthwith repaired to Salat Florent, and on the following day beheld her pass;" *Une lance à la main, qu'elle portait et faisait mouvoir avec beaucoup de grace, et alors il lui fit don d'un beau cheval.*" *Bearing a lance in the hand which she carried and wielded with much grace, and then he made her a present of a fine horse.*" *Saint Florent* is about seventy-five miles from

Chison, consequently there could not have been a greater interval of time than four or five days between her arrival and *rencontre* with the Duke. Another fact is, that Joan was not admitted to the King, until after the expiration of two days, (see *Dunois in Laverdy*, page 352, Note 26,) consequently there could only have been a lapse of *two or three* days, and is it probable that during so short a space of time she could have learned *to exercise a lance with grace?*



## CANTO XX.

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### ARGUMENT.

HOW JOAN FELL INTO A STRANGE TEMPTATION—TENDER TEMERITY  
OF HER ASS—AND THE NOBLE RESISTANCE OF OUR MAID.

---

FRAGILE is man and woman too, my Friend,  
Wherefore take heed, on Virtue ne'er depend,  
The vase tho' fair, is only form'd of clay,  
'Tis easy broken; mend it faith you may;  
The enterprise is difficult and rare;  
This precious vessel, to preserve with care  
Untarnish'd—is a vision: that believe,  
Which none attains, witness the spouse of Eve;  
Old Lot and Samson, 'reft of both his eyes;  
David the saintly; Solomon the wise;  
And you fair sex, foremost of all enrolled,  
In the new Testament as well as old;

In page of history, and e'en in fable ;  
I pardon sex devout, your minds unstable,  
Your little errings and caprices quaint,  
Your soft refusals and each charming feint,  
But, I must own, some acts my reason views,  
Some certain tastes I never can excuse.<sup>1</sup>  
An ape, a very puppy have I seen,  
Fat, squat, and tann'd—frowsy 'neath linen clean,  
E'en as a youth caress'd within your arms—  
I feel distress'd for your bright tender charms ;  
An Ass perhaps with wings is ten times greater  
Than coxcomb dizen'd, or dull *Petit Maître* ;  
To you I've consecrated, sex divine,  
The gift poetic of celestial nine,  
For your instruction now 'tis fit ye learn,  
How of our Joan, a fine grey ass could turn  
The martial brain for momentary season  
And lead astray her yirgin thoughts from reason,  
It is not I :—'tis old Tritemus' sage,<sup>2</sup>  
That worthy Abbé who endites this page.

Monk Grisbourdon, who shar'd of damn'd the lot,  
Direful, at bottom of his cauldron hot,  
Blaspheming ever, sought occasion still,  
To wreak on Joan of Arc some vengeful ill,  
Before whose sabre, when on earth he shrunk,  
Which of its tonsur'd sconce, depriv'd the trunk.  
Aloud he cried :—" O ! Belzebub, my sire,

“ With some dread sin, Ah ! canst thou not inspire,  
“ The mind of Joan severe, and seal her fall ?  
“ Methinks thou’rt urg’d to this, by honor’s call.”  
While speaking thus, arriv’d from passing Styx,  
With rage o’er boiling, foul Hermaphrodix,  
The *holy water* glist’ning on his cheek,  
The beast amphibious, vengeance fell to wreak,  
Came to consult of ev’ry sin, the sire :  
Behold the trio met, thus to conspire  
Against our Joan. Alas ! in love’s soft trade,  
Fewer are needed to seduce a maid :  
Long had it been to gracious three reveal’d,  
That Joan of Arc, ’neath petticoat conceal’d  
Of town besieg’d, the famous guardian key,  
And that of mourning France, the destiny  
Upon her saintly mission then depended,  
Satan’s inventive genius was commended ;  
Who quickly sped to note upon the earth,  
How were employ’d his friends of British birth,  
And to what feats of body as of mind,  
Joan after mighty battles felt inclin’d.

Dunois, the King, Agnes in Faith now true,  
The ass, the maid, Bonneau and Bonifoux,  
Had enter’d in the fort with closing night,  
Waiting fresh reinforcements for the fight ;  
The dreadful breach of the besieg’d now clos’d,  
A barrier to assailants thus oppos’d,

From ramparts, lo ! the hostile band had sped :  
Bedford—the townsfolk—Charles by hunger led  
Supp'd safe at home—hast'ning to get to bed.

}

At strange adventure—O ! ye muses quake,  
Which to a future race my verse must break,  
And ye, my readers, in whom Heav'n hath plac'd,  
Of purest tenderness the sapient taste ;  
Thank Dunois, Denis, who themselves acquitted  
Right well ;—whereby great sin was not committed.

If ye remember right, I promis'd erst,  
That gallant wonders all, should be rehears'd  
Of this same Pegasus, with ears so lank ;  
Joining 'neath Joan and Dunois battle's rank,  
To dare the enemies of King and Maid,  
You've seen him with his golden wings array'd,  
Dunois transporting to the Lombard plains,  
Whence he return'd, but rack'd with jealous pains :  
Full well you know, that bearing Joan of Arc,  
He felt in bosom lighted up the spark  
Of that sweet fire, more ardent far than soft,  
Soul, spring and principle of worlds aloft ;  
Which in the air, the woods and waves creates  
Each body, and alike all animates.  
This sacred fire of which there still appear  
Some feeble rays, in this our worn out sphere,  
Was from on high to warm Pandora ta'en,

Since which the flambeau hath been on the wane.  
 All's faded, nature's force now languishing  
 In these our wretched days : Time's rapid wing  
 Nought now produces, save imperfect fires ;<sup>3</sup>  
 If still a vivifying flame inspires,  
 An happy germ of principle benign  
 With bright Uranian Venus the divine<sup>4</sup>  
 Ne'er seek it, or below court flame so rare,  
 But to Arcadia's heroes waft the prayer.

Ye lovely Celadons whom beauty's powers,<sup>5</sup>  
 Have bound in chains of blooming fragrant flow'rs,  
 Lovers in cassock or the cuirass dress'd,  
 Ye lawyers, colonels, prelates, abbes bless'd ;  
 Those of high *ton*, nay e'en a Cordelier<sup>6</sup>  
 Ranks not in love with donkey the compeer ;  
 The golden ass in Latium erst so fam'd,<sup>7</sup>  
 In metamorphosis aloud proclaim'd,  
 Can ne'er with this on Fame's bright record dwell,  
 He was but man, and that's a *Bagatelle* !

Tritemus sage, whose mental powers could rise,  
 Than pedant Larchet more discreet and wise ;<sup>8</sup>  
 The modest author of this noble tale  
 Could scarce believe :—he felt affright prevail,  
 When 'twas his task to chronicle the writ,  
 And to posterity this theme transmit.  
 His fingers three could scarce find pow'r to guide,

The nibs of pen and o'er the paper glide,  
Frighten'd at length it fell—but soon his breast,  
Became with agitation less oppress'd,  
Reflecting sagely on the fund of evil  
And malice dire, arising from the Devil.

This foe to man, the source of all transgression,  
Is tempter general by his profession ;  
Under his special care he takes all souls :  
This formidable sire, who sin controuls,  
Rival of Heav'n, seduc'd mankind, to spite  
Our common mother, near a wood one night<sup>9</sup>  
In garden :—serpent of deceiver's worst,  
Caus'd her to eat the apple there accurs'd ;  
Some think he guilty was of greater vice :  
Howe'er it be, she lost gay paradise.  
Since which, in ev'ry house the fiend's espied,  
Of wives and daughters all, the constant guide,  
And sage Tritemus in his time I ween  
Had with his eyes, examples touching seen :  
Thus is detail'd, by good men fraught with sense  
Of saintly ass, the shame and insolence.

Joan the robust, with cheeks of damask rose,  
Refresh'd by soothing poppies of repose,  
Gently tuck'd up within her lily sheets,  
Of her past life, retrac'd the fateful feats.  
Such deeds recalling, pride her soul 'gan taint,

The glory she denied to Denis Saint,  
 And fed of puff'd up vanity a grain ; <sup>10</sup>  
 This you may well conceive gave Denis pain,  
 Who for punishment left his *protégée*,  
 For period short her wishes to obey :  
 Denis desir'd that Joan his leading star,  
 Should know at length, what of ourselves we are, <sup>11</sup>  
 And that on each occasion, 'tis decreed,  
 Women in acting always patron need.  
 Right near she was becoming thus a prey  
 To trap ; which Satan in his malice lay —  
 Ourselves misleading, we go far astray.

}

The tempter ne'er neglecting direful spell,  
 Chose his own time ; he always chooses well :—  
 He's ev'ry where ;—he glides with ruse refin'd  
 Into the ass's frame ; he forms its mind,  
 Its tongue instructs in value of soft sounds,  
 Its voice no longer with harsh tone abounds ;  
 And tutors also, cunning of that art  
 By Bernard sung, which Ovid knew by heart. <sup>12</sup>

The ass enlighten'd, straightway rear'd its head  
 From stable, quickly up the staircase sped  
 To foot of couch, where quietly lay dosing  
 Joan, who in mind on labours past was prosing ;  
 Then gently crouching at her side took place,

He prais'd her as o'er-topping hero race,  
As matchless and the fairest fair of all :  
Thus serpent erst seducing to our thrall,  
When on our mother he essay'd his guiles,  
Began to subjugate with winning smiles,  
With flatt'ring compliments, commenced soft teasing,  
With art of praising, 'gins the art of pleasing.

“ Oh ! heav'n where am I,” cried out Joan of Arc,  
“ What is't I hear, by Luke, and by St. Mark !  
“ Is it my ass ? O prodigy ! O wonder !  
“ My donkey speaks nor utters he a blunder.”

The Ass on knees, demeanour then compos'd,  
And cried, “ Oh ! Joan, no falsehood is disclosed ;  
“ In me the ass of Canaan behold,  
“ Nourish'd was I, by Balaam the old ;  
“ Balaam, Pagan priest—O ! sad disaster,<sup>13</sup>  
“ A Jew was I—without me my dear master<sup>14</sup>  
“ Had curs'd the race elect, and then no doubt,  
“ Some bad mischance from thence had fallen out ;  
“ My zeal was recompensed by Adonai.<sup>15</sup>  
“ Soon to old Enoch was I giv'n away ;<sup>16</sup>  
“ That Enoch who immortal life possess'd,  
“ I had the same, and 'twas high heav'n's behest,  
“ That cruel Parcæ's life-bereaving shears,  
“ Should hold in due respect my blissful years,

“ Thus an eternal spring-time do I feel :  
“ The master of our meadow quite genteel,  
“ Save only one thing, granted all to me,  
“ Commanding I should live in *chastity* :  
“ This, for a donkey’s the severest lot,  
“ Young, without curb, and in this charming spot,  
“ Of all the master, I could all things do,  
“ By day, by night, all ; save in love to woo ;  
“ Far better I, than the first man obey’d,  
“ Who for an apple ev’ry bliss betray’d ;  
“ My constitution’s warmth I could defy,  
“ The flesh was mute, no weaknesses had I ;  
“ But wouldst thou know how all this came to pass ?  
“ Throughout the plains there was not one she Ass—<sup>17</sup>  
“ With mine estate content, thus roll’d on fleet,  
“ A thousand years, in celibacy sweet.

“ From depths of Greece, when Bacchus came divine,  
“ With glorious Thyrsus, drunkenness and wine,<sup>18</sup>  
“ Into those realms, where Ganges’ currents roll,  
“ I serv’d as trumpet, this heroic soul,  
“ And Indians civiliz’d who own his will,  
“ Chant with their overthrow, my glory still.  
“ Silenus and myself are better known,<sup>19</sup>  
“ Than all the great, surrounding Bacchus’ throne,  
“ My simple name and virtues signaliz’d,  
“ Have ’ray’d with honour Apuleius priz’d ;<sup>20</sup>

“ In short, amidst the heav’n’s empyreal glow,  
“ When George the Saint, of Gaul redoubted foe ;  
“ That Hero fierce, enamour’d of war’s deed,  
“ Desir’d to have for palfrey British steed ;  
“ When Martin famous for his mantle wide,<sup>21</sup>  
“ Obtain’d a very decent nag to ride ;  
“ Our Mister Denis, cutting too a figure,  
“ Wanting alike a trotter to look bigger  
“ Made choice of me, so I became his care ;  
“ Of brilliant wings he clapp’d on me a pair :  
“ My flight I took to raise in heav’n a stir,  
“ When bit, my rump was, by Saint Roche’s cur ;<sup>22</sup>  
“ The hog of Anthony, sworn friend was there  
“ Celestial pig, with which all monks compare :<sup>23</sup>  
“ Gold stirrups had I, housings all were gay,  
“ Fed on ambrosia was I ev’ry day ;<sup>24</sup>  
“ But Ah ! my Joan, such blissful life can’t measure,  
“ With that full portion of ecstatic pleasure  
“ Which now I feel, your martial charms to view,  
“ The cur, the hog, St. George with Denis too  
“ Are not conjoin’d, worth your all-radiant beauty ;  
“ Of tasks which to fulfil it was my duty,  
“ Where to by star benign I have been rais’d,  
“ By me, none e’er was yet so justly prais’d,  
“ And which perhaps, I’m form’d to fill the best,  
“ As to comply with your august behest.  
“ When heav’n’s empyreum bright was left by me,

‘ Honor’d I found, my fortune was by thee ;  
 “ No :—I have ne’er abandon’d radiant skies,  
 “ I still am there, for heav’n is in your eyes.”<sup>25</sup>

At speech so daring, very far from sage :  
 Joan justly found in breast, enkindled rage :  
 “ What love an ass, and thus resign my fame,  
 “ Ah ! let me not the fell dishonour name ;  
 “ Having till now, my innocence kept clear,  
 “ From Gallia’s knights as well as muleteer ;  
 “ And being blest with heav’nly grace a store,  
 “ Made Chandos imbecile when fight was o’er.  
 “ Yet in this ass, what merits I descry,  
 “ Ah ! may he not with goat well favour’d vie  
 “ Of a Calabrian when with wreaths entwin’d ?  
 “ No ; let’s dispel such horrors from the mind.”  
 These varied thoughts an inward tempest bred  
 In heart of Joan, confounding too her head ;  
 Thus we behold deep Ocean’s surges bear,  
 The tyrants fierce, of billows and of air ;  
 Some rushing furious from their southern caves,  
 As others sweep with icy blasts the waves,  
 Driving the bark that ploughs each liquid wall,  
 Bound for Sumatra, Ceylon or Bengal ;  
 Sometimes in clouds is seen the uprais’d stern,  
 Dash’d tow’rd the rocks, it now appears in turn,

Then yawns in liquid gulf the ship to doom,  
Or now it soars as from infernal tomb.

The child so arch, whose pow'r all might surpasses,  
Charming alike mankind, the gods, and asses ;  
Hover'd in azure heights with bow in hand,  
And maiden Joan regarded, smiling bland ;  
In faith the heart of heroine elect,  
Felt flutter'd at the singular effect  
Which was produc'd by her attractive smile,  
Upon the sense of beast, so gross and vile ;  
She to her lover hand extended then  
Thoughtless ; and quickly drew it back again ;  
Straight blushing blam'd herself, fell fears alarming,  
Then courage taking, cried out, " Donkey charming ;  
" By hope chimerical you're led astray,  
" Respect my glory, and my duty pray ;  
" Between our species, distance is too wide,  
" No, all your tenderness must be denied ;  
" Wherefore I charge you ere it be too late,  
" Take heed by times, nor dare provoke your fate."

" Love equals all," the ass anon replied,  
" Think of that Swan who rank'd fair Leda's pride,"<sup>66</sup>  
" Touching whose honour, no one e'er reflected ;  
" Know'st thou not Minos daughter, who neglected"<sup>67</sup>  
" The heroes all, embracing Bull instead,

“ And sighing for her lovely quadruped ;  
“ Learn too, that erst in claws the tow’ring Eagle,  
“ From earth could youthful Ganymede inveigle ;<sup>88</sup>  
“ And that Philyra favour’d at her ease,<sup>89</sup>  
“ Disguis’d as Horse, the monarch of the seas.”

His speech he follow’d up, and Satan sable,  
First author of each legendary fable,  
Instill’d such fam’d examples to surprise,  
As rang’d our ass on level with the wise.

While thus he dar’d in polish’d lays presume,  
Dunois, who occupied adjoining room,  
Attentive listen’d ;—stupified to hear  
Strains breath’d so eloquently in Joan’s ear !  
He wish’d to view the hero who thus prated,  
And what fell rival, Love had now created :  
He enter’d ; and quite stupified survey’d,  
The beast bewitched with monstrous ears array’d :  
O ! prodigy—O ! marvel to surprise,  
He saw, yet doubted, truth before his eyes.

Venus of old, felt thus of shame the dread,  
When o’er her, wiry net of brass was spread  
By wretched Vulcan ; who to gods display’d  
Mars with his rib, devoid of covering laid.  
Joan, after all was not subdu’d ’tis plain,

Denis o'er Satan, held the curbing rein,  
Near the abyss, her steps he guarded still,  
And snatch'd her from the dire effects of ill.  
Joan now indignant, found in breast an host ;  
Just so a soldier sleeping at his post,  
Who as the first alarms his senses greet,  
Springs up and sudden stands upon his feet,  
Rubs either eye, attires himself,—and lo !<sup>30</sup>  
Seizes his arms, prepar'd to meet the foe.  
Of Deborah, the all redoubted spear,<sup>31</sup>  
Hanging the bed's head of our maiden near,  
Which rescu'd her from perils ev'ry day,  
She seiz'd, the pow'r of Satan to dismay,  
Who ne'er could stand against its dint divine :  
Dunois and Joan attack'd the fiend malign ;  
Foul Satan fled, and while he hideous cried,  
The woods of Orleans, Blois, and Nantz replied,  
And Poitou's donkeys, that in meadows stray'd,  
In harsh tones answering, more discordant bray'd.  
The Devil sped ; but in his quicken'd pace,  
He thought on England's ills, his own disgrace,  
So flew like arrow into Orleans straight,  
And pass'd of Louvet president, the gate  
Then enter'd snug, the body of his dame,  
Sure of controlling there, the mental flame,  
Such was his goal—the tempter knew full well,  
The secret sin whereof she own'd the spell,

He solv'd her passion, Talbot rul'd her will,  
The wily snake to evil prompting still,  
Spurr'd and inflam'd her, hoping in the end,  
Some friendly succour he might thus extend,  
And thro' the gates of Orleans lead amain  
The valiant Talbot and his fiery train ;  
Yet while thus toiling for each British elf,  
He knew full well he fought but for himself.<sup>32</sup>

END OF CANTO TWENTY.



## NOTES TO CANTO XX.

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<sup>1</sup> *De gustibus non est disputandum*, and if we take into consideration the versatility of the female character, it is somewhat astonishing, that our poet, who is usually lenient, should prove thus inexorable to the ladies; he perhaps only looked upon the bad side of the picture, without culling to mind this axiom of *La Bruyere*.

“*Les femmes sont extremes ; elles sont melieurs ou pire que les hommes.*”

<sup>2</sup> Of the venerable *Tritemus*, we have spoken upon former occasions.

<sup>3</sup> There is little consolation to be derived from the above lines, which infer that we are only blessed with the drags of love, as all its real extacies were showered upon *Pandora*, to whom we are indebted for every evil, Hope excepted; since from her fatal box—

“*Omnia in orbem evolarunt mala ; sola spe in fundo relictâ.*”

<sup>4</sup> *Urania*, is here used as the surname of Venus, or *Celestial*; in which character, she was supposed to preside over beauty and generation, and was called daughter of *Uranus* or *Cælus*, by the light.

\* *Caladon*, is a name very frequently applied to amorous and languishing shepherd swains, in the Pastoral Eclogues, and Idyls of the Poets.

\* Voltaire, for some reason unknown to the annotator, seems to regard these Monks of *Saint Francis* as very devils in the sports of Venus, which must be the effect of constitutional vigour, as the *Cordeliers* are of the mendicant order, and consequently find no auxiliaries in the delights of a well stocked table, or the overflowing goblets of rich and rosy wine.

“ *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.*”

\* *The Golden Ass*, is an excellent allegorical production, replete with morality, comprised in eleven books, and was composed by *Apuleius*, a very learned man of *Madaura*, in Africa.

\* *Larchet*, surnamed by our author the *Pedant*, rendered himself ridiculous as an enthusiastical supporter of *Cardinal Mazarine*; he was a complete collegian, who, in a critical work after *Herodotus*, asserts that in Babylon the females prostituted themselves in the Temple by way of devotion, and that all the young Gauls were of the race of *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*.

\* It is thus, that the Devil should be spoken of at all times, as well as all the devils that succeeded to the furies, and equally the modern fooleries which are derived from the fooleries of the ancients. It is pretty well known, that *Satan*, *Beelzebub*, and *Astaroth*, have no more real existence than *Tisiphone*, *Alecto*, and *Megara*. The sombre and fanatic *Milton*, of the party of the *Round Heads* or *Independents*, and infamous Latin Secretary of the Parliament surnamed the *Rump*, and still more detestable, as having been the apologist of the assassination of *Charles the First*, may continue to eulogise Hell as long as he chooses, or depict the Devil disguised as a *Cormorant* or a *Toad*, and arrange all the infernal Cohort as pigmies in a vast hall; these disgusting, terrible, and absurd chimeras, may have been agreeable to some fanatics like himself, but we must declare, that such abominable pleasantries, are regarded by us with horror; as we only desire on the contrary, that such personages should prove conducive to our amusement.

“ *Note inserted in French Editions of LA PUCELLE.*”

<sup>10</sup> Joan seems to have forgotten the adage that *un once de Vanité gâte un quintal de mérite*. "I once knew," said the Marquis de L——, "a witty gentleman whose father had been a coachman, (which was certainly no very great misfortune,) and who was sometimes desirous of passing for the natural son of a *Prince*, and at others, for that of *Voltaire*; thus prostituting the fame of his mother, at the shrine of his egregious vanity.

<sup>11</sup> Denis must have been most deeply offended at these movements excited in the brain of his *protégée*, which had nothing to do with priestly intervention; since our heroine had the presumption to rely solely upon her own judgment, without any reference whatsoever to his opinion. To punish this obduracy and awaken contrition, our Saint had recourse to the very best expedient possible, that of abandoning her to her own free-will, by the aid of which, our refractory Joan, being arbiter of her own destiny, was certain of damnation, as the soundest efforts of reason and common sense, without the interposition of the Church, would have been fruitless; and in consequence, *Mister Saint Denis*, with true paternal feeling, rescued his maiden from the fate which infallibly awaited her, and thus placed Joan upon the stool of repentance.

<sup>12</sup> *Bernard*, here alluded to, was the author of an opera, entitled *Castor and Pollux*, together with some fugitive pieces, and also produced an *Art of Love*, after the manner of *Ovid*.

<sup>13</sup> The false prophet *Balaam*, had a she ass which possessed the faculty of speech, a circumstance regarded by wise heads, as a tale to make a man sleep while standing. This miracle is, however, perpetuated even to the present day, since nothing is more common, than to hear *asses* of both sexes, dispute upon abstruse subjects of theology and metaphysics.

<sup>14</sup> A very left handed compliment this paid to the sons of Israel; such licences are, however, permitted to poets of our author's rank in the annals of literary celebrity.

<sup>15</sup> *Adonai*, means *Lord* or *Master*.

<sup>16</sup> There were two scriptural personages of the names of Enoch, one being the eldest son of Cain, the other a saintly patriarch, and the father of *Methusalem*, but to which of these reverend individuals our famous ass devolved, we leave to the sage determination of Theologians, to whom it must be a matter of *unspeakable consequence*.

<sup>17</sup> A more decided proof of continence than this, was never adduced ; wherefore the situation of our donkey forcibly calls to mind, *Sheridan's* remark in the *Critic*, when he states that

" *The fleet was not in sight, because the fleet could not be seen.*"

<sup>18</sup> The *Thyrus*, is a lance or javeline, environed with branches of ivy and the vine, being one of the attributes given by the poets to the god *Bacchus*, displaying according to some, the fury which wine inspires, while others imagine, that it bears reference to the necessity which drunkards have of a stick, in order to support themselves.

<sup>19</sup> *Silenus*, generally represented as a fat jolly old man, crowned with flowers and intoxicated, is uniformly depicted riding upon an ass, which animal is shrewdly surmised to have served as *Trumpeter* to the god *Bacchus* and his festive train.

<sup>20</sup> *Apuleus's* donkey did not speak ; he could never pronounce more than *Oh* and *No* ; but he enjoyed an excellent fortune with a lady, as may be seen in the two volumes quarto *Cum Notis ad Usum Delphini*. In short, at all periods the same sentiments have been attributed to beasts as to men ; in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, we are told that horses wept ; while in the *Fables of Æsop*, *Pilpay*, and *Lockman*, animals of every description converse as familiarly as your humble servant.

<sup>21</sup> It is highly requisite for my heretical readers to learn, that the Devil, under the semblance of a pauper, having craved charity of *Saint Martin*, the latter very philanthropically bestowed upon him the half of his Tunic.

At the city of *Tours*, are displayed to devotees, the body of this charitable Saint, and the *sword* with which he so severed his garment, as well as *the remains of the Seven Sleepers*. Being now upon the subject of relics, let us record some of those stated to have belonged to *Jean, Duc de Berri*, brother of *Charles the Fifth of France*, according to the account handed down to us by *Laboureur*, in the Introduction to his History, page eighty-five, which consisted of—First, a *Rib* of *Saint Zacharius*.—Second, a *Rib* of *Saint Barbara*.—Third, half of one of the feet of *Saint Cyprian*.—Fourth, half of the *Sponge* used by the *Virgin Mary*, when she wept for *Saint Stephen*.—Fifth, half of *Saint Laurence's Gridiron*.—Sixth, half of a *Rib* of *Saint Anthony*. In addition to these, the above named Prince is stated to have made presents of numerous relics to different churches, and among the rest, part of the head and arm of *Saint Bennet* to the *Abbey of Saint Denis*, for which he procured by way of exchange, the *chain* of *Saint Hilary*, and subsequently the *hand* of *Saint Thomas the Apostle*, &c. &c.

See *id* : *Hic* ; 249, 327, 436 : *JUVENAL DES URSINS*, 127.

<sup>22</sup> As the *Legenda Sanctorum*, is little studied by my countrymen, in general, it is essential I should advertize them, that *Saint Roch* was a famous curer of the plague, and that in all pictures and images, he is represented accompanied by a *Dog*, just as *Saint Anthony*, so renowned for resisting the temptation of the Fiend, has always at his side a friendly *Pig* ; all good Christians know the *Eagle* of *Saint John*, the *Ox*, of *St. Luke*, and in short the several other beasts that are received as inhabitants of Paradise. I cannot think of terminating this note, without remarking that the *Legenda Aurea*, an immense thick folio, is replete with such exaggerated tales as are to be found in the pages of *Mother Goose*, &c. ; to such therefore, as are enamoured of the *Good Olden Times* and venerable fooleries, we strenuously recommend a perusal of the volume in question, which cannot fail to afford them an abundant harvest, at the expence of the folly of human nature, and the establishing an eternal monument of the infatuated ignorance of our reverend fore-fathers.

<sup>23</sup> If the fraternity of the *Frock*, have thundered forth their anathemas against the *Pucelle of Voltaire*, it is not to be wondered at, since we find our poem frequently interlarded with couplets similar to the above ; besides, it should not be forgotten that *Bigots* are the most unforgiving race of men ; and to say that Monks are not at least outwardly *bigotted to their tenets*, would be to aver, that a man does not uphold the doctrine which maintains him in idle-

ness, at the expence of his fellow-men. *Des Houlières*, has very justly remarked—

*“ Fâche t'on-un DEVOT, c'est Dieu qu'en fâche en lui.”*

<sup>24</sup> An exquisite food serving as nourishment to the gods, according to the ancients. *Ambrosia quasi cibus deorum*; be this however as it may, an alderman set before a well covered table of terrestrial dainties, would doubtless exclaim—

*“ Soule toi de Nectar, crève-toi D'Ambrosie,*

*“ Nous n'avous pour ces mets, aucune jalousie.”*

<sup>25</sup> Never was a compliment more adroitly tursed than this of our donkey; poor Joan was indeed in a perilous situation, and Satan doubtless calculated that the victory was all his own; but the tempter found to his cost, that a saintly *Ægis* is invulnerable, and that *Denis*, though *without his scone*, was more than a match for the foul fiend armed with his *caput and horns to boot*.

<sup>26</sup> *Leda*, the wife of *Tyndarus*, King of Sparta, having accorded her favours to *Jupiter*, under the semblance of a *Swan*, at the expiration of nine months was delivered of two eggs, from one of which sprang *Pollux* and *Helen*, and from the other, *Castor* and *Clytemnestra*.

<sup>27</sup> *Pasaphæ*, the wife of *Minos*, King of Crete, is said to have disgraced herself by an unnatural passion for a *Bull*, the fruit of which infamous commerce was the *Minotaur*.

*Ganymede*, a beautiful youth, is reported by some authors to have been carried away by an Eagle, in order to satisfy the shameful and unnatural desires of *Jupiter*; and *Philyra*, one of the *Oceanides*, having had commerce with a *Horse*, brought forth the *Centaur Chiron*, who was afterwards the preceptor of *Achilles*. It may be requisite to remark, that it was not *Neptune*

but *Saturn*, who assumed the shape of the palfrey ; in this point our poet has been led into an error, but I will not take upon myself to state that some sages may not have entertained a similar opinion.

<sup>26</sup> *Ganymede*, a young Trojan prince, passionately enamoured of the chase, was, according to the fable of the ancients, borne away by the Eagle of Jupiter while hunting on Mount Ida, and installed in the post of cup bearer to the King of the Gods, which *Hebe* had forfeited by falling in an indecent posture, while pouring out nectar to the gods at a *grand* festival.

<sup>29</sup> *Philyra*, one of the *Oceanides*, was met by *Saturn* in Thrace, who in order to escape the vigilance of *Rhea*, changed himself into a horse, that he might enjoy the company of *Philyra*, by whom he had a son, half a man and half a horse, called *Chiron*.

<sup>30</sup> The above idea, brings to mind the following curious and authentic anecdote respecting *Napoleon*.

The army of Italy, under General *Bonaparte*, having been engaged against the Austrians during the whole day, at length terminated the desperate conflict by gaining a complete victory, at the very moment when the setting sun threw a faint gleam upon the western horizon. As the troops for two successive days had not tasted repose, the complete flight of the enemy at this particular juncture was the more fortunate, as the French were thereby enabled to enjoy repose during the night, of which they very gladly took advantage.

Notwithstanding this harassed state of the army, it was necessary to establish outposts ; when a grenadier, stationed upon this service, which precluded the enjoyment of rest, being quite exhausted with fatigue, fell fast asleep at his post.

*Napoleon*, who offered up repose as a sacrifice to the more imperious calls of vigilance and glory, proceeded alone to visit the outskirts of the camp, and during this survey, arrived at the spot where lay extended the sleeping sentinel,

who could not be said to have been guilty of a breach of duty, but the unwilling victim of the extreme fatigue that wholly overpowered him.

*Napoleon*, unmindful of his dignity, and actuated only from a noble principle, took up the soldier's musket which lay beside him, and placing it upon his own shoulder, continued thus to mount guard for nearly an hour, in order to watch over the safety of the camp. The grenadier at length awoke, and sought for his piece in vain, but by the light of the moon, perceived his General, who had thus magnanimously paid respect to his hour of repose.

"*Oh! I am undone!*" vociferated the affrighted soldier, on recognizing *Napoleon*, whose lineaments were graven upon the heart of every warrior.

"*No, my friend,*" replied the General, with extreme affability, at the same time surrendering him up his arms:—" *The battle was obstinate and sufficiently long to excuse your having thus yielded to the impulse of fatigue; one moment of inattention might endanger the fate of the camp; I was however awake, and have only to advise, that you would be more upon your guard for the future.*"

<sup>21</sup> This terrible weapon of the Jewish heroine, was presented to Joan by *Saint Denis*, in the church bearing his name, as appears in Canto the Second of our poem; no wonder therefore, that the fiend fled before its murderous point, since *Joan* was a *prophetess* as well as *Deborah*, and we know that *two ordinary women* will outmatch the Devil at any time. Having just spoken of the patron of Gaul, it may not be irrelevant to mention the town which derived from him its name, and whither his corpse was conveyed by means of a miracle. [See Note thirty, to Canto the First.]

"*Res mira est caput ipse suum Dionisius illac,  
Truncatum portans requievit in illo.*"

It is also stated, that the Church of our Saint, was consecrated by the hand of *Christ himself*, according to the testimony of a *Lepre*, who chanced to sleep

in that edifice, and whom the Lord transported to the walls of the Church, in order that he might not discredit the reality of his vision, which fully accounts for the remains of this *Lepre* having been there preserved and duly revered with those of the *headless Mister Saint Denis*.

<sup>32</sup> Satan is a dreadful double dealer, who never accords a favour, without the certainty of reaping a *quid pro quo*, with some little douceur to boot.

“ *Trust not th’ equivocation of the fiend,*  
“ *That lies like truth.*”

How Talbot and his band will fare, let the ensuing Canto make manifest.



## CANTO XXI.

---

### ARGUMENT.

THE CHASTITY OF JOAN DEMONSTRATED—MALICE OF THE DEVIL—  
RENDEZVOUS GIVEN TO TALBOT BY THE WIFE OF LOUVET THE  
PRESIDENT—SERVICES RENDERED BY BROTHER LOURDIS—CHARM-  
ING CONDUCT OF THE DISCREET AGNES—REPENTANCE OF THE ASS  
—EXPLOITS OF JOAN—TRIUMPHS OF THE GOOD KING CHARLES VII.

---

EXPERIENCE hath no doubt, taught reader's mind,  
That the sweet deity as boy design'd,  
Whose sports, an infant's gambols ne'er unfold,  
Two diff'rent quivers hath, his shafts to hold ;  
One only filled with tender striking darts,  
Void of all pain or danger, wound imparts ;  
Which time encreasing, penetrates the breast,  
And leaves you with the deepest wound impress'd :  
The other darts raise fire's consuming glow,  
Which, as they part, inflame and strike the blow :

They to the senses five, destruction deal,  
Impressing on the front a ruby seal;  
A new born life we then appear to claim,  
Fresh crimson currents seem to fire the frame;  
We nothing hear; then sparkling beams the sight,  
As water boiling o'er the flame so bright,  
Which, mounting in the vessel overflows,  
And in the ardent flame its bubble throws;  
To mind such image faintly can express,  
Desires thus raging, followed to excess.<sup>1</sup>

Ye worthless scribes, to all profaneness prone,<sup>2</sup>  
Ye, who dar'd sully glory of my Joan;  
Ye writers vile, with love of falsehood smitten,  
Who bold belie the works by sages written;  
'Tis ye pretend, my maiden could retain,  
And for grey donkey, cherish fire profane,  
Ye publish, that she argued ill:—to vex,  
Insulting thus, her virtue and her sex:  
Compilers base, such infamy your trade is,  
Learn, 'tis your duty to respect the ladies;  
Say not this weakness e'er in Joan could dwell,  
The sage into such error never fell,  
None could with these untruths the hearing wound;  
In this, the time and action ye confound,  
And rare events, most marvellous impede;  
Respect the *ass*, and laud his ev'ry deed;

His talents never grac'd your senseless throng,  
 And yet your ears, good folks, are just as long.  
 On this occasion, if indeed the maid,  
 A smile of satisfaction e'er betray'd,  
 The novel flame with which she so had fir'd  
 The long ear'd beast, this sentiment inspir'd ;  
 'Twas vanity, which none in maids reprove,  
 An *amour propre*, not the other love.<sup>3</sup>

In fine, this point, to set forth free from varnish,  
 Shewing of Joan nought could the lustre tarnish,  
 To prove that to the malice foul of Hell,  
 The Donkey's eloquence and transports fell  
 Her heart was proof, in virtue's armour clad.  
 Know, that the maid, another lover had :  
 'Twas Dunois, as my readers all well know,  
 The bastard bold, who had inspir'd the glow,  
 At speech of ass ; surprize the mind may seize,  
 One may indulge a vain desire to please,  
 A turn so innocent and light, 'tis clear,  
 Could ne'er the traitor prove, to love sincere.

On page historical, the truth is told,  
 How Dunois the sublime, that hero bold  
 Felt, with a golden shaft, his heart pierc'd through,  
 Which Cupid smiling, from first quiver drew ;  
 He ever in obedience kept the flame,

Weakness in his proud heart ne'er took the rein,  
Nought save his monarch, and the state he saw,  
In him their int'rest reign'd, the ruling law.\*

He knew, Oh ! Joan, thy blooming virgin flower,  
Of vict'ry the pledge in battle's hour.  
Respected were thy charms and Denis too ;  
Just like the pointer-dog, well taught and true,  
Who staunch the calls of hunger can defeat,  
The partridge holding, which it will not eat ;  
But, when celestial Jack-ass, thus he found,  
On flame descanting of Love's bleeding wound,  
Dunois conceiv'd that he might speak in turn ;  
Sages sometimes forget themselves, we learn.

No doubt, a flagrant folly it had prov'd,  
To sacrifice the state for her he lov'd ;  
'Twas all to lose, and Joan still feeling shame,  
For having donkey heard avow his flame,  
Resisted ill her hero's ardent speech,  
Love strove in soul so pure, to make a breach ;  
All had been done ; when lo ! her patron bright,  
His ray detaching from celestial height,  
That golden beam, his glory and his steed,  
Bearing his saintly form in time of need,  
As when he sought, impelled by pressing call,  
A virgin flow'r to rescue Orleans' wall ;

This heavenly ray that pierc'd Joan's better sense,  
 Each sentiment profane remov'd from thence :  
 " Dear Bastard stop : " she cried, " O ! shun the crime,  
 " Our Loves are reckon'd, 'tis not yet the time ;  
 " Let us nought mar of sovereign fate's decree,  
 " My solemn faith is plighted but to thee,  
 " Thine I protest the virgin bud shall be :  
 " Let us await until your vengeful arm,  
 " Your virtues, which in Britons strike alarm,  
 " Have from our soil the vile usurpers driv'n,  
 " Then, 'neath the laurel stretch'd, we'll taste love's heav'n."

At this address the Bastard calm'd his rage,  
 And hearing oracle, submitted sage ;  
 Joan modestly receiv'd his homage spoken,  
 So pure, so soft,—and gave him straight for token  
 Chaste kisses thirty, with a glow replete,<sup>5</sup>  
 Such 'as when brother's lips, a sister's meet !  
 Each bridled in the torrent of desire,  
 And modestly agreed to quench the fire :  
 Denis beheld ;—the saint was satisfied,  
 And straight his projects hast'ned to decide.

That night, bold Talbot, chief of high renown,  
 By *ruse* resolv'd to enter Orleans' town,  
 Exploit quite new to haughty Briton's feeling,  
 More hardy far in feats than double dealing.<sup>6</sup>

O God of Love ! O weakness, mighty pow'r !  
O fatal love ! thy will was in that hour  
Of France to yield this rampart to the foe,  
Whereof no Briton hop'd the overthrow.  
That which had baffled Bedford's thinking brain,  
What Talbot's prowess vainly strove to gain,  
Thou didst, Oh Love, essay ; replete with guile,  
Of ills the source : sweet child ah ! wherefore smile ?

If in his course of conquering career,  
A gentle shaft to heart of Joan could veer ;  
Another arrow from his bow-string flew,  
Dame President's five senses to subdue.  
With hand he struck her, which triumphant rules,  
Directing dart that turns us all to fools ;<sup>7</sup>  
'Gainst tow'r you've seen the scaling ladder laid,  
Assault so bloody, direful cannonade ;  
These conflicts hardy, and these efforts stout,  
On battlements perform'd, within, without,<sup>8</sup>  
As Talbot and his thund'ring legions pour,  
Forcing the walls, and breaking down each door,  
While show'ring from the height of bastions came  
With death combin'd, destruction, fire and flame :  
The ardent Talbot with an agile pace,  
Enter'd o'er dying, ramparts of the place,  
O'erthrowing all ; crying with lungs of Stentor,  
“ Townsmen, your arms throw down, my Britons enter !”

To war's dread god, he bore resemblance strong,  
 When Earth re-echoes as he strides along ;  
 While fell Bellona, Discord, dooming Fate,  
 Nerve his dire arm, who rules grim death in state.

Our Lady President, thro' mansion's wall,  
 Close to a ruin'd pile had lattice small,  
 From whence upon her lover's form she gaz'd,  
 His golden casque, his wavy plume high rais'd ;  
 His steel-cas'd arms, as sparks of fiery die  
 Forth from each pupil shot, of vivid eye ;  
 That glance so god-like and that lofty frame,  
 All in Dame President illum'd the flame,  
 Of sense depriving her, as well as shame. }  
 Thus from stage-box upon a time we saw,  
*Dame Audou*, to whom Love prescribed the law,<sup>9</sup>  
 Ogling of *Baron*, *Thespian* pow'rs divine,  
 As with gaze ardent she devour'd each line,  
 His fine demeanour, action chastely true,  
 And costume suited to the subject too ;  
 Mingled with his, her accents in tones low,  
 Love's flames receiv'd, her senses own'd the glow.  
 In Dame the subtle fiend was thron'd in state,  
 Acquiring post, though not importunate,  
 And that archangel black, Hell's ravenous King,  
 The Devil or Love, which mean the self-same thing,<sup>10</sup>  
 Had ta'en of Sue the *Coiffe* and ev'ry feature,

Who long had serv'd a most obsequious creature,  
A girl both active and instructed too,  
Dressing and frizzing, bearing *Billet doux*,  
In double *rendezvous* a careful elf,  
The one for mistress, t'other for herself,  
Satan, concealed beneath her semblance well,  
Thus held harangue, with our puissant *belle*.

“ Alike, my heart and talents you must know,  
“ I wish to aid your bosom's ardent glow ;  
“ Your int'rest nearly now concerns my mind,  
“ This night, my own first cousin, as I find  
“ Stands sentry at a certain postern gate,  
“ Where nought against your fame can doubt create ;  
“ In secret there, bold Talbot you may meet,  
“ Dispatch a note, my cousin is discreet,  
“ Your message trust me, he'll perform with care.”  
Dame President anon penn'd billet fair,<sup>11</sup>  
Impassion'd, tender words, that strike heart's goal,  
And with voluptuous furor, fire the soul ;  
’Twas easy seen, that Satan had dictated:  
Talbot expert, with love infatuated,  
Made oath his fair at *rendezvous* to meet,<sup>12</sup>  
But swore alike, that in this conflict sweet,  
The path of pleasure should to glory lead ;  
All things were ready for the purpos'd deed,  
Thus springing from the couch, ’twas plann’d that he  
Should leap into the arms of victory.

Our reverend Lourdis, you well know was sent,  
By saintly Denis with the wise intent,  
Of serving him 'mid Britain's cohorts dire,  
In acting free, he sang the chant of choir,  
Said mass, and even to confession hied ;  
Talbot upon his *parole* giv'n relied,  
Ne'er thinking, one so dull, a rustic vile,  
A brainless monk—dross of conventual pile,  
Who, by his order had borne public whipping,  
Could thus be found sage General out-stripping.  
But righteous Heav'n in this judg'd otherwise  
In its decrees, strange whims will oft arise  
To mock and make the greatest merely tools,  
Sages confounding by the means of fools ;  
From Paradise dispatch'd, a ray of sense  
Beam'd to illume of Lourdis', sponce so dense,  
The mass of thickened brain, within his scull  
Lighter became anon, and far less dull,  
Struck :—he felt intellect his head endow,<sup>13</sup>  
Alas ! we think, the Lord above knows how !  
Let us for springs invisible enquire,  
That more or less with thought the brains inspire :  
Those divers atoms, let our wits descry,  
That from sound sense, or reason turn awry ;<sup>14</sup>  
In what sly nook of Perecranium's plac'd,  
An Homer's genius and a Virgil's taste ?  
And by what leav'n, with coldest poison fraught,

Was Zoilus, Freron, and Thersites taught :<sup>15</sup>  
A friend of Flora's regions of perfume  
Ne'er pink beholds the baleful hemlock bloom,  
'Tis the Creator's will, holds sov'reign sway,  
That hidden hand which all things must obey,  
Unseen by eyes in doctor's pedant pate,  
Their useless prattle we'll not imitate.

Lourdis right curious, now sought all to see,  
And his new sight employ'd most usefully ;  
Tow'rd night he spied to city's wall repairing  
A train of cooks, such dainty viands bearing,  
As sumptuous banquet for the board supplies,  
Hams, truffles, wood hens, partridges, and pies ;<sup>16</sup>  
Decanters ample, with rich sculptures graced,  
Refresh'd,—as round them piles of ice were placed :  
That brilliant liquid—juice of ruby glow,  
Rang'd in the cellars bless'd of fam'd Citeaux.<sup>17</sup>  
Tow'rd Postern gate in silence thus they sped :  
Lourdis, who science then possess'd in head—  
Not Latin ; but that still more happy code,  
Leading us thro' this rugged world's sad road ;<sup>18</sup>  
Of eloquence the flow, he then display'd,  
By kindest courtesy and prudence ray'd ;  
Regarding all thro' corner of keen eye,  
With deepest craft abounding—courtier sly ;  
The monk in fine, of monks was most complete,

'Tis thus in all times we our equals meet :  
Speeding from kitchen, to the council hall,  
Disturbing peace, in war intriguers all,  
O'er mansion now, of Burgess rude presiding,  
Then into cabinets of monarchs gliding,  
Troubling the world ; in fine on discord bent,  
Sometimes expert, at others insolent ;  
Now greedy wolves, now fraught with fox's wiles,  
Now antic apes, or full of serpent's guiles,<sup>19</sup>  
For which the miscreant Britons erst decreed,  
That England should be purg'd of such a breed.<sup>20</sup>

By unfrequented path, our Lourdis sped,  
Which, thro' a wood to royal quarters led ;  
Conning this mighty mystery in mind  
He went, sworn brother Bonifoux to find :  
Don Bonifoux, just then with thought sedate  
Pros'd most profoundly o'er the page of fate,  
He measur'd links invisible to sight,  
Which destiny and time in bonds unite ;  
Deeds trifling and events supremely great,  
The world to come, and our material state ;  
The whole he drew to focus in his mind,  
Effect and cause, enraptured he defin'd,  
Their order saw, and found a *rendezvous*  
Might save an empire, or a state subdue.  
The Confessor in thought still kept enroll'd

How once were seen, three lilies all of gold  
 On alabaster field.—'The rump of page,  
 An English youth, nor less did thoughts engage  
 Walls ruin'd, of Hermaphrodix fell sage.  
 But what astounded most his wond'ring brain,  
 Was to see Lourdis stock of sense attain  
 From which, he well foresaw that in the end,  
 To good Saint Denis, Britain's host must bend.

Lourdis by Bonifoux, in form polite  
 Presented was, to lovely Agnes' sight ;  
 Her beauty and his monarch complimented,  
 Then straight explaining, forthwith represented  
 How prudence of bold Talbot lull'd asleep,  
 Was that same Night a *rendezvous* to keep  
 Near Postern ; and, that war's fell chief would there  
 Of Louvet meet, the love sick Dame so fair,  
 Quoth he, " A stratagem one may pursue,  
 " There trace his steps, surprize his person too,  
 " As by Dalilah Sampson was of old,  
 " Oh ! Agnes most divine, this theme unfold  
 " To mighty Charles." " Ah !, reverend man," she said,  
 " Think you the monarch is at all times led  
 " On me love's soft effusions to bestow ?  
 " I think he damns himself, tho' naught I know !"  
 Lourdis replied :—" My robe condemns love's sway,  
 " My heart absolves him :—Fortunate are they

“ Who at some epoch shall be damned for thee.”<sup>21</sup>  
Quoth Agnes: “ Monk, your converse flatters me,  
“ And proves your head, with store of sense supplied :”  
To corner then, conducting him aside  
Thus whisper’d she : “ Hast thou amidst our foes,  
“ The youthful Briton seen, y’clept Monrose ?”<sup>22</sup>  
The subtle monk in black replied : “ In sooth,”  
As lending ear—“ I’ve seen the charming youth.”  
Agnes deep blushing bent to earth a look,  
Then muscles smoothing, hand with kindness took  
Of wily Lourdis, and ere Sol’s ray fled,  
To dear Lord Paramount his foot-steps led.

Lourdis then made a more than mortal speech ;  
To this, as wits of Jharly could not reach,<sup>23</sup>  
His sov’reign counsel he assembled straight,  
His Almoners.—War’s chieftains too sedate.  
Amidst these heroes like herself, was Joan  
With mind for counsel as to combats prone ;<sup>24</sup>  
While Agnes, in a manner form’d to wheedle,  
Discreetly occupied o’er thread and needle<sup>25</sup>  
From time to time, deliver’d good advice,  
Which monarch Charles adopted in a trice.

’Twas then propos’d to seize with skilful care,  
Beneath the ramparts, Talbot and his fair :  
So Vulcan and the Sun in Heav’n we’re taught ;

Mars, with his lovely Aphrodisia caught :<sup>66</sup>  
Each to prepare this enterprize was led,  
At once demanding strength of hand and head.  
Dunois proceeded first by lengthen'd route,  
Hard march performing, which proved mind acute,  
Feat of war's art, that claim'd of old renown :  
The army pass'd, safe enter'd then the town.  
Near Postern gate the force was thus employ'd,  
As Talbot with dame President enjoy'd,  
Of dawning union the first keen delights,  
Flatt'ring himself, that from the couch, to fights  
Quite hero like, but one jump he should make ;  
Six regiments in defile were road to take :  
Command was giv'n.—The city had been ta'en,  
But the foregoing eve each soldier's brain  
Was petrified with Lourdis' long discourse,  
Each gap'd, bereft of motion and of force ;  
Asleep and side by side, on plain they laid,  
So great the miracle—which Denis play'd.

Joan with Dunois and the selected train  
Of gallant knights, soon having pass'd the plain,  
Already lin'd, 'neath Orleans' ramparts strong  
Of the beseigers camp, the trenches long.  
Mounted on horse of Barbary's fam'd breed,  
In Charles's stable, then the only steed  
Joan ambled, grasping in her dexter hand,

Of Deborah renown'd, the Heav'nly brand,  
While noble broad sword did her side adorn,  
Wherewith poor Holophernes' head was shorn,<sup>67</sup>  
And thus equipp'd, with thoughts devout, our maid  
Internally to Denis' saint, thus pray'd.

“ Thou who hast deign'd to feeble maid like me,  
“ These glorious arms confide, at Donremi,  
“ Prove of my frailty now support benign ;  
“ O ! pardon, if some vanity was mine  
“ When flatter'd senses heard thy faithless ass,  
“ With freedom hail me, as the fairest lass.  
“ Dear patron deign to recollection call,  
“ That thro' my means the Britons were to fall,  
“ Thus punishing foul deeds in ardour done,  
“ Having polluted each afflicted nun.  
“ A greater feat presents itself to-day ;  
“ Nought can I act, without thy fost'ring ray,  
“ Endow this arm with force like thine to toil,  
“ At its last gasp, preserve the Gallic soil,  
“ Avenge of Charles the lily's tarnished hue,  
“ With threatened honour of sage Louvet too ;  
“ Ah ! let us to this gracious end be led,  
“ And Heav'n in safety still preserve thy head.”<sup>68</sup>

From height celestial, goodly Denis heard,  
And in the camp the donkey felt the word ;

'Twas Joan he felt, and clapping pennons too  
Anon with crest erect, towards her flew,  
On knee crav'd grace, his pardon to ensure  
For late attempts of tenderness impure :  
“ By demon,” he exclaimed, “ I was possess'd,  
“ I now repent,” he wept with grief oppress'd ;  
Conjur'd her then, his willing back to cross,  
He could not of her weight sustain the loss,  
Nor bear another 'neath our maid to trot :  
Joan well perceiv'd an Heav'nly beam, I wot<sup>29</sup>  
Restor'd the flighty donkey for her steed,  
Of grace, our penitent, received the meed ;  
Her ass then strode, and gave him counsel meet  
To prove from thenceforth sober and discreet,  
The donkey swore and fir'd with courage rare,  
Proud of his charge, 'gan flights thro' realms of air.

On Britons, swift as lightning's flash he darts  
Like forked fire, that with the thunder parts ;  
Joan flying, overwhelm'd the country round,  
With streams of blood imbruing verdant ground,  
On every side, of limbs dispers'd the wrecks,  
While heap'd were seen by hundreds, slaughter'd necks.

In crescent then, the harbinger of night,  
Widely dispens'd a pale and dubious light ;  
Still stunn'd, the Britons own'd assailing dread

To view whence came the blow, each rear'd his head,  
In vain he strove to see death's dooming blade,  
With panic struck, they ran misled, dismay'd ;  
And rushing on, fell into Dunois' power,  
Charles was of kings, the happiest in that hour,  
His foes rushed on, impending fate to dare :  
So scatter'd partridges, 'mid realms of air,  
In numbers falling bruise'd by pointer keen  
And torn by shot ; imbrued the heath is seen :  
The donkey's brayings loudly roar'd alarm,  
Fierce Joan extended high, her vengeful arm,  
Pursu'd, cut, pierced, tore, sever'd, bruise'd, and rent,  
All force oppos'd to Dunois' prowess bent,  
While good king Charles at pleasure aimed aright,  
*Shooting all those, whom fear had put to flight.*<sup>30</sup>

Talbot, intoxicated with the charms  
Of Louvet—and joys tasted in her arms,  
As on her bosom languishingly laid,  
At Postern gate, heard din of war's fell trade :  
Glowing with triumph :—" By my soul," cried he,  
" There are my troops, Orleans now yields to me."  
Aloud he thus extoll'd his wily pains,  
" O ! love 'tis thou," he cried, " who cities gains ;"  
Our knight thus fed by hope, replete with bliss,  
Gave to his tender fair, a parting kiss,  
Sprang from the couch, attir'd himself, and fleet,  
Repair'd the vanquishers of France to meet.

Nought but a single squire appear'd to view,  
Who ever dar'd bold Talbot's steps pursue :  
Deep in his confidence, a valiant wight  
And worthy vassal of so brave a knight,  
Guarding no less his wardrobe than his lance :  
" Come seize your prey, my gallant friends advance."  
Talbot exclaim'd—but soon joy disappear'd,  
Instead of friends, our Joan with lance uprear'd  
Bore down upon him on celestial ass,  
He saw two hundred French through portal pass ;  
Great Talbot shudder'd, palsied o'er with dread :  
"*Long live the King,*" each Gallic champion said.  
"*Let's drink ; let's drink ; advance, my friends, with me ;*  
"*On, Gascons, Picards ; yield to jollity,*  
"*No quarter give, of carnage take your fill,*  
"*Yonder they are, my friends ! shoot, fire, and kill.*"<sup>31</sup>

Talbot recover'd from the dire control,  
Which first held potent empire o'er his soul ;  
Resolv'd at Postern freedom to maintain :  
So erst, all bleeding, 'midst the burnt up plain,  
Anchisis straight his conqueror dar'd engage :  
Talbot yet combatted with greater rage,  
Briton was he, and seconded by squire,  
Both would a world attack with courage dire.  
Now front to front, now back to back they strove,  
And torrents of the victims 'fore them drove ;  
At length their vigour spent, on well fought field,  
An easy vict'ry to Gaul's sons they yield ;

Talbot surrender'd tho' unbeaten still,  
Dunois and Joan extoll'd his gallant skill,<sup>32</sup>  
And both proceeding, complaisantly tender'd  
The Dame, who thus to President was render'd ;  
Without suspicion he receiv'd her well,  
Your gentle husbands never ought can tell,  
Nor e'er did Louvet learn, the fateful chance,<sup>33</sup>  
That thro' his dame, was sav'd the realm of France.

Denis applauded loud from Heav'nly height,  
Saint George on horseback shudder'd at the sight ;  
The ass discordant octaves thund'ring near,  
In British souls, augmented still the fear.  
The King then rank'd 'mid conq'rors of renown,  
With lovely Agnes supped in Orleans' town ;  
Joan fierce and tender, having sent away  
That self same night, to Heav'n her Donkey grey,  
Of sacred oath accomplishing the law,<sup>34</sup>  
Kept promise made to well belov'd Dunois,  
As Lourdis, midst the faithful cohort stray'd  
Bawling out still : "*Ye Britons she's a maid.*"<sup>35</sup>

END OF CANTO TWENTY-FIRST.



## NOTES TO CANTO XXI.

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<sup>1</sup> From the tenor of these introductory lines, our poet infers that Cupid possesses two quivers, stored with darts, the one inflicting wounds, which are productive of a tender and durable love, the other, armed with shafts, whose envenomed points only give rise to the grosser feelings of sensual desire and unbridled lust.

<sup>2</sup> The author of the Testament of *Cardinal Alberoni* and some other works of a similar nature, took upon himself to publish an edition of *La Pucelle*, interpolated and versified according to his own ideas; concerning which, we have spoken in the preface. This miserable wretch was an unfrocked monk of the Capucin order, who sought refuge at Lauzun, as well as in Holland, where he filled the employ of superintendant of a printing-press.

<sup>3</sup> *L'amour propre est le plus grand de tous les flatteurs*, is a maxim of Rochefoucault; yet there is a species of noble vanity, whereof few persons are capable, which is that of distinguishing oneself by a show of excessive simplicity, a mode of action formerly adopted by the famous *Bossi D'Amboise*, who, on a grand court day, when each was desirous of outrying the other in magnificence, appeared habited in the most simple manner possible, while his valets were covered with the richest liveries that could be procured. By this means, the eyes of the whole assembly were directed towards him, so that every one appeared to form a part of his retinue, while he had alone the air of a man of distinction. A similar conduct was pursued by the great *Frederic*

of Prussia, nor less adopted by Napoleon, the Gallic Emperor, who, though environed by his Marshals and Ministers in the most sumptuous attire, has frequently appeared to the writer like a sun in the hemisphere of brilliancy, though covered only with an old grey *surtout*, and a little cocked hat the worse for wear.

\* A fervent, and honorable love, like that possessed by the brave *Dunois*, cannot be more beautifully described, than in the following couplets.

" *Projets flatteurs de séduire une belle,*  
 " *Soins concertés de lui faire la cour,*  
 " *Tendres écrits, sermens d'être fidele,*  
 " *Airs empressés, vous n'êtes point l'amour :*  
 " *Mais se donner sans espoir de retour,*  
 " *Par son desordre annoncer que l'on aime,*  
 " *Respect timide avec ardeur extrême,*  
 " *Perseverence au comble du malheur,*  
 " *Voilà l'amour, mais il n'est qu'en mon cœur."*

VERRIERES.

\* Voltaire seems to have intended these *thirty embrassades*, as a just sarcasm upon the kissing salutations so incessantly practised among his countrymen, where in the open street one gentleman embraces another; while on paying the matin visit, females rush into each other's arms with a stage effect that might prompt a foreigner to believe that they had not met for the last ten years, whereas, they perhaps only parted at a *Soirée* the preceding evening, after dancing quadrilles, and rehearsing the same scene of affected friendship, as truly heartless as it is nauseating and ridiculous. I humbly beg *Lady Morgan's* forgiveness, should the foregoing note chance to meet her disapprobation.

\* If I have had occasion in one or two instances to dwell upon an illiberal remark of our poet in regard to my countrymen, it is but just I should notice the above line, so truly characteristic of the spirit pervading the breast of every true born Englishman, whose inherent feeling would rather prompt him to face even Lucifer, than ignominiously stab him in the dark.

<sup>7</sup> This was the flaming dart whose effects were so diametrically the reverse of those produced by the arrow which pierced the heart of the brave Dunois; the latter however, appears to be the weapon usually resorted to in these degenerate days by the hoodwinked divinity, of whom it is said—

“ *Certain enfant qu’avec crainte on caresse,  
 “ Et qu’on connoit à son malin souris,  
 “ Court en tous lieux précédé par les ris,  
 “ Mais trop souvent suivi de la tristesse.  
 “ Dans le cœur des humains il entre avec souplesse,  
 “ Habite avec fierté, s’envole avec mepris.”*

<sup>8</sup> Any feats of bravery detailed by Voltaire, as having occurred during the siege of Orleans, are fully verified by the historians, who state that—“ *Les femmes ne cessaient pas de porter très-diligemment à ceux qui défendaient le boulevard plusieurs choses nécessaires, comme eaux, huiles et graisses bouillans, chaux, cendres, chausse trapes. Anisi que des viures et rafraichissemens . . . . quelques unes même combattirent sur le parapet, à coups de lances.*”—“ *The women never ceased diligently to supply those who defended the boulevard, with such necessary ingredients as boiling water, oil, grease, lime, cinders, &c.; as well as provisions and refreshments . . . . some even fought with lances upon the parapet.*”

“ See Tripaut’s *His: de la Pucelle—Daniel, and Chronique de France.*”

<sup>9</sup> *Madame Audou* was in all probability a lady of high fashion, who was enamoured of the famous tragedian, named *Baron*, equally remarkable for his fine symmetry of shape as the abilities which he displayed in the histrionic art, concerning whom, the following anecdote is related. A chevalier of the order of Saint Louis, of ancient extraction, possessing nothing but his half-pay, and feeling highly indignant at the extravagant manner in which *Baron* lived, told him in conversation—“ That it was shameful a mere *vagabond* like him, should adopt such a style, while men of his family and rank who had bled for their country, had barely the means of subsistence.” To which our tragedian coolly made the following inimitable answer.

“ *Et contez vous pour rien, Monsieur le Chevalier, le droit que vous avez de me le dire?*”—“ *And do you, Monsieur le Chevalier, count as nothing the right you have of telling me so?*”

<sup>10</sup> The following characteristic description of the interior of the Temple of Love, might well rank its divinity upon a par with Satan himself.

“ *Les plaintes, les dégoûts, l'imprudence, la peur,*  
 “ *Font de ce beau séjour un séjour plein d'horreur,*  
 “ *La sombre jalousie, au teint pâle et livide,*  
 “ *Suit d'un pied chancelant le soupçon qui la guide.*  
 “ *La haine et le courroux repandant leur venin,*  
 “ *Marchent devant ses pas un poignard à la main.*  
 “ *La malice les voit, et d'un souris perfide*  
 “ *Applaudit en passant à leur troupe homicide.*  
 “ *Le repentir les suit, detestant leurs fureurs,*  
 “ *Et baisse en soupirant ses yeux mouillés de pleurs.”*

<sup>11</sup> The *billet doux*, a term applied to amatory and tender notes, was formerly denominated *un Poulet* by the French, a name derived from the manner of folding up these love-scrolls, which presented two points, resembling the wings of a fowl.

<sup>12</sup> This expression has been found of such utility, that most of the European nations have adopted it; their own languages being inadequate to frame a term so truly explanatory of the meaning. Scarron says—“ *A woman's virtue is already shaken when she appoints a rendezvous:*” and we find in Regnier, that the house of God was made a place of meeting for lovers.

“ *Les temples aujourd'hui servent aux rendezvous.”*

This is doubtless, an allusion to the custom of young lovers purposely entering a church at the same time, when both going up to the elevated vase, containing the holy water, a *billet doux* is thus conveyed from either party, by their hands meeting in the vessel, for the ostensible act of taking water and crossing themselves, but in reality, for the more efficient purpose of conveying the *billet doux*, whose etymology we have illustrated in the preceding note.

<sup>13</sup> However we may be led to blame these acrimonious epithets of our authors, yet candidly speaking, Monks always retain some marks of worldly

filling, for with them, as with mankind in general, we meet with apes, mad-men, and crowds of individuals bereft of merit and virtue, and having nothing but their consummate pride to render them conspicuous.

<sup>14</sup> *Foitoire* has hit upon a knotty point, for the elucidation of which, we beg to refer our reader to the *Sorbonnic doctors*, being perfectly satisfied ourselves with the certainty, that *deliramenta doctrine*, only conduct us to the loss of reason, or as *Scuderi* says—

“ *Tous ces ombiteux desirs,*

“ *Tous ses vastes penses, dont nous sommes la proie*

“ *Que font ils, que rendre nos jours*

“ *Et moins fortunés, et plus courts.*”

<sup>15</sup> *Zoilus*, a sophist and grammarian of Amphipolis, flourished two hundred and fifty-nine years before the Christian era, and became famous on account of his severe criticisms on the works of *Isocrates* and *Plato*, and the poems of *Homer*, for which he received the name of *Homeromastic*, or the chastiser of *Homer*. *Zoilus*, presented his criticisms to *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, who rejected them with indignation, though the author declared that he was starving for want. It was stated by some, that *Zoilus* was cruelly stoned to death, or affixed to a cross by order of *Ptolemy*, while others affirm that he was burnt alive at *Smyrna*; his name is generally applied to rigid critics, but all the works of this grammarian are unfortunately lost.

<sup>16</sup> We know full well, that an *olderman* and *turtle soup* are synonymous terms, and it may alike be said of a French *bon vivant*, that *gastronome* and *truffles* mean the same thing; for a *dinde farçi de truffes*, (a turkey stuffed with truffles,) is a dish not to be resisted by a Parisian epicure, though death in the form of apoplexy stood at his elbow. It is ludicrous though painful to observe, the old worn out *debauchees* prying into the shops of the *marchands de comestibles* of the *Palais Royal* and *Panorama Passage*, in order to select the best and largest birds stuffed with truffles of *Perigord*, *Limousin*, *Gascony*, and other hot countries, as they are said to warm and strengthen the stomach, as well as conduce to *renew youthful vigour*.

<sup>17</sup> There were in the convents of *Cîteaux* and *Clairvaux*, two immense tons constructed for the receiving of wine, similar to that of *Heidelberg*, whereof so much has been said by travellers. The two vessels in question, were by far the most estimable reliques of these respective monasteries.

<sup>18</sup> How well the above line applies to the mode of education formerly adopted in England, which ushered a young man from the seminary well stored with Latin and Greek, but without possessing another requisite to save him from starvation, which melancholy to relate, has too frequently been the fate of deep study, and the most profound erudition.

<sup>19</sup> Trust not the courtier in his bag wig and sword, but if he wears the *scull* cap and the *cowl*, then fly him as you would plague, pestilence, and famine.

" *He's fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;*

" *The motions of his spirits are dull as night,*

" *And his affections dark as Erbus :*

" *Let no such man be trusted.*"

Never was a more faithful delineation of the priestly courtier than the above, who draws from you in his ecclesiastical character the inmost secrets of the mind at the confessional, for the sole purpose of profiting by them in his worldly capacity; for, whether in the kitchen or the palace, he is the *tartuffe* still; as there exists no difference between the village priest and a *Mazarine* or a *Richieu*; education being the same, and nothing but *opportunity* wanting to complete the master piece of villainy.

<sup>20</sup> Voltaire felicitates England upon the period of the Reformation, when a change of religion, by abolishing confession and priestly sway, discarded from our cabinets such a dangerous race of men.

29

<sup>21</sup> This question of Agnes, seems to imply that even with a *royal lover*, "*hottest love will soonest cloy*:" while the *condemnation* and *absolution* of

our monk, pronounced in the same breath, afford a striking exemplification of priestly apostacy, when descanting upon *the sins of the great*.

<sup>22</sup> For shame, gentle reader, wherefore dost thou smile? This tender demand of Agnes, concerning Monrose, does not in the smallest degree mitigate against the purity of her faith, in respect to her monarch Charles, it was merely the result of a recollection of past circumstances, still perhaps in my reader's recollection, and I am sure there is not one of my lovely female friends so circumstanced, who would not have ventured upon a similar interrogatory.

<sup>23</sup> It must be confessed, that this reflection on kingly intellect is somewhat too strong, and should have been softened down, were it not that my dread of criticism *as a translator*, surpassed my veneration for royalty, *as a man*.

<sup>24</sup> Joan's prowess in the field has already been adverted to, and upon consulting historic records, we find that while Charles the Seventh continued at *Chinon*, *Jeanne D'Arc* made one of his privy council, where the wisdom of her opinions was such as to be generally adopted, while they excited universal astonishment in the minds of the grave personages and able warriors assembled.

As a peculiar curiosity, I shall now give the reader an original letter, as dictated by *La Pucelle*, which has recently been discovered in the Archives of *Lisle*, being addressed to the *Duke of Burgundy*, and particularly interesting, as it identifies the precise period of Charles's coronation at Rheims, hitherto unknown. The document in question is penned in gothic characters, with many abbreviations, but perfectly legible; it is folded very like our ordinary letters of the present day but completely square, and at the bottom, on the folded side of the epistle is subscribed—

"*Au Duc de Bourgoigne.*"

## + JESUS MARIA.\*

*Hault et redoubte prince Duc de Bourgoigne Jehanne La Pucelle vauz requiert de par le roy du ciel mon droiturier et souverain seigneur que le Roy de France, et vous faciez bonne paix ferme qui dure longuement, pardonnez lun a lautre de bon cuer entirement ainsi que doivent faire layaulx christians, et sil vous plaist a guerroier si alcz sur les Sarrazins. Prince de Bourgoigne je vous prie supplie et requiers tant humblement que requérir vous puis que ne guerroiez plus ou (ou) saint royaume de France, et faittes retraire incontinent et briefment vuz gens qui sont en aucunes places et fortesses dud: saint royaume, et de la part du gentil roy de France il est prest de faire paix a vous sauve son honneur sil ne tient en vous et vous fais a Savoir de par le roy du ciel mon droiturier et souverain seigneur pour votre bien et pour votre honneur et sur voz vie que vous ny guignerez point bataille a lencontre des loyaulx François, et que tous ceulx qui guerroient au (au) saint royaume de France guerroient cantre le roy Jhus (Jesus) roy du ciel et de tout le monde mon droiturier et souverain seigneur et vous prie et requiers a jointes mains que ne faittes nulle bataille ne guerroiez contre nous vous vos gens au subgiez et craiez seurement que quelque nombre de gens que amenez contre nous quilz ny guigneraut riie et sera grant pitie de la grant bataille et du sang quy y sera respendu de ceulx qui y vendront (viendront) cantre nous, et ce trois sepmaines que je vous avoye escript et envoie bonnes lettres par ung herault que feussiez au sacre du roy qui aujourduy dimenche XVII<sup>me</sup> jour de ce present mois de Juillet, ce fait en la cite de Reims, dont je nay eu point de rponse ne nout onques puz nouvelles dud herault. A Dieu vous commens et soit garde de vauz sil luy plaist, et prie Dieu quil y mette bonne paix. Escrip<sup>t</sup> aud: lieu de Reims, led: V<sup>XXII</sup><sup>me</sup> jour de Juillet.*

The singular curiosity of this epistle, and the peculiarity of the style, will I trust, apologise for the subjoined translation, as such of my readers that are conversant with the French, may not be able fully to comprehend the phraseology of the fifteenth century, while those unacquainted with the language, will no doubt, feel gratified with the perusal of a document produced from the dictation of a character so extraordinary on the page of history, as *Jeanne D'Aro La Pucelle d'Orleans*.

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\* The word *Jesus*, is thus curtailed in the original document *JHUS*.

*Jesus Maria.*

High and redoubted Prince Duke of Burgundy, Jeanne La Pucelle requires you in behalf of the King of Heaven, my rightful and sovereign Lord, that the King of France and you enter into a good and firm peace that may last long, forgive one another entirely and in good heart, as ought to do loyall christians, and if it pleases you to go to war, then go against the Saracens. Prince of Burgundy, I pray supplicate and require you most humbly, not to continue longer any warfare in the saintly kingdom of France, and cause to march back incontinent and briefly, your people who occupy any places or fortresses of the foresaid saint kingdom, and on the part of the *Gentil*, King of France, he is ready to make peace with you preserving his honour; it therefore rests with you, and he makes known to you in behalf of the King of Heaven, my rightful and sovereign Lord, for your good and for your honour, and upon your life, that you will gain no battle upon encountering the loyal French, and that all such as war in the saintly kingdom of France, make war against the King Jesus, King of Heaven and the whole world, my rightful and sovereign lord; and I pray and require you with joined bands, not to give battle nor enter into warfare against us, you or your people or subjects, and assuredly believe, that whatsoever number of people you bring against us that they will gain nothing, and it will be a great pity to have a battle, and that the blood should be shed of those who shall come there against us, and three weeks past did I write and sent you good letters by an herald, who was at the coronation of the king, which took place three weeks past from this day, Sunday the seventeenth day of the present month of July, in the city of Rheims, to which I have had no answer, nor have since received any news of the herald aforesaid. To God's holy keeping I commend you, if it so pleases him, and pray God that he restores a good peace. Written at the said place of Rheims, the said seventeenth day of July.

I cannot conclude the subject of Joan's acquirements in regard to elocution, without referring to her infamous judgment, during which, it will be found that upon her trial, when asked by the judges if she thought herself 'blessed by the grace of God, she made answer

"*Si je n'y suis, Dieu veuille m'y mettre, et si j'y suis, Dieu veuille m'y tenir!*" a reply which even the critic *Luchet*, allowed to be sublime; and upon the question being asked, why she assisted at the coronation of Charles

the VII. ?—" *Il est juste que qui a eu part au travail en ait à l'honneur,*" was the answer worthy an everlasting record, according to the opinion of *Voltaire*, in his *Essai sur les Mœurs*, ch. CLXXX.; and upon the question being proposed whether she had given the soldiers to understand that her banner was the signal of prosperity? her reply was,—"*Non, je leur disois pour toute assurance, entrez hardiment au milieu des Anglois, ET J'Y ENTROIS MOI MEME :* (*Villaret. XV. 51.*) Who can deny the sublimity of such an answer?

<sup>25</sup> Alluding to the famous *Madame de Maintenon*, whose secret influence over the mind of Louis the Fourteenth was so absolute, that he constantly admitted her to be a participator in the most secret councils of his Ministers, where she was in the habit of artfully insinuating her opinions, which became law with the *grand monarque*.

<sup>26</sup> *Aphrodisia* is the Greek appellation of *Venus*; which only signifies *froth*. Yet how enchantingly sonorous are the Grecian terms! How charming is the allegory of *froth*! I pray thee, reader, refer to *Hesiod*. You would scarcely believe that the ancient fables are frequently no other than truths.

<sup>27</sup> In gracing the thigh of *La Pucelle* with the well-tempered steel of *Holofernes*, our author did not call to mind the venerable historian, who states that *Charles the Seventh*, satisfied with the reality of *Joan's* celestial mission, caused her to appear at court caparisoned from head to foot; the weight of whose armour did not prevent her from mounting on horseback unassisted, which the most robust knights could with difficulty accomplish. The king being desirous of presenting her with a fine sword, she requested his majesty to expedite a messenger to the Church of *Saint Catherine de Fiere Bois*, in *Touraine*, stating, that he would there find an old weapon, on whose blade were engraved *five Crosses*, and *five Fleur de Lys*, with which it was decreed that she should conquer the English. *Charles* enquiring if she had ever visited that said church, was answered in the negative; and upon this a person being dispatched brought back the sword indicated, and whereof she made use during all her rencontres with the British. This licence of our author, in contradiction to chronicle records, is very pardonable, as it was impossible to think of *Deborah* and her lance, without calling to mind *Judith's* trenchant scimitar, who, united with our *Joan*, form a trio of Amazonian belles unmatched in the history of the universe. I

cannot conclude the present note, without adding an historical fact in regard to this extraordinary woman, divested of all the marvellous circumstances subjoined by the chroniclers of her history, who conceived that she would acquire more reputation if held forth as a prophetess, than an intrepid warrior. According to the narration of the vallant *Dunois*, we find :—*Et Joanna posuit se super bordum fossati, et instante, ibi ipsâ existente, Anglici tremuerunt et effecti sunt pavidi; armati verò Regis resumpserunt animum et ceperunt ascendere. . . . . Bollevarum fuit captum, &c.*

See *Laverdy*, 361, 302.

<sup>28</sup> In the ardour of her praying, it is presumed Joan totally forgot that this must have been a very sore place for Mister Denis, who, no doubt called to recollection his *headless* perambulation from Paris, after his alleged martyrdom.

<sup>29</sup> Superstition, which might be justly termed an epidemic disorder among the people at that period, was fully called into action upon the subject of Joan's exploits; and a few instances will be sufficient to demonstrate how far this weakness predominated, even with writers and studious personages, whose pursuits were calculated to dispel such chimeras from the brain. In the history of the *Abbey of Saint Dennis*, which was translated by *Le Laboureur*, in a chapter where he treats of an eclipse of the sun, he seriously remarks that—“*The astrologers, judging from a natural science of effects from causes, prognosticated that extraordinary accidents would ensue, and which happened accordingly.*—*Laboureur*, page 548.

In *Juvenal des Ursins*, Archbishop of Rheims, we learn according to his statement—*That sometimes the image of a certain Saint has suddenly turned its back upon a soldier who wished to take it, who, in consequence, lost his wits, while the rest of his comrades turned devotees.*—(Page 50). . . . . Sometimes priests, by means of invocations, raise the devil; and such was the confidence placed in them, that the Council of Charles the Sixth enacted, that they should offer up their prayers in order to effect the king's recovery.—(Page 192.) . . . . In another place the thunder enters the hotel of the Dauphin, kills a child, and wounds others; in which strain he continues,—“*Until a sprinkling of holy water in the chamber and about the dwelling, expelled the thunder no one knew whither.*—(Page 206.)

While we are occupied upon the subject of visions and revelations, this same *Juvenal des Ursins* testifies, that the most illustrious persons were not less superstitious than the poor. A Mathurin, a Carmelite, and others of the University, assembled in 1413, to IMAGINE what would be the termination of the *Burgundian Government*, and they in consequence entreated *Juvenal de Treignel*, father of the Archbishop, and one of the most eminent characters in the state to join them. They in consequence deliberated, and came to a determination that it was requisite to consult studious and religious persons; the latter then communicated their *visions*. \* \* \* \* \* The one having seen three suns; another three different periods; a third the king of England at the top of the towers of Notre Dame. \* \* \* \* \* Upon which these grave and sapient doctors decided, that there might be a change in the government of the kingdom. -(*Juvenal*, page 316.) Seven years afterwards, the Archbishop of Rheims, who was then occupied in writing his history, having occasion to speak of the treaty of Troyes, does not forget to call to mind *Ces visions vues par bonnes créatures* \* \* \* \* \* *de trois soleils: These visions seen by good creatures* \* \* \* \* \* *of three suns*; for, continues he gravely—"There were three kings in France, namely, the English monarch, and Monseigneur le Dauphin: (*Juvenal*, page 477.) In short, his mother had equally visions of the same wonderful force: (id. 324.) See also *Voltaire's Essai sur les Mœurs*, ch. LXXIX., note 16.

But to revert back to Joan and the influence of her presence, *Dunois* stated according to Laverdy, 354, note 31. *Asserit quod Anglici qui 200, prius fugabant 800, aut 1000 de exercitu regis, à post et tunc 400, aut 500, armorum pugnabant in conflictu contra totam potentatem Anglicorum, &c.* And other contemporary writers affirm, that—"Before her arrival, two hundred English put to flight in skirmishes five hundred Frenchmen, but that after her coming, two hundred French drove four hundred Englishmen before them."—See *Histoire de La Pucelle*, 510.

<sup>30</sup> Alluding to Charles the Ninth having fired upon his protestant subjects, during the infamous massacre of Saint Bartholomew, which cannot be better prefaced, than by the subjoined letter sent to Catherine de Medlois, by Pope Pius the Fifth, a few days after that most sanguinary tragedy. "*Your majesty has recently acted as the heart of God directs, in causing the throats to be cut of those good people, who have no faith in my purgatory, and who love French verses. May your royal hand achieve the work of Heaven, in causing those infected men to be poignarded, who only trust in the Exchange-*

*lists, without believing that the Romish faith forms a part of Christianity."*  
A glorious epistle this for Pope Pius the Fifth, whom a friend and succeeding Pope has beatified on account of his style.

*Brantome*, in his memoirs, speaking of this execrable deed, thus expresses himself.—“*Upon the dawn of day, the King looking from the window of his apartment, and seeing many persons in the Faubourg Saint Germain, who stirred and fled, took a great arquebuse, used at the chase, and fired upon them several times, but in vain ; for the piece would not reach to such a distance, unceasingly crying out, ‘ KILL, KILL.’ ”*

Many persons heard *Monsieur le Marechal de Tessé* state that when young, he saw a gentleman aged one hundred, who had served in the guard of *Charles the Ninth*, and who upon enquiries being made respecting the *Saint Bartholemi*, and whether the King had really fired upon the Huguenots, made answer :—  
“ *C’était moi Monsieur, qui chargeais son arquebuse.*”—“ *It was myself sir, who charged his arquebuse.*”

Henry the Fourth was heard to state in public, at different times, that after the massacre, a cloud of crows perched upon the Louvre, and that during seven nights the King himself and the whole court heard groanings and lamentable shrieks at the same hours. He also related a prodigy still more astonishing, saying, that some days prior to the *Saint Bartholemi*, while playing at dice with the *Dukes of Alençon* and *Guise*, he observed drops of blood upon the table ; when he caused them to be wiped away two different times, but that they re-appeared, upon which he quitted the game, struck with horror.

Voltaire in the *Henriade*, thus expresses himself in regard to the subject in question.

“ *Que dis-je ! ô crime, ô honte ! ô comble de nos maux !*  
“ *Le Roi, le Roi lui même, au milieu des bourreaux,*  
“ *Poursuivant des proscrits les troupes égarées,*  
“ *Du sang des sujets souillait ses manes sacrés.*”

<sup>21</sup> Still alluding to the conduct of *Charles the Ninth*, when urging on the assassins of *Saint Bartholomew*. The notorious fact of the King's having fired upon his subjects, was the cause of a board being placed during the late revolution under the balcony of the window from whence this act was perpetrated, and which continued affixed to the Louvre for some years, bearing the following inscription.

*" De ce fenetre Charles neuf d'execrable memoire tira sur son peuple."*

<sup>22</sup> The above lines display a very just picture of British valour, bravely contending against unequal numbers, and though compelled to yield, supporting the transient frown of fate with a countenance erect and a soul victorious, though subdued by superior force.

*" Fortis cadere, cedere non potest."*

<sup>23</sup> The poor cornuted Louvet only acted in conformity with the conduct of his brethren in misfortune, who are uniformly blinded to the infidelity of their mates, while the eyes of all the world besides can perceive her dereliction as plain as the sun at noon day; if, however, this sage personage was in the dark upon the matter in question, he was far otherwise in respect to worldly interest, as the following facts from history will fully manifest.

The famous *President Louvet*, upon retiring from office, was desirous of preserving his influence, or rather sought to foment those disorders in which he could no longer participate. To effect this purpose, he left *Giac*, one of his creatures at court, whom he advised Charles to receive as a favourite; in fine, he had attained to such a height of power, that the *Count Dunois* did not disdain to become his relative. See *Daniel*, VII., *Villaret*, XIV., 316.

The *Bastard Dunois*, was born in 1402, the same year that gave birth to *Charles the Seventh*, his father being *Louis Duc d'Orleans*, brother of *Charles the Sixth*, and his mother, the *Lady de Cury*. The celebrity of the Bastard was such, that *Valentine de Milan*, *Duchess of Orleans*, lamented she was not his mother, being in the habit of stating in the phraseology of that

day—" *Qu'il lui avait été KMBLE,*" (*Derobé*),—" That he had been surreptitiously obtained."

The half-brother of *Dunois*, was *Charles Duke of Orleans*, born the twenty-sixth of May, 1391, of whom I may be permitted to speak, on account of his poetical talents, altogether unknown, which possess an indescribable charm, breathing the innate effusions of the soul. It is indeed singular, that this most interesting versifier did not receive under the auspices of *Louis the Fourteenth*, that justice which was so deservedly his due, and it is even more astonishing, that he continued unknown to the great *Boileau*. He married the widow of *Richard the Second*, of England, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, when he continued incarcerated for several years; he was the father of *Louis the Twelfth*, and uncle of *Francis the First*. Obitt the eighth of January, 1466.

As a specimen of his poetical talent, exerted while in confinement, may be gratifying to the reader, I hereto subjoin a few lines, quoted from an original manuscript, preserved in the Public Library of Grenoble, and written by one *Astézan*, First Secretary of the *Duke*, the passage being extracted from folio 78, of the manuscript in question.

" *Tempus quod regnat clamidem dimisit acerbam,*  
 " *Ventorum nec non frigoris ac pluvie.*  
 " *Et comptas claris radiis solaribus atque*  
 " *Formosis. Vestes induit inde novas*  
 " *Non est nunc ales; non est nunc bellua, quæ non*  
 " *Cantet vel clamet more sonoque suo:*  
 " *Tempus quod regnat clamidem dimisit acerbam*  
 " *Ventorum nec non frigoris ac pluvie."*

*Thus Anglicised.*

" Old Time has cast his cloak away,  
 " Of wind and rain and nipping cold,  
 " And now is clad in burnish'd gold,  
 " Of smiling Sol's unclouded ray,

" Nor beast or feather'd warbler gay,  
 " But in its song or strain hath told,  
 " That time hath cast his cloak away.  
 " Stream, rivulet, and fountain's play,  
 " In beauty's guise are now enroll'd;  
 " Gay glitt'ring jewels all enfold,  
 " Since each is deck'd in new array,  
 " For Time hath cast his cloak away."

" Voltaire had no doubt consulted the history *du Haillan*, mentioned below, ere he committed the above line to paper.

Many attempts have been made, to prove that the mission of Joan was effected by celestial agency, which assertion is combated by *Robertson*, in his introduction to the history of Charles the Fifth, wherein he examines the mission of the Pucelle in a political point of view, and while rendering justice to her wisdom and courage, deploring her misfortunes, and most eloquently inveighing against the superstition to which she was sacrificed, he yet considers her but as an instrument and a victim to party. Our countryman, however, is not the only one who has raised objections against this heavenly mission, since we find that one *Dr. Beaupère*, who acted as an assessor during the trial of Joan, was of opinion, *That her alleged visions and apparitions, were rather the effects of human invention, than originating in divine inspiration*; and in the *Histoire Generale des Rois de France depuis Pharamond jusqu'a Charles sept*; written by *Bernard de Girard, sieur du Haillan*, first historian of France, and established genealogist of the Order of the Holy Ghost by Henry the Third, appears the following statement, given as nearly as possible verbatim.

" Some say that Joan was the mistress of John, bastard of Orleans; others, of the Lord of Baudricourt, who being wary and cunning, and seeing that the King knew no longer what to do or to say, and the people on account of continual wars so much oppressed as not to be able to raise their courage, betook themselves to have recourse to a miracle fabricated in false religion, being that which of all things most elevates the hearts, and makes men believe, even the most simple, that which is not, and the people was very proper to imbibe such superstitions. Those who believe she was a maid sent by God,

are not damned, neither are those who did not believe. Many esteem this last assertion an heresy, but we will not dwell too much upon it, neither too much on the contrary belief. Wherefore these lords for the space of some days, instructed her in all she was to answer to the demands which should be made of her by the King and themselves when in his presence; for they were to interrogate her, and in order that she might recognise the monarch when conducted into his presence, they caused her every day to see at various times his picture. The day appointed on which she was to be led to him in his chamber, which they had already arranged, they did not fail to be present. Being entered, the first who asked her what she wanted, were the Bastard of Orleans and Baudricourt, who demanded of her, her business? She replied she wanted to speak to the King. They presented to her another of the lords who was there, saying to her that he was the King, but she, instructed in all which should be done and said, as well as what she was to do and say, said, that it was not the King, and that he was hid in the alcove, containing the bed. This feigned invention and appearance of religion, was of such profit to the kingdom that it raised the courage, lost and beaten down by despair . . . . . Wherefore the King caused to be given to her horses and arms, and an army with a good number of great captains, in company of whom she carried succour to those of Orleans."

*Du Haillan*, our informant, being first historiographer of France, and living but one hundred and forty years after the death of Joan, must, from the post he occupied, have possessed ample means of ascertaining the above facts, which if true, set the matter at rest concerning any supernatural interposition in her favour, a circumstance that tends to exalt still more the noble disinterestedness of the heroic but unfortunate Maid of Orleans.

<sup>25</sup> The above line brings to mind the conduct adopted by our Joan upon the doctors presenting themselves before her, deputed by the King to ascertain her virginity, and to whom she expressed herself as follows.

"*Je le crois, je ne sais ni A, ni B, je viens de la part du Roi du Ciel, pour faire lever le siège D'Orleans, et mener le Roi à Rheims.*"—See *Laverdy*, CCCXII. and CCCLI., note 24.

And upon the coronation of Charles as thus predicted, we find from a contemporary historian, that—

" *Au dit socre fut toujours pres et presente la dicte Jehanne La Pucelle, tout armée à blanc, et tenoit son estandard en la main, et bien y devoit estre, comme elle qui estoit principalement cause de l'ordonnance et volonte de Dieu d'icellay sacre.*"

So much for history; notwithstanding which, it must be allowed by all, that this assertion of father Lourdis is rather a bold one, when the two foregoing lines are taken into consideration, and even was it credited, would cast a shameful reflection upon the virile powers of the *Bastard Dunois*: we will, however, leave the reader to form his own conjectures on this knotty point, and content ourselves with the hope that the renowned *Joan of Arc*, after her belligerent toils, did not resemble *Margaret of Austria*, who was affianced to the *Dauphin of France*, and by him sent away to espouse the *Heir of Brittany*, which *Margaret* being afterwards on her passage to marry the *Infant Don Juan* of Spain, and very nearly shipwrecked, wrote her own epitaph in the following lines.

" *Cy-git Margot la gentil' demoiselle,  
Qu'a deux maris, et encore est Pucelle.*"

" *Here Margot lies by Hymen twice betray'd,  
Who with two husbands, still remains a maid.*"

There is every reason to conjecture from the abrupt termination of this poetic flight, that it was originally the intention of Voltaire to have prolonged *La Pucelle*; the reasons that operated upon him to alter his plan are not handed down to us. On consulting the edition of 1758, very striking variations will be found in every canto, most of which were no doubt the productions of *La Beaumelle* and *Moubert*, as the publication in question was edited by them from their first edition of 1755. In the poem as again printed at Paris in 1762, and authorized by *Monsieur de Voltaire*, considerable changes are observable, particularly in the number of cantos forming the poem, which the author ultimately fixed at twenty-one.

Whatsoever emendations our poet may have thought fit to insert, it is evident, from the nature of the additions found in the first impressions of the work, that they were added by the publishers, as we have already remarked in the preface, for the purposes of realizing money, or injuring the reputation of *Monsieur de Voltaire*, and accumulating against him an host of enemies, since they not only disgraced his literary labour by their vulgar and very frequently obscene verses, but also outraged many of his friends and personages of elevated rank, to whom he was particularly attached; and to effect a similar purpose, *La Beaumelle* was also prompted to falsify *the Age of Louis the Fourteenth*.

The conclusive canto of the edition of 1758, contains the ensuing lines, subjoined by way of epilogue.

" *C'est par ces vers, enfans de mon loisir,*  
 " *Que j'égayais les soucis du vieil âge :*  
 " *O, don du ciel ! tendre amour ! doux desir !*  
 " *On est encore heureux par votre image ;*  
 " *L'illusion est le premier plaisir,*  
 " *J'allais enfin, libre en mon ermitage,*  
 " *Chantant les feux de Jeanne et de Dunois,*  
 " *Me consoler de la jalouse rage,*  
 " *Des faux mepris, des cruautés des Rois,*  
 " *Des traits du sot, des sottises du sage ;*  
 " *Mais quel démon me vole cet ouvrage ?*  
 " *Brisons ma lyre ; elle échappe à mes doigts.*  
 " *Ne t'attends pas à de nouveaux exploits,*  
 " *Lecteur : ma Jeanne aura son pucelage,*  
 " *Jusqu'à ce que les vierges du seigneur,*  
 " *Malgré leurs vœux, sachent garder le leur."*

These verses appear to have been copied from some manuscript of the poem not then completed, wherein Joan yielded no more to the solicitations of Dunois, than to the endeavours of her lank-eared lover. The editors, capucins, or deacons of the holy evangelists have inserted them at the end of their final canto; a new and convincing proof of the modesty of these learned editors and their praise-worthy and virtuous intentions.

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